

The Complete Works of
William Shakespeare

Reprinted from the First Folio

Edited by Charlotte Porter

and H. A. Clarke & *With an*

Introduction by John Churton

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Measure

For

King Lear

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RETROCONVERTED
B. C. S. C. L.

EXPLANATORY

Text

First Folio, 1623

Line Numbering

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹*blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos. 2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.
l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

**THE TRAGEDIE OF
MACBETH**

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

Tevil ways pursued by unprincipled ambition and the stern justice visited upon crime.

Macbeth, a Scottish general, is met by witches, who promise him the crown of Scotland. The prediction causes him and his wife to plot against the life of King Duncan.

While on a visit to Macbeth's castle (Act II) the king is murdered. His two sons flee the country, and Macbeth accuses them of the deed, to divert suspicion from himself. Macbeth is crowned king.

The new monarch seeks next to murder Banquo, a powerful general to whose issue the witches had promised the throne (Act III). Banquo is slain, and his ghost shortly appears at a banquet given by Macbeth.

In Act IV Macbeth visits the witches and obtains further predictions leading him to suppose that he bears a charmed life. He therefore wages a furious campaign against his enemies, the supporters of the late king, who are beginning to make headway against him.

In Act V Macduff, the opposing general, finally meets him in battle. The charm under which Mac-

Macbeth C

MACBETH

beth had fought proves valueless, and he is slain in a personal encounter with Macduff.

SOURCES

'Macbeth' is the union of two stories found in Holinshed's 'Chronicles of England and Scotland' (1577, 1587). Holinshed's authority was Hector Boece, whose 'Scotorum Historiæ' appeared in 1526. And Boece, in turn, reverted to Fordun, a writer of the fourteenth century. The two stories are, first, that of Macbeth, whose historical career nearly tallies with the part assigned him in the play; and, second, the murder of King Duffe — an ancestor of Lady Macbeth, who reigned three quarters of a century before Duncan — by Donwald in revenge for real or supposed injuries. The details of Duffe's murder were interpolated into the story of Duncan with powerful dramatic effect. Holinshed is followed closely in both narratives, not only as to general plot, but also in the preservation of minor incidents such as the occurrence of omens and prodigies at the time of Duncan's death; and, on occasion, the language itself of the 'Chronicles' is paraphrased. The suggestion for the character of Lady Macbeth also originates with Holinshed, but only as a suggestion. Shakespeare's chief variation is in his delineation of Banquo.

Beyond the rough historical materials which Shakespeare uses freely but transmutes into a splendid tragedy all his own, the playwright does not appear to be indebted to any other source for 'Macbeth,' with the single possible exception of a play entitled 'The Witch,' written by Thomas Middleton. The incantation scenes in the two plays are so similar as to cause

INTRODUCTION

some critics to believe that Middleton had a hand in 'Macbeth.' There are no means of ascertaining which play is the earlier, but the stage directions in 'Macbeth' contain allusions to two songs included in 'The Witch,' 'Come away, come away,' and 'Black spirits and white.' This proves nothing, however, as Middleton might easily have taken these suggestions from Shakespeare and expanded them.

Witchcraft was a popular subject at this time, and Shakespeare might have obtained ideas from other sources since extinct. We know of at least one preserved source accessible to him — Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft' (1584). King James was a believer in witches, and published his 'Demonologie' in 1599, in answer to Scot's doubts. In 1604 a statute was enacted to suppress witches.

Slight traces of an older play exist. Kempe, in his 'Nine Days' Wonder' (1600), alludes to 'the miserable story of Mac-doel, or Mac-dobeth.' A ballad or stage play bearing the latter title was registered in 1596.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The period of the action is the middle of the eleventh century. Duncan was murdered about 1040, and Macbeth was slain about 1060.

The stage time is nine days, with intervals, as follows: Day 1, Act I, scenes i-iii. Day 2, Act I, scenes iv-vii. Day 3, Act II, scenes i-iv. Interval. Day 4, Act III, scenes i-v. Interval, scene vi (?). Day 5, Act IV, scene i. Day 6, Act IV, scene ii. Interval. Day 7, Act IV, scene iii, Act V, scene i. Interval. Day 8, Act V, scenes ii and iii. Day 9, Act V, scenes iv-viii.

Macbeth E



MACBETH

DATE OF COMPOSITION

'Macbeth' was written between the years 1603 and 1610. The former date is fixed by the allusion to the union of England, Ireland, and Scotland under James I, in Act IV, scene i, 'twofold balls and treble sceptres.' James ascended the English throne March, 1603. The later year is determined by an entry in the 'Diary' of a contemporary, Dr. Simon Forman, which states that 'Macbeth' was performed at the Globe, April 20, 1610. In 1607 'The Puritan' appeared, with a probable reference to Banquo's ghost. In 1606 the 'Historic of Makbeth' was inserted in 'Albion's England'—possibly on account of the popularity of Shakespeare's play with its reference to the reigning monarch. In 1605 King James, while visiting Oxford, was met by three students personating the three weird sisters, who recited a Latin colloquy in which he was named as the descendant of Banquo, who was to reign. This last incident may, indeed, have suggested the subject to Shakespeare, if it were not, in turn, suggested by his play. In any event, it is certain that he found the subject popular on the accession of King James, and it is probable that he tempered the character of Banquo—historically a partizan of Macbeth—in compliment to the king.

The play was written, in all probability, in 1605-6.

Internal evidence supports this date. The comparatively large number of light endings in the metre places it later than 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Hamlet,' and near the beginning of the fourth period of production.

EARLY EDITIONS

'Macbeth' found its first printing in the First Folio

Macbeth F

INTRODUCTION

edition of 1623, being entered by the Folio editors in the 'Stationers' Register.' It occupies twenty-one pages, from page 131 to page 151, inclusive, under tragedies. It is divided into acts and scenes, but lacks the *Dramatis Personæ*, which was supplied by Rowe. The text is more than usually faulty, and has aroused much editorial revision and conjecture, but since no earlier Quarto exists for parallel study, the task has not been easy, or of assured result. The editors of the Second Folio, 1632, made some tentative changes. The trouble probably originated with the author himself, since the play gives evidence of being 'hot writ,' by one who had his subject well in hand, but who did not trouble with surface finish. This appearance of haste also caused the belief that Middleton or another writer had worked on the manuscript before it reached the printers of the First Folio.

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } *his sons.*

MACBETH, }
BANQUO, } *generals of the king's army.*

MACDUFF, }
LENNOX, }
ROSS, } *noblemen of Scotland.*
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CAITHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*

Young SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

Boy, *son to Macduff.*

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

. An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECAT.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,
Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: *Scotland; England.*]

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*A desert place.*]

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. **W**HEN shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?

2. When the Hurley-burley's¹ done, ¹ *tumult*
When the Battaile's lost, and wonne.

3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.

1. Where the place?

2. Upon the Heath.

3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.

10

1. I come, *Gray-Malkin*.

*All. Paddock*² calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is
faire, | ² *toad*

Hover through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Excunt.*

12-13. *All. Paddock, et al.: 2 Witch. Paddock calls. 3 Witch.*
Anon. All. Fair... air-GRANT WHITE.

Scena Secunda.[*A camp near Forres.*]

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
'Gainst my Captivitie: Haile brave friend; 10
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonual!*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
'The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme upon him) from the Westernne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd, ^{1 prey}
And Fortune on his damned Quarry¹ smiling, 20
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For brave *Macheth* (well hee deserves that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slave:
Which nev'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,

4. *Captaine*: Sergeant-CAMBRIDGE.

19. *Gallowgrosses*: gallowglasses (Gallow glasses)-2-4F

20. *Quarry*: quarrel-HANMER

27. *nev'r*: ne'er-KNIGHT. *bad*: bade-STEEVENS (1778).

OF MACBETH

[I. ii. 22-45]

Till he un^{seam}'d him from the Nave to th'Chops,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman. 30

Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and
Banquoh? 41

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons over-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes upon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotba*,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe. 50

King. So well thy words become thee, & thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *T'hane* of Rosse.

28. *to th'Chops*: to the Chaps—REED.

32. *Tbunders*: thunders break—POPE (thunders breaking—2-4F.)

38. *furbusht*: furbish'd (furbisht)—ROWE.

39-43. 3 ll. ending this, yes, lion—POPE.

45-50. new l. at Dpubly—GLOBE. 49-50. new l. at But—ROWE.

Lenox. What a haste looks through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From Fiffe, great King, 60
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on us. 70

King. Great happinesse.

Rosse. That now, *Sveno*, the Norwayes King,
Craves composition:
Nor would we deigne him huriall of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmes* ynch,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall use.

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceive
Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. Ile see it done. 80

King. What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.

Exeunt.

56-8. 2 ll. ending look, King-HANMER.

62-3. 2 ll ending himself, numbers-GLOBE.

70-3. 2 ll. ending now, composition-STEEVENS (1778).

Scena Tertia.[*A heath near Forres.*]*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sister, where thou?

1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
 And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
 Give me, quoth I.

Aroynt¹ thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon² cries.
 Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:
 But in a Syve Ile thither sayle, ^{1 begone} 11
 And like a Rat without a tayle, ^{2 term of contempt}
 Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile give thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my selfe have all the other,
 And the very Ports they blow,
 All the Quarters that they know,
 I'th' Ship-mans Card.

20

Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
 Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
 Hang upon his Pent-house Lid:
 He shall live a man forbid:³
 Wearie Sev'nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
 Though his Barke cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.
 Looke what I have.

^{3 accursed}

7-8 11 - POPE

21. *Ile*: I will - POPE.15 *Th'art*: Thou'rt - CAPELL25. *Sev'nights*: se'nnights - KNIGHT.

2. Shew me, shew me. 30

1. Here I have a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*

3. A Drumme, a Drupine:
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make up nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound up. 40

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I have not scene.

Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to understand me,
By each at once her choppie finger Lying
Upon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete 50
That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.

2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.

3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction 60

35. *weyward*: weird—THEOBALD.

43. *Soris*: *Forres* (FORIS)—POPE.

OF MACBETH

[I. iii. 56-85]

Of Noble having,¹ and of Royall hope, ¹ *property*
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your favors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.

2. Hayle.

3. Hayle.

1 Lesser then *Macbeth*, and greater. 70

2. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. 'Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:

So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:

By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor lives

A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,

Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,

No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence 80

You owe this strange Intelligence, or why

Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way

With such Prophetique greeting?

Speake, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,

And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.

• Would they had stay'd. 89

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?

• Or have we eaten on the insane² Root, ² *causing insanity*

That takes the Reason Prisoner?

62. *wrapt*: rapt—POPE.

83-4. 1 l.—POPE.

87-9. 2ll. ending melted, stay'd—CAPELL.

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *T'bane* of Cawdor too: 'went it not so?

Banq. Toth' selfe-saræ tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reads
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight, 100
His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and every one did beare
Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are sent, 110
To give thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *T'bane* of Cawdor:
In which addition,¹ haile most worthy *T'bane*,
For it is thine. ¹ title

Banq. What, can the Devill speake true?

Macb. The *T'bane* of Cawdor lives:
Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes? 120

Ang. Who was the *T'bane*, lives yet,

106. *death*, as: *death*. As-POPE. *Tale*: *hall*-ROWE.

107. *Can*: *Came*-ROWE.

115. *bad*: *badde*-2THEOBALD.

119-21. 2 five-accent ll.-CAPELL.

But under heavie Judgement beares that Life,
Which he deserves to loose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebelle with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrowne him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor: 130
The greatest ~~is~~ behinde. Thankes for your paines.

[*To Ross and Angus*]

[*To Ban.*] Doe you not hope your Children shall be
Kings, |

When those that gave the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. 'That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle¹ you unto the Crowne, ^{1 incite}
Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne us to our harme,
'The Instruments of Darknesse tell us Truths,
Winne us with honest Trifles, to betray's 140
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] 'Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:

[*Aside*] This supernaturall solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good. ^{2 temptation}

If ill? why hath it given me earnest of successe, 148

Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.

If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,²

Whose horrid Image doth unfixe my Heire,

123-7. 1 l. ending combined, and 3 five-accent ll.—MALONE.

147-8. 2 five-accent ll.—ROWE.

And make my seated¹ Heart knock at my Ribbes,*
 Against the use of Nature? * Present Feares ¹*fixed*
 Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:
 My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of Man,
 That Function is smother'd in surmise,
 And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If Chance will have me King, 160
 Why Chance may Crowne me,
 Without my stirre.

Banq. New Honors come upon him
 Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
 But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
 Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay upon your leysure.

Macb. Give me your favour: 170
 My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
 Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
 Where every day I turne the Leafe,
 To reade them.

Let us toward the King: thinke upon
 What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
 The *Interim* having weigh'd it, let us speake
 Our free Hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough: 180
 Come friends.

Exeunt.

156-9. 3 five-accent ll.—POPE.

170-6. 5 five-accent ll.—POPE.

160-1. 1 l.—ROWE.

180-1. 1 l.—POPE.

Scena Quarta.[*Forres. The palace.*]*Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme,
Donalbaine and Attendants.**King.* Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?*Mal.* My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confess'd his 'Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And set forth a deepe Repentance: 10
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.*King.* There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes construction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus. 20*O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my Ingratitude even now
Was heavie on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might have beene mine: onely I have left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

4. I. ends Are not—CAPELL.

5. Or: Are—2-4F.

5-12. *Phose, etc.*: 7 five-accent ll.—POPE. 14. *away*: away—2-4F.

Macb. The service, and the loyaltie I owe,
 In doing it, payes it selfe. 30
 Your Highnesse part, is to receive our Duties:
 And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
 Children, and Servants; which doe but what they should,
 By doing every thing safe toward your Love
 And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
 To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
 That hast no lesse deserv'd, nor must be knowne
 No lesse to have done so: Let me enfold thee, 40
 And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There if I grow,
 The Harvest is your owne.

King. My plenteous Joyes,
 Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, *Thanes*,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our Estate upon
 Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
 The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must 50
 Not unaccompanied, invest him onely,
 But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
 On all deservers. From hence to *Envernes*,
 And binde us further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not us'd for you:
 Ile be my selfe the Herbenger, and make joyfull
 The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
 So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*.

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland: that is
 a step, | 60

30-6. 5 ll. ending part, and our duties, servants, thing.
 hither—POPE. 53. *Envernes*: *Inverness*—POPE.

On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,
 For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
 Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
 The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
 Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Ex*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,
 And in his commendations, I am fed:
 It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
 Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome: 69
 It is a peerelesse Kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

[*Inverness. Macbeth's castl.*]

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I have
 learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them,
 then | mortall knowledge. When I burnt in de ire to
 question them | further, they made themselves Ayre, into
 which they vanish'd. | Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder
 of it, came Missives from | the King, who all-hail'd me
 Thane of Cawdor, by which Title | before, these wey-
 ward Sisters saluted me, and refer'd me to | the com-
 ming on of time, with haile King that shalt be. This |
 have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of
 Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of rejoyc-
 ing | by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd
 thee. Lay | it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
 It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
 To catch the neerest way. Thou would'st be great,
 Art not without Ambition, but without 19

9. *weyward. weird.* *THEOBALD.*

The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
 That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly winne.
 Thould'st have, great Glamys, that which cries,
 Thus thou must doe, if thou have it;
 And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
 Then wishest should be undone. High thee hither,
 That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
 And chastise with the valour of my Tongue ^{1 crown}
 All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,¹
 Which Fate and Metaphysicall² ayde doth seeme 30
 To have thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*
 What is your tidings? ^{2 supernatural}

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming: |

One of my fellowes had the speed of him;
 Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Then would make up his Message. 40

Lady. Give him tending,

He brings great newes. *Exit Messenger.*

The Raven himselfe is hoarse,
 That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
 Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
 That tend on mortall³ thoughts, unsex me here,
 And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
 Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood, ^{3 murderous}
 Stop up th'accesse, and passage to Remorse,

22-4. 2 ll. ending Glamis, have it-Pope.

24-6. Thus .. undone marked as quotation-Pope.

31-2. 1 l.-Capell.

42-3. 1 l.-Rowe.

OF MACBETH

[I. v. 46-72]

That no compunctious visitings of Nature 50
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
 Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts,
 And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
 Where-ever, in your sightlesse¹ substances, ¹ *invisible*
 You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
 And pall² thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell, ² *wrap*
 That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
 Nor Heaven peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
 To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor, 60
 Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
 Thy Letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feele now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Love,
Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O never,
 Shall Sunne that Morrow see. 70
 Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Booke, where men
 May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
 Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye.
 Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,
 But be the Serpent under't. He that's comming,
 Must be provided for: and you shall put
 This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
 Which shall to all our Nights, and Daves to come,
 Give solely soveraigne sway, and Masterdome.

Macb. We will speake further. 80

Lady. Onely looke up cleare:

52. *bit:* 11-3-4F. 72-3 *matters, to beguile the time* Looke. mat-
 ters. To beguile the time, Look-*THEOBALD.*

To alter favor,¹ ever is to feare:
 Leave all the rest to me.

¹countenance
Exeunt.

Scenâ Sexta.

[*Before Macbeth's castle.*]

*Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme,
 Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
 Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.*

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
 The ayre nimble and sweetly recommends it selfe
 Unto our gentle senses.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
 The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
 By his loved Mansonry, that the Heavens breath 10
 Smells wooingly here: no Jutty² frieze, ²projection
 Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
 Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
 Where they must breed, and haunt: I have observ'd
 The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady [Macbeth].*

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:
 The Love that followes us, sometime is our trouble,
 Which still we thanke as Love. Herein I teach you,
 How you shall bid God-eyld³ us for your paines,
 And thanke us for your trouble. ³God-shield 20

Lady. All our service,
 In every point twice done, and then done double,
 Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
 Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
 Wherewith your Majestie loades our House:

5-6. 2 five-accent ll.—Rowe.

9. *Barlet*: martlet—Rowe.

10. *Mansonry*: mansionry—THEOBALD. 14. *must*: most—Rowe.

24-8. 4 five-accent ll.—POPE.

OF MACBETH

[I. vi. 18—vii. 8

For those of old, and the late Dignities, ¹ *beadsmen*
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Ermites.¹

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We courtst him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well, 30
And his great Love (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before us: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.

La. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,²
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne. ² *account*

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host we love him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him. 40
By your leave Hostesse. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

[*Macbeth's castle.*]

Ho-boys. Torches.

*Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Dishes and
Service | over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. It it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: It th' Assassination
Could trammell up the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease,³ Successe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere, ³ *cessation*
But heere, upon this Banke and Schoole of time, 10
Wee'd jumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still have judgement heere, that we but teach

27. *Ermites*: hermits - 3-4F. (Hermiteſ-2F)

9. and all *Heere.* end-all here-HANMER.

10. *Schoole*: shoal-THOROLD.

Bloody Instructions, which being taught, retorne
 To plague th'Inventer, This even-handed Justice
 Commends th'Ingredience¹ of our poyson'd Challice
 To our owne lips. Hee's, heere in double trust;
 First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
 Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
 Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
 Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
 Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin 21
 So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
 Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deepe damnation of his taking off:
 And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
 Striding the blast, or Heavens Cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightlesse¹ Curriers of the Ayre, ¹ *invisible*
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That teares shall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre
 To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely 30
 Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selte,
 And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady [Macbeth].*
 How now? What Newes?

La. He has almost supt: why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
 He hath Honour'd me of late, and I have bought
 Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worne now in their newest glosse, 40
 Not cast aside so soone.

La. Was the hope drunke,
 Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,

15 *Ingredience.* ingredients—*Popk.*

27. *Curriers:* couriers—*Popk.*

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OF MACBETH

[I. vii. 38-65]

At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou appear'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in thine owne Esteeme? 50
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th' Addage.

Macb. Prythee peace:

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.

La. What Beast was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place 60
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitnessse now
Do's unmake you. I have given Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,
And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should faile?

Lady. We faile? 70

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is asleepe,
(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Wassell,¹ so convince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine, ¹ *revelry*

55. *no*: do-Rowe.

67-70. 2 five-accent ll.-STEEVENS.

70. *faile*? in all Folios: *faill*-Rowe.

Shall be a Fume, and the Receipt of Reason
 A Lymbeck¹ onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
 Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death, ^{1 alembic}
 What cannot you and I performe upon 80
 Th'unguarded *Duncan*? What not put upon
 His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
 Of our great quell.² ^{2 murder}

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
 For thy undaunted Mettle should compose
 Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepe two
 Of his owne Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
 That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other, 90
 As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
 Upon his Death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
 False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[*Court of Macbeth's castle.*]

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
 before him.*

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I have not heard the
 Clock.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelve.

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir. *

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:

There's Husbandry in Heaven, 10
 Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.
 A heauey Summons lyes like[•]Lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleepe;
 Mercifull Powers, restraîne in me the cursed thoughts
 That Nature gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A[•]Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
 He hath beene in unusuall Pleasure, 20
 And sent forth great largesse to your Offices.
 This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
 By the name of most kind Hostesse,
 And shut up in measurelesse content.

Mac. Being unprepar'd,
 Our will became the servant to defect,
 Which else should free have wrought.

Banq. All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:
 To you they have shew'd some truth. 30

Macb. I thinke not of them:
 Yet when we can entreat an houre to serve,
 We would spend it in some words upon that Businesse,
 If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind'st leysure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,
 When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Banq. So I lose none,

13-17. *And .. Sword:* 3 five-accent ll. and 1 l. ending Friend-
 ROWE and HANMER. 20-1. new l. at Sent JENNENS.

23-5. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE. 29. *weyward:* weird—THEOBALD.

36. 2 five-accent ll.—ROWE.

In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare, 40
I shall be counsail'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo*
[and *Fleance*].

Macb. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,
She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but 50
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to use.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still; ^{1 handle}
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, ¹ Gouts ² of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing: 60
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes ^{2 drops}
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Drcames abuse
'The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Heccats* Offerings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* ravishing sides, towards his designe
Moves like a Ghost. 'Thou sowre and firme-set Earth

68. *sides*: strides-Pope.

69. *nowre*: sure-Capell.

OF MACBETH

[II. i. 57-ii.-12

Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare 70
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath gives.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell invites me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

[*The same.*]

Enter Lady [Macbeth].

La. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me
bold: |
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which gives the stern'st good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfeted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Possets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them, 10
Whether they live, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. [*Within*] Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,

70. *they may: way they-Rowr.*

4-9. 5 ll. ending peace, bell-man, it, grooms, possets-Rowr.

He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.
My Husband?

Macb. I have done the deed: 20
Didst thou not heare a noyse?

Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?

Lady. *Donalbaine.*

Mac. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight. 31

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God blesse us, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse us. 40

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: so, it will make us mad.

18-19. 1 l.—Rowe.

20-1. 1 l.—Rowe.

28. new l. at Who—Stevens (1793).

32-6. 4 five-accent ll. ending 'Murder,' heard them, address'd
them, together—Rowe.

43-4. 2 five-accent ll.—Pope.

OF MACBETH

[II. ii. 35-60]

Macb. Methought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
 Sleepe that knits^a up the ravel'd^b Sleeve¹ of Care,
 The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
 Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course, 50
 Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast. *floss silk*

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
 Shall sleepe no more: *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
 You doe unbend your Noble strength, to thinke
 So braine-sickly of things. Goe get some Water,
 And wash this filthie Witnessse from your Hand.
 Why did you bring these Daggers from the place? 60
 They must lye there: goe carry them, and smea
 The sleepeie Groomes with blood.

Macb. Ile goe no more:
 I am afraid, to thinke what I have done:
 Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady. Infirme of purpose:
 Give me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
 Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
 That feares a painted Devill. If he doe bleed,
 Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall, 70
 For it must seeme their Guilt. *Exit.*

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
 ' How is't with me, when every noyse appalls me?
 What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
 ,Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood

46-7. *Sleepe .. murther Sleepe*: marked as quotation-JOHNSON.
 53-5. *Sleepe, etc.*: marked as quotation-HANMER.

Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
 The multitudinous Seas, incarnardine,
 Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

80

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
 To weare a Heart so white. *Knocke [within].*
 I heare a knocking at the South entry:
 Retyre we to our Chamber:

A little Water cleares us of this deed.
 How easie is it then? your Constancie
 Hath left you unattended. *Knocke [within].*
 Hearke, more knocking.

Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call us,
 And shew us to be Watchers: be not lost 90
 So poorely in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke [within].*
 'Twere best not know my selfe.
 Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
 I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

[*The same.*]

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
 Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have old turning the
 Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there,

79 *Greene one, Red: green one red-4F.*

82-4. 2 five-accent II.-POPE.

92-3. 1 l.-POPE.

87-8. 1 l.-POPE

94-5. 1 l.-POPE

i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himself on th' expectation of Plentie: Come in time, have Napkins enow about you, here you'lesweat for't. *Knock*. Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Devils Name? Faith here's an Equivocator, that could swear in both the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: oh come in, Equivocator. *Knock*. Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. *Knock*. Knock, Knock. Never at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Devill-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primrose way to th'everlasting Bonfire. *Knock*. Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter. 22
[*Opens the gate.*]

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carousing till the second
Cock:¹ | ^{1 cockcrowing}
And Drinke, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke especially
provoke? 29

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Urine.
Lecherie, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be said to be an Equivocator with Le-
cherie: it makes him; and it marres him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-heartens

him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye, leaves him. 38

Macd. I beleeeve, Drinke gave thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong for him, though he tooke up my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *T'bane*?

Macb. Not yet. 50

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almost slipt the houre.

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited¹
service. *Exit Macduffe.*

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day? 60

Macb. He does: he did appoint so. ¹ assigned.

Lenox. The Night ha's been unruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre
Strange Schreemes of Death,

57-9. 2 ll. ending call, service- HANMER.

62-5. 3 five-accent ll.—ROWE

And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
 Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Events,
 New hatch'd toth' wofull time
 The obscure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night.
 Some say, the Earth was fevorous, 70
 And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallell
 A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
 'Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
 Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope 80
 The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
 The Life o'th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Majestie?

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight
 With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake:
 See, and then speake your selves: awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine*: *Malcolme* awake, 90
 Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
 And looke on Death it selte: up, up, and see
 The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme*, *Banquo*,
 As from your Graves rise up, and walke like Sprights,
 To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

68-72. 3 five-accent ll.—HANMER.

76-8. 2 five-accent ll.—CAPPEL.

Bell rings. Enter Lady [Macbeth].

Lady. What's the Businessse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

Macd. O gentle Lady, 100
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans care,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo*, Our Royall Master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas:
What, in our House?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.
Deare *Duff*, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so. 110

Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and doe not know't: 120
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murder'd.

103-8. 3 five-accent ll.—THEOBALD.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillows: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie, 130
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man.

Th'expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherer,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore who could reframe,
That had a heart to love; and in that heart, 142
Courage, to make's love knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa.

Macd. Looke to the Lady.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why doe we hold our
tongues, |

That most may clayme this argument for ours?

Donal. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken
here, |

Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, 150
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.

128-9. 3 ll ending pillows, life, them-STEEVENS (1793).

148-50. 3 ll ending fate, us, away-Dyce.

Banq. Looke to the Lady:
 And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
 That suffer in exposure; let us meet,
 And question this most bloody piece of worke,
 To know it further. Feares and scruples shake us
 In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
 Against the undivulg'd pretence, I fight 160
 Of Treasonous Mallice.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,
 And meet i'th'Hall together.

All. Well contented. *Exeunt*

[*all but Malcolm and Donalbain*].

Malc. What will you doe?
 Let's not consort with them:
 To shew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
 Which the false man do's easie. 170
 Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:
 Our seperated fortune shall keepe us both the safer:
 Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
 The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
 Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
 Is to avoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,
 And let us not be daintie of leave-taking,
 But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft, 180
 Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.[*Outside Macbeth's castle.*]*Enter Rosse, with an Old man.*

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
 Within the Volume of which 'Time, I have seene
 Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this sore Night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ha, good Father,
 Thou seest the Heavens, as troubled with mans Act,
 Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
 And yet darke Night strangles the travailing Lampe:
 Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame, 11
 That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
 When living Light should kisse it?

Old man. 'Tis unnaturall,
 Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
 A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
 Was by a Mowsing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncans* Horses,
 (A thing most strange, and certaine)
 Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race, 20
 'Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,
 Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
 Make Warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis said, they cate each other.

Rosse. They did so:
 To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd upon't.

7. *Ha:* Ah-Rowe.9. *Threatens* Threaten-Rowe.

18-19. 1 l.-POPE

22-4. 2 ll. ending make, other-STEVENS (1793).

25-8. 2 five-accent ll.-POPE.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.

How goes the world Siry now?

Macd. Why see you not? 30

Ross. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.

Ross. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?¹ ^{1 intend}

Macd. They were subborned,

Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftlesse Ambition, that will raven² up ^{2 devour} 40
Thine owne lives meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncans* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cosin, Ile to Fife. 50

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu
Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes

40. *will: wilt*—WARRBURTON.

41. *lives: life's*—POPE.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.[*Forres. The palace.*]*Enter Banquo.*

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
 Thou playd'st most fowly for't: yet it was saide
 It should not stand in thy Posterity,
 But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
 Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
 As upon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
 Why by the verities on thee made good, 10
 May they not be my Oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope. But hush, no more.

Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady [Macbeth, as queen] Lenox, | Rosse, Lords, and Attendants. |

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had beene forgotten,
 It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
 And all-thing unbecomming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper sir
 And Ile request your presence. 20

Banq. Let your Highnesse
 Command upon me, to the which my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tye
 For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice

4. *weyard: weird*—THEOBALD.

(Which still hath been both grave, and prosperous)
 In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
 Is't farre you ride? 30

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill up the time
 'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,
 I must become a borrower of the Night,
 For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
 In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
 Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
 With strange invention. But of that to morrow, 40
 When therewithall, we shall have cause of State,
 Craving us joyntly. Hye you to Horse:
 Adieu, till you returne at Night.
 Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
 And so I doe commend you to their backs.
 Farwell. *Exit Banquo.*

Let every man be master of his time,
 Till seven at Night, to make societie 50
 The sweeter welcome:

We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:
 While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
 Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men
 Our pleasure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace
 Gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. *Exit Servant.*

42-4. 2 five-accent ll.—POPZ.

51-3. 2 ll. ending ourself, you—ROWZ.

58-62. 4 five-accent ll.—ROWZ.

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:
 Our feares in *Banquo* sticke deepe, 60
 And in his Royaltie of Nature, reignes that
 Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
 And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,
 He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
 To act in safetie. There is none but he,
 Whose being I doe feare: and under him,
 My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Anthony, was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
 When first they put the Name of King upon me,
 And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like, 70
 They hayl'd him rather to a Line of Kings.
 Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
 And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
 Thence to be wrencht with an unlinell Hand,
 No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,
 For *Banquo's* Issue have I fil'd¹ my Minde, ¹*defiled*
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd,
 Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
 Onely for them, and mine eternall Jewell
 Given to the common Enemy of Man, 80
 To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.
 Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,
 And champion me to th' utterance.² ²*uttermost*
 Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murth'ers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse.

70. *bad*: *bade*—2THEOBALD.

81. *Seedes*: *seed*—POPE.

83-4. 11.—POPE.

87-96. 5 five-accent ll.—POPE, ROWE.

Macb. Well then, 90
 Now have you consider'd of my speeches:
 Know, that it was he, in the times past,
 Which held you so under fortune,
 Which you thought had'been our innocent selfe.
 This I made good to you, in our last conference,
 Past in probation with you:
 How you were borne in hand, how crost:
 The Instruments: who wrought with them:
 And all things else, that might
 To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd, 100
 Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth.* You made it knowne to us.

Macb. I did so:
 And went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting.
 Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
 In your nature, that you can let this goe?
 Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
 And for his Issue, whose heaue hand
 Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and begger'd 110
 Yours' for ever?

1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
 As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
 Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt¹
 All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file ^{1 called}
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
 According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
 Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive 120

96-9. 3 ll. ending you, instruments, might-Rowe.

103-10. I ... *Grave*: 6 ll. ending now, find, nature, gospell'd,
 issue, grave-Rowe. 110-12. and begger'd ... *Liege*, 1 l. Rowe.

Particular addition,¹ from the Bill, ¹ title
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not i'th'worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
 And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
 Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
 Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,
 Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
 Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege, 130
 Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
 Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
 To spight the World.

1. *Murth.* And I another,
 So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
 That I would set my Life on any Chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie
Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
 That every minute of his being, thrusts 141
 Against my neer'st of Life: and though I could
 With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
 For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
 Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance doe make love,
 Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
 For sundry weightie Reasons. 150

2. *Murth.* We shall, my Lord,
 Performe what you command us.

132. *Hatb.* Have-Rowe. 132-4. 2 five-accent li.-Rowe.

137-9. 2 ll. ending you, Lord-Rowe.

1. *Murth.* Though our Lives —

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.

Within this houre, at most,

I will advise you where to plant your selves,

Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,

And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,

That I require a clearenesse; and with him, 160

To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:

Fleane, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,

Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,

Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate

Of that darke houre: resolve your selves apart,

Ile come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. Ile call upon you straight: abide within,

It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight, 169

If it finde Heaven, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*The palace.*]

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Servant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.

Servant. Madame, I will.

Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy, 10

Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull joy.

154-5. 1 l.—POPE.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keepe alone?
 Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
 Using those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
 With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
 Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
 Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilst our poore Mallice
 Remaines in danger of her former Tooth. 20

But let the frame of things dis-joynt,
 Both the Worlds suffer,
 Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
 In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
 That shake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,
 Whom we, to gayne our peace, have sent to peace,
 Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
 In restlesse extasie.

Duncane is in his Grave:
 After Lifes fitfull Fever, he sleepes well, 30
 Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
 Mallice domestique, forraine Levie, nothing,
 Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
 Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
 Be bright and Joviall among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Love, and so I pray be you:
 Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
 Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
 Unsafe the while, that wee must lave 40
 Our Honors in these flattering streames,

18. *scorb'd*: scotch'd—THEOBALD.

21-2. 1 l.—THEOBALD.

28-9. 1 l. ROWE.

40. new l. at Must—CAMBRIDGE.

And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are. *

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleas* lives,

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppic's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,
Then be thou jocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Heccats* summons
The shard¹-borne Beetle, with his drowisie hums, 51
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale, ¹*scaly wing-cases*
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling² Night,
Skarfe up the tender Eye of pittifull Day, ²*blinding*
And with thy bloodie and invisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens, 60
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

[*A park near the palace.*]

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee joyne with us?

3. *Macbeth*

52-4. 2 five-accent ll -Rowe

60-1. 2 ll. ending crow, wood-Rowe.

OF MACBETH

[III. iii. 2-20]

2. He neede^s not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
To the direction^s just.

1. Then stand with us:

The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the lated Traveller apace, 10
To gayne the timely Inne, end neere approaches
The subject of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I heare Horses.

Banquo within. Give us a Light there, ho.

2. Then 'tis hee:

The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th' Court.

1. His Horses goe about.

3. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate 20
Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis hee.

1. Stand too't.

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.

1. Let it come downe. [*They set upon Banquo.*]

Ban. O, Trecherie!

Flye good *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'st revenge. O Slave! 30
[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]

3. Who did strike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.

14-16. *Give ... rest:* 1 l.—POPE.

28-9. 1 l.—HANMER.

2. We have lost
Best halfe of our Affaire.

1. Well, let's away,* and say how much is done.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

[*The same. Hall in the palace.*]

*Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady [Macbeth],
Rosse, Lenox, | Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome. 10

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are even: heere Ile sit i'th'mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
The Table round. [*Approaching in the door.*] There's
blood upon thy face. |

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd? 20

Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Mac. 'Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats,

4-6. 2 ll. ending first, Majesty-CAPELL.

22-5. 3 five-accent ll.-ROWE.

OF MACBETH

[III. iv. 18-40]

Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleance*:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-narrell.

Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleance is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre: 30
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?

Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thankes for that:
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our selves againe. *Exit Murderer.* 40

Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not give the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis given, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both. 50

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,

27-8, 1 l.—POPE.

47. *Enter the Ghost, etc.*: transferred to after l. 51—CAMBRIDGE.

Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who, may I rather challenge for unkindnesse,
Then pittie for Mischance.

Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
To grace us with your Royall Company?

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Heere is a place reserv'd Sir. 60

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary lockes at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentary, upon a thought 71

He will againe be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,¹
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Divell. ¹ *exited state*

La. O proper stuffe:

This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flawes² and starts 80
(Impostors to true feare) would well become
A womans story, at a Winters fire ² *sudden emotions*
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You looke but on a stoole.

Macb. Prythee see there:

Behold, looke, loe, how say you:

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.

If Charnell houses, and our Graves must send

Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments 90
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

La. What? quite unmann'd in folly.

Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.

La. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:

I, and since too, Murthers have bene perform'd

Too terrible for the care. The times has bene,

That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,

And there an end: But now they rise againe 100

With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,

And push us from our stooles. This is more strange

Then such a murther is.

La. My worthy Lord

Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget:

Do not muse¹ at me my most worthy Friends, ¹*wonder*

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,

Then Ile sit downe: Give me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

111

I drinke to th'generall joy o'th'whole Table,

And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we misse:

Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

86-7. 111.—CAPELL. 98. *The times has* the time has—CAMBRIDGE.

Mac. Avant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
 Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with. 120

La. Thinke of this good Peeres
 But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,
 Onely it spoyles the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,
 The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerves
 Shall never tremble. Or be alive againe,
 And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee 130
 The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,
 Unreall mock'ry hence. [*Ghost vanishes.*] Why so,
 being gone |

I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

La. You have displac'd the mirth,
 Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a Summers Clowd,
 Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,¹ ^{1 possess}
 When now I thinke you can behold such sights, 140
 And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
 When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse
 Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

134-6. 2 ll. ending meeting, be—CAPELL.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.* 150

Macb. It will have blood they say:
Blood will have Blood:
Stones have beene knowne to move, & Trees to speake:
Augures, and understood Relations, have

By Maggot Pyes,¹ & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night? ¹ *magpies*

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding.

La: Did you send to him Sir? 160

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keepe a Servant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.
More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,
All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand, 170
Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard use:

We are yet but yong indeed. *Exeunt*

151. *blood they say:* blood; they say—CAMBRIDGE.

151-2. 1 l.—ROWE.

164. *weyard:* weird—THEOBALD.

Scena Quinta.[*A Heab.*]*Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.*1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly?*Hec.* Have I not reason (Beldams) as you are?

Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare

To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*?

In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And I the Mistris of your Charmes,

The close contriver of all harmes,

10

Was never call'd to beare my part,

Or shew the glory of our Art?

And which is worse, all you have done

Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,

Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)

Loves for his owne ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gon,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he

Will come, to know his Destinie.

20

Your Vessels, and your Spels provide,

Your Charmes, and every thing beside;

I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend

Unto a dismall, and a Fatall end.

Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.

Upon the Corner of the Moone

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,

Ile catch it ere it come to ground;

And that distill'd by Magicke slights,

Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,

30

As by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him¹ on to his Confusion.
 He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
 His hopes 'bove Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
 And you all know, Security
 Is Mortals cheefest Enemic.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
 Sits in a Foggy cloud, and stayes for me. [Exit.]

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c. 40

1 Come, let's make hast, shee'l soone be
 Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

[*Forre. The palace.*]

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
 Have but hit your 'Thoughts
 Which can interpret farther: Oncely I say
 Things have bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
 Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
 And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
 Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleance* kill'd,
 For *Fleance* fled: Men must not walke too late. 10
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
 To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
 How it did greeve *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
 In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
 That were the Slaves of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?
 Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
 To heare the men deny't. So that I say,

He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke, 20
 That had he *Duncans* Sonnes, under his Key,
 (As, and't please Heaven he shall not) they should finde
 What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleams*.
 But peace; for from broad words, and cause he say'd
 His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
Macduffe lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
 (From whom this Tyrant holds the due^o of Birth)
 Lives in the English Court, and is receyv'd 30
 Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
 That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
 Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his ayd
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
 That by the helpe of these (with him above)
 To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
 Give to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
 Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives;
 Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors, 40
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
 Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
 The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,
 And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time
 That clogges me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might
 Advise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance 50
 His wisdom can provide. Somewhat Angell

22. and't: and't-2 THEOBALD.

28. Sonnes: son-THEOBALD.

42. their: the-HANMER.

Flye to the Court of England, and unfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone retorne to this our suffering Country,
Under a hand accurs'd.

Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[*A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*]

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

- 1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
- 2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
- 3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Round about the Caldron go:

In the poysond Entrailes throw

'Toad, that under cold stone,

Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:

Sweltred Venom sleeping got,

10

Boyle thou first i'th'charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,

In the Cauldron boyle and bake:

Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,

Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:

Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,

Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:

For a Charme of powrefull trouble,

20

Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,

Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulse¹

¹ gullet

Of the ravin'd¹ salt Sea sharke: ¹*glotted with prey*
 Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke:
 Liver of Blaspheming Jew,²
 Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
 Sliver'd in the Moones Eclipse: 30
 Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:
 Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
 Make the Grewell thicke, and slah.
 Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,³ ³*entrails*
 For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
 Then the Charme is firme and good. 40

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
 And every one shall share i'th'gaines:
 And now about the Cauldron sing
 Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
 Inchanting all that you put in.

Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

[*Hecate retires.*]

2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,
 Something wicked this way comes:
 Open Lockes, who ever knockes. 50

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags!
 What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

36. *Cawdron*: cauldron—3-4F. 41. *and the*: to the—CAMBRIDGE
 50. 2 rhymed ll.—DYCE.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you Professe,
 (How ere you come to know it) answer me:
 Though you untie the Windes,¹ and let them fight
 Against the Churches: Though the yesty¹ Waves
 Confound and swallow Navigation up: ^{1 frothy}
 Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
 Though Castles topple on their Warders heads: 61
 Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
 Of Natures Germaine,² tumble altogether, ^{2 seeds}
 Even till destruction sicken: Answer me
 To what I aske you.

1 Speake.

2 Demand.

3 Wee'll answer.

69

1 Say, if th' hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
 Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten
 From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
 Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show. *Thunder.*

1. *Apparation, an Armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknowne power. 80

1 He knowes thy thought:
 Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

1 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
 Beware *Macduffe*,

Beware the Thane of Fife: dismisse me. Enough.

He Descends.

64. *Germaine: germens*—DELIUS, GLOBE.

70. *th' b'edst: thou'dst*—CAPELL.

83-4. 1 l.—*ROWE*.

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

1 He will not be cofnmanded: heere's another
More potent then the first. *Thunder.* 90

2 *Apparition, a Bloody Childe.*

2 *Appar.* *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*

Macb. Had I three cares, I'd heare thee.

2 *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to scorne

The powre of man: For none of wom&n borne

Shall harme *Macbeth.* *Descends.*

Mac. Then live *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?

But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,

And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live, 100

That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;

And sleepe in spite of *Thunder.* *Thunder.*

3 *Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his band.*

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,

And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round

And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speake not too't.

3 *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, untill 110

Great *Byrnam Wood*, to high *Dunsmane Hill*

Shall come against him. *Descend.*

Macb. That will never bee:

Who can impresse the Forrest, hid the Tree

Unfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:

Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood

94-5. 11.-Rowe. 99. assurance: double; gassuance double-Pope.

102 and 104. 2 five-accent 11.-Rowe.

111. *Byrnam*: *Birnam*-4F. *Dunsmane*: *Dunsinane*-2-4F.

116. *Rebellious dead*: *Rebellion's head*-HANMER.

Of Byrnan rise,¹ and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
 Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
 To time, and mortall Custome.² Yet my Hart
 Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art 120
 Can tell so much: Shall *Banquo's* issue ever
 Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
 And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know.
 Why sinks that Caldron? & what noise is this? *Hoboyes*

1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greeve his Hart, 130
 Come like shadowes, so depart.

*A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse
 in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
 Thy Crowne do's seare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
 Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
 A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggas,
 Why do you shew me this?—A fourth? Start eyes!
 What will the Line stretch out to'th' cracke of Doome?
 Another yet? A seaventh? Ile see no more: 140
 And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,
 Which shewes me many more: and some I see,
 That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
 Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,
 For the Blood-bolter'd¹ *Banquo* smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*] What?
 Is this so? | ^{1 blood-bedaubed}
 1 I Sir, all this is so. But why
 Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

117. *Byrnan*: Birnam-4F.

141. *eight*: eighth-3-4F.

Come Sisters, cheere we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights. 150

Ile Charme the Ayre to^e give a sound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Musicke.*

The Witches Dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious houre,
Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*

Lenox. What's your Graces will. 160

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The gallopping of Horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England? 170

Len. I, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o're-tooke
Unlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:
The Castle of *Macduff*, I will surprize,
Seize upon Fife; give to th'edge o'th'Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Soules 180

OF MACBETH

[IV. i. 153—ii. 20

That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

[*Fife. Macduff's castle.*]

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must have patience Madam.

Wife. He had none:

His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make us Traitors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his feare. 9

Wife. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loves us not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wisdom, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.

Rosse. My deerest Cooz, 19

I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,

14. *diminutive*: diminutive—4F.

But floate upon a wilde and violent Sea
 Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:
 Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe upward,
 To what they were before. My pretty Cosine, 30
 Blessing upon you.

Wife. Father'd he is,
 And yet hee's Father-lesse.

Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
 I take my leave at once. *Exit Rosse.*

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As Birds do Mother.

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes? 40

Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they.

Wife. Poore Bird,
 Thou'dst never Feare the Net, nor Lime,
 The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I Mother?
 Poore Birds-they are not set for:
 My Father is not dead for all your saying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead:
 How wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband? 50

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.

Wife. Thou speak'st withall thy wit,
 And yet l'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a 'Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was.

32-3. 1 l.-Rowe. 42-3. 1 l.-Theobald. 45-6. 1 l.-Pope.

48-9. 1 l.-Rowe.

53. *withall.* with all-24F.

53-4. 2 ll. ending *faith, thee*-Pope. 54. *I'faith:* i'faith-34F.

OF MACBETH

[IV. ii. 46-75]

Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.

Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.

Wife. Every one that do's so, is a Traitor, 60
And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

Wife. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there
are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,
and hang up them.

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father? 70

Son. If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you
would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly
have a new Father.

Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans advice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones 80
To fright you thus. Me thinks I am too savage:
To do worse to you, were tell Cruelty,
Which is too nic your person. Heaven preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger*

Wife. Whether should I flye?
I have done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme

60-1 prose-POP.

69-70. prose-POP.

Is often laudable, to do good sometime
 Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
 Do I put up that womanly defence, 90
 To say I have done no harme?
 What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

Wife. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
 Where such as thou may'st finde him

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-eare'd Villaine.

Mur. What you Egge? [*Stabbing him.*] 100
 Yong fry of Treachery?

Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
 Run away I pray you. [*Dies.*] *Exit crying Murther.*

Scena Tertia.

[*England. Before the King's palace.*]

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let us seeke out some desolate shade, & there
 Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let us rather
 Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,
 Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
 New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
 As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out 10
 Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleeve, Ile waile;
 What know, beleeve; and what I can redresse.

91-2. 1 l.—Rowe.

7. *downfall*: down-fall'n—WARRBURTON, CAMBRIDGE.

As I shall finde the time to friend:¹ I wil. ¹ *befriend*
 What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
 This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
 Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
 He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something
 You may discerne of him through me, and wisdom
 To offer up a weake, poore innocent Lambe 20
 T'appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Malc. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
 In an Imperiall charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
 That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
 Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
 Yet Grace must still looke so.

Macd. I have lost my Hopes. 30

Malc. Perchance even there

Where I did finde my doubts.

Why in that rawnesse² left you Wife, and Childe?
 Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Love,
 Without leave-taking. I pray you, ² *unprovided state*
 Let not my Jealousies, be your Dishonors,
 But mine owne Sateties: you may be rightly just,
 What ever I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
 Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, 40
 For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs,
 The Title, is affear'd.³ Far thee well Lord,
 I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st,
 For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Grasp,
 And the rich East to boot. ³ *confirmed*

19. *discerne*—deserve—THROBOLD

35. *pray*—3-4F.

31-2 11—Rowe

42. *Far*. *Fare*—2-4F

Mal. Be not offended:

I speake not as in absolute feare of you:
 I thinke our Country sinkes beneath the yoke,
 It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall, 50
 There would be hands uplifted in my right:
 And heere from gracious England have I offer
 Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
 When I shall treade upon the Tyrants head,
 Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
 Shall have more vices then it had before,
 More suffer, and more sundry wayes then ever,
 By him that shall succede.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know 60
 All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
 That when they shall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
 Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
 Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
 With my confinesse harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legions
 Of horrid Hell, can come a Divell more damn'd
 In evils, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him Bloody,
 Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull, 70
 Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of every sinne
 That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
 In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wives, your Daughters,
 Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill up
 The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire
 All continent Impediments would ore-bear
 That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
 Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance

In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene 80
 Th'untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
 And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
 To take upon you what is yours: you may
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke:
 We have willing Dames enough: there cannot be
 That Vulture in you, to devoure so many
 As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclinde.

Mal With this, there growes 90
 In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
 A stanchlesse Avarice, that were I King,
 I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
 Desire his Jewels, and this others House,
 And my more-having, would be as a Sawce
 To make me hunger more, that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the Good and Loyall,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. 'This Avarice
 stickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote 100
 Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin
 The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,
 Scotland hath Foysons,¹ to fill up your will ¹ plenty
 Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,²
 With other Graces weigh'd. ² bearable

Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
 As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
 Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
 Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
 I have no relish of them, but abound 110
 In the division of each severall Crime,
 Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should
 Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,

Uprore the universall peace. confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to governe, speake:
I am as I have spoken.

Mac. Fit to govern? No not to live. O Nation
miserable! |

With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred, 120
When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands accust,
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Ofner upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,
These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy selfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
Thy hope ends heere. 130

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion
Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Divellish *Macbeth*,
By many of these traines, hath sought to win me
Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me
From over-credulous hast: but God above
Deale betweene thee and me; For even now
I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
Unspeak mine owne detraction. Heere abjure 140
The taints, and blames I laide upon my selfe,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknowne to Woman, never was forsworne,
Scarsely have coveted what was mine owne.

118-19. 2 five-accent ll.—Porz.

123. *accust*: accursed (accurst)—2-4F. 129. *Hath*: have—Rowz.

At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
 The Devill to his Fellow, and delight
 No lesse in truth^h then life. My first false speaking
 Was this upon my selfe. What I am truly
 Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
 Whither indeed, before they heere approach 150
 Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men
 Already at a point, was setting foorth:
 Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse
 Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcom things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
 I pray you? 159

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
 That stay his Cure: their malady convinces
 The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend. *Exit.*

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King,
 Which often since my heere remaine in England,
 I have seene him do: How he solicites heaven 170
 Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people
 All swolne and Ulcerous, pittifull to the eye,
 The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
 Hanging a goldeⁿ staype¹ about their neckes, 1 coin
 Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken

158-9. 1 l.-Rowe.

164. *Exit:* shifted to next l. -CAPELL.

To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
 The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
 He hath a heavenly giuft of Prophetie,
 And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
 That speake him full of Grace. 180

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.

Macd. My ever gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
 The meanes that makes us Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poore Countrey,
 Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot 190
 Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing
 But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile:
 Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre
 Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
 A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
 Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens lives
 Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Malc. What's the newest griefe? 200

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,
 Each minute teemes a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wife?

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

183. *nor*: not-3-4F.

193. *rent*: rend-Rowe.

198-200. 2 ll. ending relation, grief-THORALD.

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant ha's, not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leave
'em |

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How gos't?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a Rumour 211
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses.

Malc. Bee't their comfort

We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent us good *Scyward*, and ten thousand men, 220
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch¹ them. ^{1 catch}

Macd. What concerne they,

The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griete² ^{2 peculiar grief}
Due to some single brest?

Rosse. No minde that's honest 230

But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine

Keepe it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your cares dispise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possesse them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I guesse at it.

Rosse, Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner 240
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.

Malc. Mercifull Heaven:

What man, ne're pull your hat upon your browes:
Give sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

Rosse. I have said. 250

Malc. Be comforted.

Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope?

Malc. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

But I must also feele it as a man; 260
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me: Did heaven looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules: Heaven rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe
Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. • But gentle Heavens,

Cut short all intermission: Front to Front, 271
 Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe
 Within my Swords length set him, if he scape
 Heaven forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
 Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
 Our iacke is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
 Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres above 278
 Put on their Instruments: Receive what cheere you may,
 The Night is long, that never findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[*Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*]

*Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Waiting
 Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I have too Nights watch'd with you, but can
 perceive no truth in your report. When was it shee last
 walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have
 seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown up-
 pon her, unlocke her Closset, take forth paper, folde it,
 write upon't, read it, afterwards Scale it, and againe re-
 turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe. 11

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyve at
 once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.
 In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other
 actuall performances, what (at any time) have you heard
 her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witnesse

275. time: June-2Rowe.

to confirme my speech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.* 20
Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleepe: Obserue her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?

Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I have knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre. 32

Lad. Yet heere's a spot.

Doct. Heark, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

La. Out damned spot: out I say. One: 'Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and afeard? what need we feare? who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would haue thought the olde man to have had so much blood in him. 41

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this starting.

Doct. Go too, go too:

You have knowne what you should not.

Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knowes what she ha's knowne. 50

La. Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the per-

fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a sigh is there? 'The hart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have knowne those which have walkt in their sleep, who have dyed holily in their beds. 61

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed? 70

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whisp' rings are abroad: unnaturall deeds
Do breed unnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:
More needs she the Divine, then the Physitian:
God, God forgive us all. Looke after her,
Remove from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes upon her: So goodnight,
My minde she ha's mated,¹ and amaz'd my sight.
I thinke, but dare not speake. ¹ *bewildered* 80

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Excunt.*

Scena Secunda.[*The country near Dunsinane.*]*Drum and Colours. • Enter Menteth, Cathnes,
Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.*

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Unkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim *Alar*me
Excite the mortified¹ man. ¹ *insensible*

Ang. Neere *Byrnan* wood 9
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I have a File²
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne, ² *list*
And many unruffe³ youths, that even now ³ *unbearded*
Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great *Dunsinane* he strongly Fortifies:
Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause 20
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feele
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his Faith-breach:
Those he commands, move onely in command,
Nothing in love: Now do's he feele his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish Theefe.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start, 30

9. *Byrnan*: *Birnam*-4F.

When all that is within him, do's condemne
It selfe, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet'we the Med'cine¹ of the sickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of us. ^{1 physician}

Lenox. Or so much as it needes, ³⁸
Todew the Sovereigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Tertia.

[*Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*]

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not borne of woman? 'The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere have power upon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures, ¹⁰
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall never sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Servant.

The divell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:²
Where got'st thou that Goose-look. ^{2 base fellow}

Ser. There's ten thousand.

Macb. Geese Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

40. *Birnan:* Birnam-2-4F

4. *Byrnane:* Birnam-3-4F

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and over-red thy feare
 Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. • What Soldiers Patch? ¹ fool
 Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine 21
 Are Counsailers to feare. • What Soldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*] *Sey-*
ton, I am sick at hart, |
 When I behold: *Seyton*, I say, this push
 Will cheere me ever, or dis-eate me now.
 I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
 Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
 And that which should accompany Old-Age,
 As Honor, Love, Obedience, Troopes of Friends, 30
 I must not looke to have: but in their steed,
 Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
 Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What Newes more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.
 Give me my Armor. 40

Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. Ile put it on:

Send out moe Horses, skirre² the Country round,
 Hang those that talke of Feare. Give me mine Armor:
 How do's your Patient, Doctor? ² scour

Doct. Not so sicke my Lord,
 As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
 That keepe her from her rest.

24-5. *Seyton* .. *I say*: *Seyton*!—I am sick at heart, When I
 behold—*Seyton*, I say!—Rowz. 26. *dis-eat*: disseat—STEEVENS.

Macb. Cure of that:

Can'st thou not Minister to a minde discas'd, 50
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the stuffe bosome, of that perillous stuffe
Which weighes upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister to himselfe.

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: give me my Staffe:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me: 60
Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgative drugge
Would scowre these English hence: hear'st thou of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes us heare something.

Macb. Bring it after me: 70
I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away, and
cleere, |
Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

49. *Cure of*: Cure her of—2-4F. 72. *Birnane*: Birnam—2-4F.

Scena Quarta.

[Country near Birnam wood.]

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,
Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,
and Soldiers Marching.*

Malc. Cosins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Syew. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birname.

Malc. Let every Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow 11
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discovery
Erre in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes still in Dunsinane, and will indure
Our setting downe befor't.

Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and lesse have given him the Revolt, 20
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just Censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious Souldiership.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative, their unsure hopes relate,

But certaine issue, stroakes must arbitrate, 30
Towards which, advance the wayre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

[*Dunsinane. Within the castle.*]

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with
Drum and Colours.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siedge to scorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:
Were they not fore'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darefull, beard to beard, 9
And beate them backward home. What is that noyse?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord. [*Exit.*]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my sences would have cool'd
To heare a Night-shricke, and my Fell^l of haire
Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre ¹ *scalp*
As life were in't. I have supt full with horrors,
Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. [*Re-enter Seyton.*] Wherefore
was that cry? |

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead. 20

Macb. She should have dy'de heereafter;
There would have beene a time for such a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdayes, have lighted Fooles
The way to dusty death. Out, out, breecf Candle,

Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
 That struts and frets his houre upon the Stage,
 And then is heard no more. It is a Tale 30
 Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury
 Signifying nothing. *Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my Lord,
 I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to doo't.

Macb. Well, say sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the Hill
 I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
 The Wood began to move. 40

Macb. Lyar, and Slave.

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
 Within this three Mile may you see it comming.
 I say, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st fhlse,
 Upon the next Tree shall thou hang alive
 Till Famine cling¹ thee: If thy speech be sooth,²
 I care not if thou dost for me as much. ^{1 shrivel}
 I pull in Resolution, and begin ^{2 true}
 To doubt th'Equivocation of the Fiend, 50
 That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood
 Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood
 Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
 If this which he avouches, do's appeare,
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I 'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
 And wish th'estate o'th'world were now undon.
 Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
 At least wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe. *Exeunt*

39. *Byrnane*: Birnam-4F.

45. *fbles. & alar* - 2-4F.

51. *Byrnane*: Birnam-4F.

Scena Sexta.[*Dunsinane. Before the castle.*]*Drumme and Colours.**Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army,
with Boughes.*

Mal. Now neere enough:
 Your leavy Skreenes throw downe,
 And shew like those you are: You (worthy Unkle)
 Shall with my Cosin your right Noble Sonne
 Leade our first Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and wee
 Shall take upon's what else remains to do, 10
 According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:
 Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, give them all
 breath |
 Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.[*Another part of the field.*]*Enter Macbeth.*

Macb. They have tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,
 But Beare-like I must fight the course. What's he
 That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
 Am I to feare, or none.

*Enter young Seyward.**Y. Sey.* What is thy name?*Macb.* Thou'lt be affraid to neare it.

Y. Sey. No: though thou call'st thy selfe a hoter name
Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Y. Sey. The diuell himselfe could not pronounce a
Title |

More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more tearefull.

Y. Sey. Thou lyest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile prove the lye thou speak st.

Fight, and young Seyward slaine.

Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne, 20
Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face,
If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staves; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or else my Sword with an unbattered edge
I sheath againe undeeded. There thou should'st be,
By this great clatter, one of greatest note 30
Seemes bruted. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,
And little is to do.

Malc. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.

Sey. Enter Sir, the Castle. • *Excunt.* 40
Alarum

[Scene viii. *Another part of the field.*]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Mald. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Mald. I have no words, 10
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can give thee out. *Fight: Alarum*

Macb. Thou loosest labour,
As casie may'st thou the intrenchant ¹ Ayre ¹ *indivisible*
With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.

Mald. Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast serv'd 20
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Untimely ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Jugling Fiends no more beleev'd,
That palter with us in a double sence,
That keepe the word of promise to our care,

And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time. 30
Wee'l have thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though *Byrnane* wood be come to *Dunsinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*, 40
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours,
Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriv'd.

Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.

Mal. *Macduffe* is missing, and your Noble Sonne.

Rosse. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,
He onely liv'd but till he was a man, 51
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Rosse. I, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

37. *Byrnane: Birnam-4F.*

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. I, on the Front.

60

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:

Had I as many Sonnes, as I have haire,

I would not wish them to a fairer death:

And so his Knell is knoll'd

Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,

And that Ile spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,

They say he parted well, and paid his score,

And so God be with him Here comes new comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head. 70

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.

Behold where stands

Th' Usurpers cursed head the time is free

I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,

That speake my salutation in their minds

Whose voyces I desire aloud with mine.

Haile King of Scotland

All. Haile King of Scotland *Flourish*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,

Before we reckon with your severall loves, 80

And make us even with you. My I hanes and kinsmen

Henceforth be Earles, the first that ever Scotland

In such an Honor nam'd What's more to do,

Which would be planted newly with the time,

As calling home our evil'd Friends abroad,

That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,

Producing forth the cruell Ministers

Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;

Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,

71-2. 1 l. - Rows.

V. viii. 71-76] TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else 90
That call's upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to see us Crown'd at Scone.,
 Flourish Exeunt. Omnes.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE

First printed in part in Quarto, 1603 ; then more
fully in Quartos, 1604, 1605, 1611, etc.

The First Folio, 1623, differs in some respects from
the Second Quarto

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

'THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET' is a stern drama of suspended but finally visitant retribution, introducing a supernatural element.

The ghost of a murdered king of Denmark visits his son, Prince Hamlet, and enjoins him to revenge against the usurping king, who has married the widowed queen.

Hamlet's task is so difficult that he assumes madness to cloak his designs (Act II). His sweetheart Ophelia is one of the first to notice the change in his demeanour. He makes use of a company of strolling players to prepare a special play before the court.

The plot of this play resembles the late king's demise and the present king's accession. While it is being presented (Act III) Hamlet discovers by the king's change of countenance that the shaft has struck home and the ghost's charges are true. The queen, Hamlet's mother, is also much disturbed by the play and sends for him to upbraid him; but he meets reproach with reproach and leaves her self-convicted.

Hamlet's banishment and death are ordered (Act IV), but the plans miscarry. After a brief absence he returns to find that Ophelia has gone insane through grief and is dead.

. Hamlet C

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE

Laertes, Ophelia's brother, seeks Hamlet's life (Act V). The king arranges a public feacing contest—supposedly friendly—between them. Laertes kills Hamlet, but not until he himself and the king are slain. The queen drinks by mistake from a poisoned cup, prepared by the king for Hamlet, and also dies.

SOURCES

The earliest form of the story of Hamlet which has reached us is found in the 'Historia Danica' of Saxo Grammaticus, an important Danish writer of the twelfth century. But some two hundred years earlier the folk-lore of Iceland contained allusions to the same character, 'Amlothe,' and to this day the name is synonymous in that land for 'half-witted.' Saxo's work was not published until 1514. It was transferred to French in Belleforest's 'Histoires Tragiques' of 1571. This in turn passed into indifferent English, the earliest surviving edition being 1608. But before that year Shakespeare and other writers had become familiar with the story, which would indicate that they either had access to an earlier English version or read it in the French. Between Belleforest and Shakespeare there now remain no other forms of the story, although references to intermediate plays exist. In 1589 Thomas Nash wrote a preface to Greene's 'Menaphon,' in which he mentions 'Hamlet' specifically. The next reference to 'Hamlet' is found in Henslowe's 'Diary,' '9 of June, 1594 Rd. at hamlet.' In 1596 Thomas Lodge, in 'Wit's Miseric,' says: 'As pale as the wisard of the ghost, which cried so miserally at the theator, like an oyster-wife, Hamlet revenge.' None of the citations couples the name of

INTRODUCTION

Shakespeare with the play; and Francis Meres, in his 'Palladis Tarnia,' 1598, fails to give it among his list of Shakespeare's productions.

An imperfect Quarto of 1603 was the first appearance of such a play bearing Shakespeare's name. This was followed in 1604 by a far better Quarto. The plot of the Quartos, and later of the Folio, is similar in bald outlines to the English 'Hystorie of Hamblet,' which rests upon the French and Danish texts. But the ghost, the play scene, and the death of the hero culminating with his revenge, are new features brought out on the English stage—we cannot say by Shakespeare, for the ghost, in any event, belonged to an earlier play alluded to by Lodge, as we have seen.

Much diversity of opinion exists with regard to the lost play or plays of 'Hamlet.' A favourite theory is that such a play was written by Thomas Kyd, author of 'The Spanish Tragedy' and other plays. 'Hamlet' and 'The Spanish Tragedy' bear many marks in common and were often referred to together. Kyd was a scholar of Seneca, and Nash alludes to the Senecan character of the early play. The production entered by Henslowe (1594) was given by the Lord Chamberlain's company, to which Shakespeare belonged. It seems plausible, therefore, that Shakespeare derived his play from an earlier text, perhaps that ascribed to Kyd, for Shakespeare's was hardly written before 1600 (see Date of Composition).

The next question to arise, and one of considerable difficulty, is in regard to the authenticity of the First Quarto of 1603. This Quarto is but little more than one half the length of the Second Quarto—2143 lines, against 2719. It appears at a casual inspection to be only a maimed, hasty, and garbled version taken from

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE

shorthand notes of the play as it was being performed.
Witness Hamlet's soliloquy :

'To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe, is that all: I all?
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an e'erlasting Judge;
From whence no passenger ever return'd,' etc.

This wretched copy is enough like the Shakespearian text to indicate that as its source. But the First Quarto makes one or two independent departures, such as interpolating a scene between Horatio and the queen, softening the queen's character, and changing the names of Polonius and Reynaldo to Corambis and Montano. Without going into the details of these disturbing departures, they have given rise to three leading theories of authorship: (1) The First Quarto is an imperfect copy of an early 'Hamlet' written by Shakespeare. (2) The First and Second Quartos are taken from the same production, the one being pirated, the other authentic. (3) The First Quarto is a garbled copy of an early play written by some other dramatist (Kyd?), and revised by Shakespeare after 1600 — this First Quarto thus pointing to the play in an intermediate stage, but giving even that imperfectly, while the Second Quarto presents the final text of the completed play. The third theory has the weight of evidence.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The historic period is indeterminable, but the Danish records allude to a time early in the Christian centuries. The time represented on the stage is seven days, with intervals after the third and fourth: Day 1, Act I,

Hamlet. F

INTRODUCTION

scenes i-iii. Day 2, Act I, scenes iv, v, Act II. Day 3, Act III, Act IV, scenes i-iii. Interval. Day 4, Act IV, scenes iv, v. Interval. Day 5, Act IV, scenes vi, vii. Day 6, Act V, scene i. Day 7, Act V, scene ii.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' was probably written between 1598, the year of Meres's 'Palladis Tamia,' and June, 1602, when James Robertes entered the play upon the 'Stationers' Register.' A yet closer approximation is furnished by a passage (Act II, scene ii) in which 'the inhibition' which forced the players to travel is attributed to 'the late innovation' of a company of children. Now, in 1600 the Privy Council restricted theatrical performances to two houses; in the same year the Children of Paul's resumed playing; and in 1601 the Globe Company was travelling. These facts point to 1600-1 as the date of the play's production.

Internal evidence does not disturb this reckoning. 'Hamlet's' kinship with 'Julius Caesar' was pointed out in that play.

EARLY EDITIONS

The first official record of 'Hamlet' is found in the 'Stationers' Register' for 1602, 'xxvi to Juli i,' where it was entered to James Robertes. Robertes was the printer of the 1604 Quarto, and may also have printed the imperfect First Quarto of 1603, though the latter seems to have been published surreptitiously. The First Quarto's title ran:

'The Tragickall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Den-
' Hamlet G

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE

marke By William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where At London printed for N: L. and John Trundell. 1603.'

The Second Quarto's title was as follows:

'The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie.' At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Dunston's Church in Fleetstreet. 1604.'

A Third Quarto was issued in 1605, bearing a similar title and practically identical text to the Second.

A Fourth Quarto, 1611, was 'printed for John Smethwicke'; likewise a Fifth, without date. A Sixth appeared in 1637.

The First Folio edition of 1623 places 'Hamlet' among the tragedies and divides it into acts and scenes as far as the second scene of Act II. Rowe completed the division and added the *Dramatis Personæ*.

The faulty nature of the First Quarto has already been discussed, it containing a little more than one half the material found in the Second, which established a fairly true text. The succeeding Quartos deviated very slightly from the Second.

The First Folio, however, was evidently derived from an independent source. The Second Quarto is slightly longer, but the First Folio supplies some readings of its own, and usually in line of improvement. The Folio probably represents the acting version of the Globe with final editorial revision.

**THE TRAGEDIA OF
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE**

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*

HAMLET, *son to the late, and nephew to the present king.*

POLONIUS, *lord chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*

LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ, *courtiers.*

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRIC,

A Gentleman,

A Priest.

MARCELLUS, } *officers.*

BERNARDO, }

FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*

REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*

Players.

Two Clowns, *grave-diggers.*

FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway.*

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*

OPHELIA, *daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers,
and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE: *Denmark.*]

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Elsinore. A platform before the castle.]

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

[Francisco at his post. Enter to him Barnardo.]

Barnardo.

WHO'S there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & unfold
your selfe.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelve, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

2, 3. *Barnardo:* **Bernardo**, and so throughout-4F

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Rivals of my Watch, b.d them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground. 20

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?

Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: give you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I have seene nothing. 31

Mar. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,

And will not let beleefe take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of us,

Therefore I have intreated him along

With us, to watch the minutes of this Night,

That if againe this Apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while, 40

And let us once againe assaile your cares,

That are so fortified against our Story,

What we two Nights have seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,

16-17. 3 ll. ending night, *Marcellus*, haste-2-5Q.

19. *Stand Stand*, hol-2-5Q.

22-8. 4 ll ending Soldier, place, Say, him-CAPELL.

43. *two Nights have* have two nights-QQ.

OF HAMLET

[I. i. 34-61

And let us heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his cource t'illumine that part of Heaven
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one. 50

Mar. Peace, breake thee off: *Enter the Ghost.*
Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like: I harrowes me with fear & wonder

Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme 60
In which the Majesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: By Heaven I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.
Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't? 70

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleieve
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitious Norway combatted:

51-2. 1 L.-2-5Q. 77. *When th'*: When he the-2-5Q.

So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ixe.

'Tis strange.

80

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange erruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most observant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subject of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre: 90
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Take
Do's not divide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweatv hast
Doth make the Night joynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,
Whose Image even but now appear'd to us,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride) 100
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,

79. *Pollax*: Polacks (Polack-Pore)-MALONE.

81. *just*: jump-QQ.

106. *was*'d on: seized of-QQ.

Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cov'nant 110
 And carriage of the Article designe,
 His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*,
 Of unimproved Mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
 Shark'd up a List of Landlesse Resolutes,
 For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
 That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other
 (And it doth well appeare unto our State)
 But to recover of us by strong hand
 And termes Compulsative, those foresaid Lands 120
 So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
 Is the maine Motive of our Preparations
 The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
 Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.

[*Bar.* I thinke it be no other, but enso;^a
 Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch so like the King
 That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth^b it is to trouble the mindes eye:
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell
 The graves stood tennatlesse,^c and the sheeted dead
 Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
 As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
 Disasters in the Sunne; and the moist Starre,
 Upon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands
 Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.

111. *designe*: design'd-2-4F. 113. *Mettle*: metal (metall)-6Q.

115. *Landlesse*: lawless-QQ.

118. *And*: As-2-5Q.

120. *Compulsative*: compulsory-2-5Q.

124-5. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a *enso*: e'en so (even so)-Rowe.

^b *moth*: mote-5Q.

^c *tennatlesse*: tenantless-4Q.

And even the like precurse of feare^d events
 As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
 And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our Climatures and country men.]

Enter Ghost againe.

But soft, behold: Lo, where it comes againe:
 Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:
 If thou hast any sound, or use of Voyce, 128
 Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speake to me.
 [Cock crows.]

If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate
 (Which happily foreknowing may avoyd) Oh speake.
 Or, if thou hast up-hoarded in thy life
 Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
 (For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
 Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

140
Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Majesticall
 To offer it the shew of Violence,
 For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
 And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

^d *feare*: fierce (fearce-4Q.)-5Q.

129. *Speake to me*: separate l.-2-5Q.

130. *speake to me*: separate l.-1(?)

132. *Oh speake*: separate l.-2-5Q.

137. *it*: 2-5Q. 2+4F.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearfull Symmons. I have heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-soanding Throate 150
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extravagant, and erring Spirit, hies
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some sayes, that ever 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawneir ⁱⁿ with all night long:
And then (they say) ^{the} King, it can walke abroad, 160
'The nights are whole, ^{les} allow, n no Planets strike,
No Faery talkes, nor ^{witch} hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part beleve it.
But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have scene to night
Unto yong *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
'This Spirit dumbe to us, will speake to him: 170
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loves, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most conveniently. *Exeunt*

149. *day*: morn-2-5Q.

157. *sayes*: say-QQ.

160. *can walke*: dare stir (dare walke-1Q.) 2-5Q.

162. *talkes*: takes-QQ.

166. *Easterne*: eastward-2-5Q.

173. *Let*: Let's-2-4F.QQ.

Scena Secunda.[*A room of state in the Castle.*]

*Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister O-
phelia, Lords Attendant.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it us befitted
To heare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet so farre hath *Heaven* brought with Nature,
That we with wisdome *shall* on him, 10
Together with reuerence, *shall* our Souldiers
Therefore our somewhat may we our Queen,
Th' Imperiall Joyntress in this sharlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor have we heerein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which have freely gone 20
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disjoynt, and out of Frame,
Collegued with the dreame of his Advantage;
He hath not fayl'd to pester us with Message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

12. *sometimes: sometime-2-5Q.*13. *of this: to this-4-5Q.*15. *one .. one: an .. a-2-5Q.*

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius. 30

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
 Thus much the businesse is. We have heere writ
 To Norway, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely heares
 Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
 His further gate heerein. In that the Levies,
 The Lists, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subject: and we heere dispatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
 For bearing of this greeting to old Norway, 40
 Giving to you no further personall power
 To businesse with the King, more then the scope
 Of these dilated Articles allow:
 Farewell and let your hast commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
 You told us of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?
 You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane, 50
 And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
 The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
 The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
 Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
 What would'st thou have *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
 Your leave and favour to returne to France,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke

39. *Voltemand*: *Voltimand*-2-4F. 40. *bearing*: *bearers*-2Q.

43. *dilated*: *delated* (related-1Q.)-2-5Q.

57. *Dread my Lord*: *My dread lord*-2-5Q.

To shew my duty in your Coronation, 60
 Yet now I must confesse, that duty / one,
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your Fathers leave?
 What sayes *Pollonius*?

Pol. He hath my Lord: [wroung from me my slow
 leave
 By laboursome petition, and at last
 Upon his will I seald my hard consent,]
 I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
 But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne? 70

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more then kin, and lesse then
 kinde. |

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
 And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
 Do not for ever with thy veyled lids
 Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
 Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must dye,
 Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common. 80

Queen. If it be;
 Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
 'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
 Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath

62. towards: toward-2-5Q.

66-7. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

76. veyled: vailed-2-5Q.

84-5. 1 l.-2-5Q.

74. nightly: nighted-2-5Q.

No, nor the fruitfull River in the Eye,
 Nor the dejected 'aviour of the Visage,
 Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme, 90
 For they are actions that a man might play:
 But I have that Within, which passeth show;
 These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable

In your Nature *Hamlet*,

To give these mourning duties to your Father:

But you must know, your Father lost a Father,

'That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound

In filiall Obligation, for some terme

To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer 100

In obstinate Condolement, is a course

Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis unmanly griefe,

It shewes a will most incorrect to Heaven,

A Heart unfortified, a Minde impatient,

An Understanding simple, and unschool'd:

For, what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,

Why should we in our peevish Opposition

Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heaven,

A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature, 110

To Reason most absurd, whose common 'Theame

Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,

This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This unprevayling woe, and thinke of us

As of a Father; For let the world take note,

You are the next immediate to our Throne,

And with nesse Nobility of Love,

89. shewes: shapen (chapes-2Q.)-4-5Q. 94-5. 11.-2-5Q.

113. Coarse: corse-Rowe.

Then that which deereſt Father beares his Sonne,
 Do I impart towards you. For your intent 120
 In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
 It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
 And we beſeech you, bend you to remaine
 Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
 Our cheeſeſt Courtier Coſin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers *Hamlet*:
 I prythee ſtay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt
 Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a faire Replv, 130
 Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits ſmiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
 No iocund health that Denmarke drinkeſ to day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clowds ſhall tell,
 And the Kings Rounce, the Heavens ſhall bruit againe,
 Reſpeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*
Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too ſolid Fleſh, would melt,
 Thaw, and reſolve it ſelte into a Dew: 140
 Or that the Everlaſting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainſt Selfe-ſlaughter. O God, O God!
 How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seemes to me all the uſes of this world?
 Fie on't! Oh fie, fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groſſe in Nature
 Poſſeſſe it meeſrely. That it ſhould come to this:
 But two months dead: Nay, not ſo much; not two,

120. towards: toward-2-5Q. 138-9 11.-2Q.

136 Rounce: rouse (rouse)-2Q. Heavens: heaven-2-5Q.

142. O God, O God O God! God-2-5Q.

144 Seemes: Seem-2-5Q 145. Oh fie, fie. Ah fie-2-5Q.

So excellent a King, that was to this
Hieron to a *Savere*: so loving to my Mother, 150
 That he might not beteene the windes of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth
 Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
 As if encrease of Appetite had growne
 By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body
 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, even she. 159
 (O Heaven! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
 Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine Uncle,
 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous Teares
 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, und Marcellus. 170

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,
 And your poore Servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
 Ile change that name with you:
 And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

151. *Savere*: *Hieron*-2-5Q. 160. O Heaven. O God-2-5Q.

161. *mine*: my-2-5Q. 165. *of her*: in her-QQ.

172-3. 1 l.-2-5Q. 174-5. 1 l.-QQ. 176-7. 1 l.-2-5Q.

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord. 180

Ham. I am very glad to see you: Good even Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge*?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you doe mine care that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elsenour*?

Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart. 189

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Ere I had ever scene that day *Horatio*.
My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*) 200

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:

I shall not look upon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

182. *Wittemberge*: Wittenberg-QQ. 184. *hear*: hear-2-5Q.

185. *mine*: my-2-5Q. 188. *Elsenour*: Elaine re-MALONE

197. *Ere I had ever*: Or ever I had (Ere, etc.-1Q.)-2-5Q.

199. *Oh where*: Where-QQ.

With an attent care; till I may deliver
 Upon the witnesse of these Gentlemen, 210
 This marvell to you.

Ham. For Heavens love let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
 (*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
 In the dead wast and middle of the night
 Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
 Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
 Appeares before them, and with sollemne march
 Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,
 By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes, 220
 Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd
 Almost to Jelly with the Act of feare,
 Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
 In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
 And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
 Whereas they had deliver'd both in time,
 Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
 The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this? 230

Mar. My Lord, upon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once me thought
 It lifted up it head, and did addresse
 It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
 But even then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
 And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,

212. *Heavens*: *God's*-Qq.

215. *wast*: *vast*-1Q. 5Q.

217. *at all*: *ants*: at point (to poynt-1Q.)-2-4Q.

219. *stately*: *By them thrice*: *stately by them: thrice*-2-5Q.

221. *bestil'd*: *distill'd*-Qq.

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange. 240

Hor. As I doe live my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it w^{ri}t downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night?

Both. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foote. 250

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you. 260

Ham. Very like, very like: staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundred. |

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisly? no.

Hor. It was, as I have seene it in his life,
A Sable Silver'd.

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake againe. |

265. *grisly*: grizzled (grissl'd) - Qq

268. new l. at Perchance 2 5Q *wake*: walk - Qq. 2-4F.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person, 270
 Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto conceald this sight;
 Let it bee treble in your silence still:
 And whatsoever els shall hap to night,
 Give it an understanding but no tongue;
 I will requite your loves; so, fare ye well:
 Upon the Platforme twixt eleven and twelve,
 Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.* 280

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.
 My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
 I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
 Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

[*A room in Polonius's house.*]

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are imbark't; Farewell:
 And Sister, as the Winds give Benefit,
 And Convoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
 But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
 Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;
 A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature; 10

269. warrant you it: warrant it-1Q. 274. treble. tenable-QQ.

277. ye: you-QQ.

281. love: loves-QQ.

8. favours: favour-2-5Q.

Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute? No more:

Opbel. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more:

For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward service of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare 20
His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subject to his Birth:
Hee may not, as unvallued persons doe,
Carve for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Unto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loves you,
It fits your wisdoms so farre to beleeeve it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force 30
May give his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open
To his unmastred importunity.
Feare it *Opbelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;

11. *Froward*: Forward-3-4F.

12. *The suppliance*: The perfume and suppliance-2-5Q. *No more*: separate 1.-2-5Q. 16. *his*: this-2-5Q.

20. *feare*: will-2-5Q.

25. *sanctity* .. the weole: safety .. this-2-6Q.; whole-2-4F.

30. *peculiar Sect and force*: particular act and place-2-5Q.

38. *within*: you in-2-5Q.

Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
 'The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough, 40
 If she unmaske her beauty to the Moone:
 Vertue it selfe scapes not calurionious stroakes,
 The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
 Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophe. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
 As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother 50
 Doe not as some ungracious Pastors doe,
 Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heaven;
 Whilst like a puff and recklesse Libertine
 Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
 A double blessing is a double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave. 60

Polon. Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboard for shame,
 The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
 And these few Precepts in thy memory,
 See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his Act:
 Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:

43. *Galls, ibe:* galls the-2-5Q.

44. *ibe:* then-2-5Q.

50. *watchmen:* watchman-2-5Q.

55. *reaks:* reckn-Pope.

63. *for there: my: for.* There; my-THOBDALD. you: thee-QQ.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
 Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment 70
 Of each unhatch't, unfledg'd Comrad'. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
 Take each mans censure; but reserve thy judgement:
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
 But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
 For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
 And they in France of the best ranck and station,
 Are of a most select and generous cheff in that. 80
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
 For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
 And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
 This above all; to thine owne selfe be true:
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leave, my Lord.

Polon. The time invites you, goe, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Opbelia*, and remember well 90
 What I have said to you.

Opbe. Tis in my memory lockt,
 And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*

Polon. What ist *Opbelia* he hath said to you?

Opbe. So please you, something touching the L. *Ham-*
let. |

Polon. Marry, well bethought:
 Tis told me he hath very oft of late

68. *The*: *Those*-Qq.
 80. *cheff*: *chief*-Qq.

74. *thine*: *thy*-2-5
 82. *lone*: *loan*-2-

Given private time to you; and you your selfe 99
 Have of your rudience beene most free and bounteous.
 If it be so, as so tis put on me;
 And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
 You doe not understand your selfe so cleerely,
 As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.
 What is betweene you, give me up the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
 Unsifted in such perillous Circumstance.

Doe you beleeve his tenders, as you call them? 110

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
 That you have tane his tenders for true pay,
 Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;
 Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
 Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
 In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophe. And hath given countenance to his speech, 120
 My Lord, with all the vowes of Heaven.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
 When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
 Gives the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
 Giving more light then heare; extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, as it is a making;
 You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,

108. *pub:* pooh-COLLIER.

113. *but:* these-2-5Q.

114. *worth:* sterling-2-5Q.

116. *Running:* Running-DYCE.

120-1. *And.. My Lord:* 1 l.; new l. at With-ROWE. *all the*
vowes: almost all the holy vows-2-5Q.

124. *Gives:* Lends-QQ.

127. *For:* From; *Daughter out:* QQ.

Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence;
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate;
 Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*, 130
 Beleeve so much in him, that he is y^ung,
 And with a larger tether may he wake,
 Then may be given you. In few, *Opbelia*,
 Doe not beleeve his vowes; for they are Broakers,
 Not of the eye, which their Investments show:
 But meere implorators of unholy Sutes,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all:
 I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment leisure, 140
 As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
 Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Opbe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *The platform.*]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
 season, |

Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*]

What does this meane my Lord?

135. *the eye:* that dye (die-2-5Q.)-6Q.

137. *bonds:* bawds-2Porz.

2. *is it:* it is-QQ.

7. *then it:* it then-4-5Q.

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
rouse, | 10

Keepes wassels and the swaggering upspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,
The kegle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
'The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist;
And to my mind, though I am native heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the observance.
[This heavy headed reveale east and west
Makes us tradust, and taxed of other nations, ^{1 call}
'They clip^{1a} us drunkards, and with Swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their^b ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore leavens
The forme of plausible manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
Being Natures livery, or Fortunes starre,
His^c vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale

11. *wassels*; *wassell* (*wasell*)-1Q.

17. *And*. But-2-5Q.

19-20. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a *clip*: *clepe*-6Q.

^b *their*: *the*-POPE.

^c *His*: *Their*-2POPE.

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.]

Enter Ghost.

20

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes^h

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heaven, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death, 30
Have burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble jawes,
To cast thee up againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,
Revisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghost beckens Hamlet. 41

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground:
But doe not goe with it.

25. *events*: intents-QQ 28. *Ob^s ob, answer*: O answer-QQ.

36. *Revisits*: Revisit'st-2-4F

39. *thee; reaches*: the reaches-QQ. 46. *wafts*: waftes-QQ

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speake; then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

50

Ham. Why, what should be the feare?

I doe not set my life at a pins fee;

And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?

Being a thing immortall as it selfe:

It waves me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?

Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,

That beetles o're his base into the Sea,

And there assumes some other horrible forme,

Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason, 60

And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

[The very place puts toyces of desperation

Without more motive, into everie braine

That looks so many fadoms to the sea

And heares it rore beneath.]

Ham. It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty Artire in this body,

As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerve:

Still am I cal'd? Unhand me Gentlemen:

By Heav'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me: 70

I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.

49. *will* 1: I will (will 1-1Q.)--2-5Q.

57. *Sonnet*: summit-Rowe.

59. *assumes*: assume-QQ.

61-2. bracketed ll.--2-5Q.

62. *wafts*: waves--2-6Q. new l. at Go-QQ.

64. *band*: hands--2-5Q.

67. *Artire*: artery--6Q.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thou to obey him.

Hor. Have after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

[Scene v. *Another part of the platform.*]

Enter Ghost and Ham'et.

Ham: Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no further. |

Gbo. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Gbo. My hower is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Gbo. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold. 10

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gbo. 'So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gbo. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word 20
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,

23. *knotty: knotted-Qq.*

OF HAMLET

[I. v. 19-44

And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quilles upon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blason must not be
To eares of flesh and bloud; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
If thou didst ever thy deare Father love.

Ham. Oh Heaven!

Gho. Revenge his foule and most unnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther? 31

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange, and unnaturall.

Ham. Hast, hast me to know it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Love,
May sweepe to my Revenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rots it selfe in case, on Lethe Wharfe, 40
Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's given out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke soule: mine Uncle?

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts. 50
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that have the power

- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| 27. list <i>Hamlet</i> , oh: List, list, O-2-5Q. | 29. Heaven: God-QQ. |
| 34. Hast, hast me: Haste me-QQ. | 34-5. 11-QQ. |
| 40. rots: roo's-QQ. | 42, 48. mine: my-QQ. |
| 48. new l. at My uncle-Dyce. | |
| 49. adulterate: adulterate 2-4F. | |
| 50. wits, barb: wit-Porr; with-QQ. | |

So to seduce? Won to to this shamefull Lust
 The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
 Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
 I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
 To those of mine. But Vertue, as it never will be moved,
 Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heaven: 60
 So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
 Will sate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.
 But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;
 Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
 My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
 Upon my secure hower thy Uncle stole
 With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
 And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
 The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man, 70
 That swift as Quick-silver, it courses through
 The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
 And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
 And curd, like Aygre¹ droppings into Milke, ^{1 bitter}
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
 Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth Body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
 Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;

52. to to: to; this: his-QQ. 3-4F.

59. To those of mine: separate l.-POPE.

62. new l. at And prey-QQ.

63. sent the Mornings: scent-ROWE; the morning-2-5Q.

64. mine: my-QQ. 65. in: of-2-5Q. 68. mine: my-QQ.

72. Allies: alleys-HANMER.

74. Aygre: eager-QQ.

76. bak' : bark'd-QQ.

80. and: of-QQ.

Cut off even in the Blossomes of my Sinne, 81
 Unhouzzled, disappointed, unnaneld,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my impefections on my head;
 Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:
 If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
 Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
 A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
 But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
 Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contrive 90
 Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven,
 And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
 To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
 'The Glow-worme shoves the Matine to be neere,
 And gins to pale his uneffectuall Fire:
 Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you host of Heaven! Oh Earth; what els?
 And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
 And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
 But beare me stiffely up: Remember thee? 100
 I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
 In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
 Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
 Ile wipe away all triviall fond Records,
 All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,
 That youth and observation coppied there;
 And thy Commandment all alone shall live
 Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
 Unmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heaven:
 Oh most pernicious woman! 110
 Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
 My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,

98. *bold my*: Hold, hold, my 2-4Q.

109. *yes, yes, by*: yes, by - 1-5Q. 111. *repeated my Tables out*-QQ.

That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
 Atleast I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke; [*Writing.*]
 So Unckle there you are: now to my word;
 It is; Aduē, Aduē, Remember me: I have sworn't.
Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor. Heaven secure him. 120

Mar. [*Ham.*] So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How ist't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reveale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord. 130

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
 think it?

But you'l be secret?

Both. I, by Heav'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
 But hee's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
 Grave, to tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part: 140
 You, as your busines and desires shall point you:
 For every man ha's businesse and desire,
 Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,

116. *cw l.* at I have-2-5Q.

136-7. *There .. Grave:* 1 l.; new l. at To-2-5Q.

Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:

Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patrick*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere: 150
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:

For your desire to know what is betweene us,
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Give me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I. 160

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Marcell. We have sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, Indeed.

Gho. Swear. *Ghost cries under the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speake of this that you have scene.
Swear by my sword. 171

Gho. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* 'Then wee'l shift for grownd.
Come hither Gentlemen,

145. *hurling*; whirling. Qq. 149. *my Lord*: Horatio-Qq.

160. new l. at My-Capell.

166-7. 2 ll. ending truepenny. cellarage-2-5Q.

167. *one*: on-2-5Q. 2-4F.

173. *for*: our-Qq.

And lay your hands againe upon my sword,
Never to speake of this that you have heard:
Swear by my Sword.

Gbo. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th' ground so fast? |

A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends. 180

Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth, *Horatio*,

Then are dream't of in our Philosophy But come,

Here as before, never so helpe you mercy,

How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;

(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet

To put an Anticke disposition on:)

That you at such time seeing me, never shall

With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;

Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase; 191

As well, we know, or we could and if we would,

Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,

Or such ambiguous giving out to note,

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:

So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:

Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: [*They swear.*] so
Gentlemen, |

With all my love I doe commend me to you; 200

179. *ground:* earth-QQ.

184. *our Philosophy.* your philosophy-QQ. *But come:* separate l.
-HAMMER.

189. *time:* times-QQ.

190. *or thus:* or this-QQ.

192. *well, we:* Well, well, we-QQ.

* 192, 193. *and:* an-HAMMER. 193. *there might:* they might-QQ.

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
 May doe t'expresse his love, and friending to you,
 God willing shall not lacke: let us goe in together,
 And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
 The time is out of joynt: Oh cursed spight,
 That ever I was borne to set it right.
 Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *A room in Polonius' house.*]

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Give him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo*.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe marvels wisely: good *Reynoldo*,
 Before you visite him you make inquiry
 Of his behaviour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well said;

Very well said. Looke you Sir, 10
 Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
 And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
 What company, at what expence: and finding
 By this encompassment and drift of question,
 That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer
 Then your particular demands will touch it,
 Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
 And thus I know his father and his friends,
 And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo*?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord. 20

3. *his*: this-2-5Q.

5. *marvels*: marvellous-4-5Q.

6. *you make inquiry*: to make inquire-2-5Q. 9-10. 1 l.-2-5Q.

18. *And*: *As*-2Q.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
 But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
 Addicted so and so; and there put on him
 What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke,
 As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
 But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usuall slips,
 As are Companions noted and most knowne
 To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing, 30
 Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
 You must not put another scandall on him,
 That hee is open to Incontinencie;
 That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
 That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
 The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
 A savagenes in unreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.

Reynol. But my good Lord. 40

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
 And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
 You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,
 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th'working:
 Marke you your party in converse; him you would
 sound, |

Having ever scene. In the prenominate crimes,
 The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd

30-1. I, .. Quarelling: 1 l.; new l. at Drabbing-CAPELL.

31. drabbing: drabbing-QQ. 2-4F.

39. new l. at Of-2-5Q.

42. new l. at I would-STEEVENS.

44. warrant: wit-2-5Q.

47 Marke you: separate l.-MALONE.

48. scene. In: seen in-2-5Q.

He closes with you in this consequence: 50
 Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
 According to the Phrase and the Addition,
 Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?
 He does: what was I about to say?
 I was about to say something: where did I leave?

Reynol. At closes in the consequence:
 At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry, 60
 He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
 I saw him yesterday, or tother day;
 Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
 'There was he gaming, there o'retook in's Rouse,
 There falling out at 'Tennis; or perchance,
 I saw him enter such a house of saile;
 'Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;
 Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;
 And thus doe we of wisdome and of reach
 With windlesses, and with assaies of Bias, 70
 By indirections finde directions out:
 So by my former Lecture and advice
 Shall you my Sonne; you have me, have you not?

Reynol. My Lord I have.

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Observe his inclination in your selfe.

52. *and*: or-2-5Q.

* 55-9. *prose*-MALONE

56-7. *say? I. say?* By the mass 1-2-5Q.

61. *closes with you thus.* closes thus-2-6Q.

63. *such and such*: such or such-2-5Q.

64. *was be*: was a'-2-5Q. 67. *See you now*: separate l.-CAPELL.

68. *Cape*: carp-2-5Q. 75. *buy you*: be w^t you-CAPELL.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him plye his Musicke.

Reynol. Well, my Lord.

Exit. 80

Enter Opbelia.

Polon. Farewell:

How now *Opbelia*, what's the matter?

Opbe. Alas my Lord, I have beene so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heaven?

Opbe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungartred, and downe gived to his Anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other, 90
And with a looke so pitious in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Love?

Opbe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do teare it.

Polon. What said he?

Opbe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to such perusall of my face, 100
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe;
He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,

82-3 1 l.-2-5Q.

85. *Heaven:* God QQ.

87. *Lord:* Prince-Q. (1676).

95. new l. at But-2-5Q.

84. *Alas my:* O, my-QQ.

86. *Chamber:* closet-2-5Q.

89. *gived:* gyved-2-3Q, 2-4F.

105. *That:* As42-5Q.

And with his head over his shoulders turn'd,
 He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
 For out adores he went without their helpe;
 And to the last, bended their light on me. 110

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
 This is the very extasie of Love,
 Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,
 And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under Heaven,
 That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,
 What have you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
 I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
 His accesse to me. 120

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorrie that with better speed and judgement
 I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
 And meant to wracke thee: but heshrew my jealousie:
 It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
 To cast beyond our selves in our Opinions,
 As it is common for the yonger sort
 To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
 This must be knowne, which being kept close might move
 More greefe to hide, then hate to utter love. *Exeunt.* 130

107. *shoulders*: shoulder-2-3Q.

109. *adores*: o' doors--THEOBALD *brife*: helps-2-5Q.

111. *Goe*. Come, go-2-5Q.

122. *speed*: heed-2-5Q.

123. *feare*: fear'd-2-5Q.

124. *wracke*: wreck-2-THEOBALD.

125. *It seemes it*: By heaven it-2-5Q.

Scena Secunda.[*A room in the castle.*]*Enter King, Queene, Rosincrane, and Guildensterne Cumalijs [with Attendants].*

King. Welcome deere *Rosincrane* and *Guildensterne*.
 Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
 The neede we have to use you, did provoke
 Our hastie sending. Something have you heard
 Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
 Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was. What it should bee 10
 More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th'understanding of himselte,
 I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
 That being of so young dayes brought up with him:
 And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
 That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
 Some little time: so by your Companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
 So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
 [Whether ought to us unknowne afflicts him thus,]
 That open'd lies within our remedie. 20

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
 And sure I am, two men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To shew us so much Gentic, and good will,
 As to expend your time with us a-while,
 For the supply and profit of our Hope,

2. *Rosincrane*: *Rosencrantz*-*THOMAS*.8. *so I call*: *so call*-2-5Q.9. *Since not*: *Sith nor*-2-5Q.15. *since*: *sith*-2-5Q. *humour*: *havlour*-2-5Q.19. *Occausions*: *occasion*-2-5Q.

19-20. bracketed 1.+2-5Q.

Your Visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosin. Both your Majesties
Might by the Sovereigne power you have of us, 30
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Guil. We both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our Services freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks *Rosin* and gentle *Guildensterne*.

Qu. Thanks *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosin*.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne. 40

Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule, 51
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
As I have us'd to do: that I have found

33. *We:* But we-2-5Q.

35. *Service:* service-2-5Q.

40-1. I l.-2-5Q.

41. yet: you-2-5Q.

42. *the:* these-2-5Q.

45. *Amen:* Ay, amen (I)-2-5Q.

50. *Assure you, my:* I assure my-2-5Q.

52. *one:* and-2-5Q.

55. *I have:* it hath-3-5Q.

The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit Polonius.*] 60

He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephewes Levies, which to him appear'd 70
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeved,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receives rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Unkle, never more
'To give th' assay of Armes against your Majestie.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, 80
Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers

57. *I do:* do 1-2-5Q.

59. *the Newes:* the fruit-2-5Q.

61. *sweet Queene, that.* dear Gertrude-2-3Q.

65, 67. *Voltumand:* Voltumand-2-4F

66. *Welcome good:* Welcome, my good-2-5Q.

71, 83. *Poleak:* Polack-QQ.

So levied as before, against the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,

[*Giving a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes us well:

And at our more consider'd time wee'l read, 90
Answer, and thinke upon this Businesse.

Meane time we thank you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.

Most welcome home. *Exit Ambass.*

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Majestie should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time.
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.
'Therefore, since Brevitie is the Soule of Wit, 100
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I use no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will use no Art. 110
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;

86. *his*: this (that-1Q.)-2-5Q.

95. *very*: out-2-5Q.

109. *pittie it is*: pity 'tis 'tis-2-5Q.

For this effect defective, comes by cause,
 Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
 I have a daughter: have, whil'st she is mine,
 Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
 Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise. [*Reads*]

The Letter.

119

*To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beauti-
 fied O- | phelia.*

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde
 Phrase: but you shall heare these [*Reads*] in her excel-
 lent white | bosome, these.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

[*Reads*]

*Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
 Doubt, that the Sunne doth move:
 Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
 But never Doubt, I love.*

130

*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I have not
 Art to | reckon my grones; but that I love thee best, ob
 most Best be- | leue it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore most deere Lady, whilst this
 Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
 And more above hath his soliciting,
 As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
 All given to mine care.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love? 140

115. *Perpend*: separate l.-2-5Q. 116. *whil'st*: while-2-5Q.

123-4. *beare these in .. these*: hear. Thus: In .. these, etc. -Gloss.

* 136. *shew'd*: shown-2-5Q. 137. *soliciting*: sollicitings-2-5Q.

140. new l. at Received-CAPELL.

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine prove so. But what might you think?
When I had seene this hot love on the wing,
As I perceived it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Majestie your Queene heere, think,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd upon this Love, with idle sight, 150
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This must not be: and then, I Precepts gave her,
That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens:
Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Advice,
And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse, 160
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raves,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,
That I have possitively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know. 169

Pol. [*Pointing to his head and shoulders*] Take this
from this; if this be otherwise, I

154. *Precepts*: prescripts-2-5Q.

158. *repulsed*. *A*: repulsed-a-Dyce.

162. *whereon*: wherein-2-5Q.

163. *waile*: mourn-2-5Q.

164. *'tis this*: 'tis out-2-5Q.

If Circumstances leade me, I will finde,
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes

He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then, 180
Marke the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
Ile boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.* 190
Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
one man pick'd out of two thousand.

175-8. 2 ll. ending together, indeed-2Q

178 ba: does-2-5Q

187-8. 11.-2-5Q. 190-1 *Ile .. leave* 11; new l. at How-2-5Q.

194 repeated excellent out-2-5Q

184 *And But*-2-5Q.

199. *two: ten*-2-5Q.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord. 200

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion ——

Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th' Sunne: Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend looke too't.

Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh- | ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmen | ger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, | I suffred much extremitie for love: very neere this. He | speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord? | 212

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slave saies here, that old men have gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled: their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they have a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently beleeeve; yet I holde it not Honestie to have it thus set downe: For you your selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward. 225

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madnesse,

201-3. *prose*-2-5Q.

202 *good*: god-HANMER.

216. *matter you meane*: matter that you read-2-5Q.

217. *slave*: rogue-2-5Q.

219 *or*: and-2-5Q.

220. *locke*: lack-2-5Q. 221. *with weake*: with most weak-2-5Q.

223. *For you*: you out-2-5Q.

224. *should be old*: shall grow old-2-5Q. 226-8. *prose*-2-5Q.

Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre: [*Aside*] 230
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?

A happinesse,

That often Madnesse hits on,

Which Reason and Sanitie could not

So prosperously be deliver'd of.

I will leave him,

And sodainely contrive the meanes of meeting

Betweene him, and my daughter.

My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly

Take my leave of you. 240

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I
will more willingly part withall, except my life, my
life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*, there
hee is.

Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne.

Rosin. [*To Polon.*] God save you Sir. [*Exit Polon.*]

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord? 250

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'st thou
Guildensterne? Oh, *Rosincran*; good Lads: How doe ye
both?

230-40. *prose*-2-5Q.

242-3. *life, my life*: life, except my life, except my life-2-5Q

244. *my Lord*: the Lord-2-5Q

248. *Rosincran*: *Rosincrans*-Rowe 250 *Mine*: *My*-2-5Q.

253. *Ok*: *Ah*-6Q

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favour? 261

Guil. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rosin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither? 270

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worst.

Rosin. We thinke not so my Lord,

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison. 280

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the

256-7. 2 ll. ending happy, button-HANMER.

261. *favour*: favours-PORR.

very substance of the Ambitious, is meere the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow. 289

Rosin. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bódies; and our Monarchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Botb. Wee'l wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship. What make you at *Elisnowre*? 300

Rosin. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thanks; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe peny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deale justly with me: come, come; nay speake.

Gust. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; which your modesties have not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene have sent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord? 312

Ham. That you must teach me: but let mee conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. [*Aside to Gust.*] What say you?

300. *Elisnowre*: Elsinore-MALONE.

309 *kinde confession*: kind of confession-2-5Q.

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me | hold not off. 321

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your seecrie to the King and Queene: moult a feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my disposition; that this goodl^y frame the Earth, seemes to me a sterill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this brave ore-hanging, this Majesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so. 340

Rosin. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Service. 348

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his

324. *of your: and your*-2-5Q.

325. *Queene moult: colon out*-2-5Q.

326-7. *exercise: exercises*-2-5Q. 327. *heavenly: heavily*-2-5Q.

330. *ore-hanging, this: o'erhanging armament, this*-2-5Q

343. *laugh, when: laugh, then, when*-2-5Q

Majesty shall have Tribute of mee: the adventurous Knight shall use his Foyle, and Target: the Lover shall not sigh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' sere: and the Lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shall haile for't: what Players are they?

Rosin. Even those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes. 361

Rosin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innovation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty? 367

Rosin. Nay, their indeavour keepe in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most-tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarce come hither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Wri-

354. tickled a'th': tickle o'the-CLARE PRESS

366. they are: are they-2-5Q.

369-70. ayrie .. Yases: alery .. eyases-THEOBALD.

372. be-ratled: berattle-3-4F. 379. like most: most like-POPE.

ters do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession. 381

Rosin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controversie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, unlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away? 390

Rosin. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Unckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father lived; give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish [of trumpets] for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players. 399

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Unckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what my decre Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

392. *not strange*: not very strange-2-5Q.

394. *forty, an*: forty, fifty. an-2-5Q.

395. *There's* 'Blood, there-2-5Q.

401. *come*: come then-2-5Q.

402. *the*: this-2-5Q.

Enter Polonius.

410

Pol. Well be with you⁶ Gentlemen.*Ham.* Hearke you *Guildensterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.*Rosin.* Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.*Ham.* I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.*Pol.* My Lord, I have Newes to tell you. 420*Ham.* My Lord, I have Newes to tell you.
When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome —*Pol.* The Actors are come hither my Lord.*Ham.* Buzze, buzze.*Pol.* Upon mine Honor.*Ham.* Then can each Actor on his Asse —*Polon.* The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indivible, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men. 433*Ham.* O *Jephtha* Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st | thou?*Pol.* What a Treasure had he, my Lord?*Ham.* Why one faire Daughter, and no more,414. *swathing*: swaddling-QQ.418. *for a*: o'-CAPELL.422. *Rossius*: Roscius-2-4F. *an*: was-QQ.425. *mine*: my-2-5Q.426. *can*: came-2-5Q.430. *indivible*: individable-2-5Q.434. *Jephtha*: Jephthah, and so throughout-GLOBE.437-8. *Why*: separate l.; *one faire*, etc.: 2 ll. verse-CAPELL.

The which he lov'd passing well.

Pol. [Aside] Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right old *Jephtha*? 440

Polon. If you call me *Jephtha* my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as 'most like it was: 'The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players. 449

Y' are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistress? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heaven then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of uncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne | to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l | have a Speech straight. Come give us a tast of your qua- | lity: come, a passionate speech. 460

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted: or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cavitarie* to the

445-6. *Why*: separate l.; *As by lot, God wot*: 1 l. verse—MALONE
and then you know: separate l.; *It came .. was*: 1 l. verse; new l.
at The-Pore. 447. *Pons*: pious—2-5Q

448. *Abridgements* come: Abridgement comes—QQ.

452. *valiant*: valanced—QQ. 454. *Heaven*: to heaven—2-5Q

461. *my Lord*: my good lord—QQ.

Generall: but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scenes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method [as wholesome as sweete, & by very | much, more handsome then fine:]. One | cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lov'd, 'twas *Aeneas* Tale | to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks | of *Priams* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at | this Line, let me see, let me see: 'The rugged *Pyrrbus* like | th' *Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrbus* |

The rugged *Pyrrbus*, he whose Sable Armes
 Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
 When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse, 479
 Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
 With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
 Now is he to take Geulles, horridly 'Trick'd
 With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
 Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
 That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
 To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
 And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrbus*
 Old Grandsire *Priam* seeks. 489
 [So proceede you.]

466. judgement: judgements—Qq. 469. was: were—2-5Q.

471. bracketed ll.—2-5Q. 472. cheefe Speech: cheefe out—2-5Q.

475-6. The rugged .. Beast: separate l.—CAPELL.

482. to take Geulles: total gules—2-5Q.

485. and damned: and a damned—2-5Q.

486. vilde Murthers: lord's murder (murther)—2-5Q.

489-90. bracketed l.—2-5Q. (So goe on—1Q.)

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. *Player.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to comthand: unequal match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in Rage strikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'unnerved Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Scopes to his Bace, and with a hideous crash 500
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* care. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd i'th'Ayre to sticke:
So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heavens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause, 510
Arowssed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,

493. *antick*: antique-Pozz.

495. *match*. match'd (matcht)-2-5Q. 499. *but*: this-2-5Q

503. *sticks*: stick-2-5Q. 505. *did nothing*: separate l.-2-5Q.

510. *Region*. So: region, so-2-5Q.

513. *Mars his*: Mars's (Marses)-2-5Q. 518. *Fallies*: fellies-4F.

And boule the round Nave downe the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Fiends. 520

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th' Barbars, with your beard. Pry-
thee say on: He's for a Jigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecub*.

1. *Play.* But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. *Play.* Run bare-foot up and downe,

Threatning the flame

With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head, 530

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe

About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,

A blanket in th' Alarum of feare caught up.

Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,

'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason have pronounc'd?

But if the Gods themselves did see her then,

When she saw *Pyrrebus* make malicious sport

In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,

The instant Burst of Clamour that she made

(Unlesse things mortall move them not at all) 540

Would have made milche the Burning eyes of Heaven,

And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile have thee speake out the rest,
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
stow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well us'd: for they are
the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After

525. *inobled*: *mobled*-Qq. 2-4F.

527. *Inobled*: *mobled*-Qq. 2-4F.

528-9. s l.-Qq

529. *flame*: *flames*-2-5Q. 530. *about*: *upon* (on-1Q.)-2-5Q.

543. *where*: *whether*-MALONE. 548. *Abstracts*: *abstract*-2-5Q.

OF HAMLET

[II. ii. 549-578]

your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you lived. 550

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Use everie man
after his desert, and who should scape whipping: use
them after your own Honor and Dignity. Thelesse they
deserve, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Exit Polon.

[*with all Players but First*].

Ham. Follow him friends: wee'i heare a play to morrow.
Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murther of Gonzago? 561

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a
need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which
I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good Friends,
Ile leave you til night | you are welcome to *Elsonower*?

Rosin. Good my Lord.

Exeunt. 570

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God buy'ye: [*Exit Ros. and Guil.*]
Now I am alone. |

Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slave am I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,

550. *lived*: live-QQ. 553. *man, better*: man much better-2-5Q.

554. *shuld*: shall-2-5Q.

565. *ye*: you-2-5Q.

572. *buy'ye*: be wi'ye-CAPELL

575. *Fixion*: Action-2-4F.6Q.

Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
 That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
 Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
 A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
 With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
 For *Hecuba*? 581

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
 That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
 Had he the Motive and the Cue for passion
 That I have? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
 And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech:
 Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
 The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake 590
 Like John a-dreames, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
 Upon whose property, and most deere life,
 A damn'd defecate was made. Am I a Coward?
 Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
 Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
 Tweakes me by'th' Nose? gives me the Lye i'th' Throate,
 As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
 But I am Pigeon-Liver'd, and lacke Gall 600
 To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
 I should have fatted all the Region Kites
 With this Slaves Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine,
 Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!

576. *whole*: own-2-5Q.577. *warm'd*: wann'd-2-5Q587. *apales*: appall-Rowe.589. *faculty*: faculties-QQ. Yet I. separate l. -Johnson.599. *Ha?*: separate l. -STEVENS (1793) *Why* I. 'Swounds l-QQ.603. *a*: out-2-5Q.

Oh Vengeance!

Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most brave,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) unpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Cursing like a very Drab, 610

A Scullion? Fye upon't: Foh. About my Braine.
I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene,
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.

For Murther, though it have no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. Ile have these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Unkle. Ile observe his lookes,
Ile tent¹ him to the quicke: If he but blench 620
I know my course. The Spirit that I have seene
May be the Divell, and the Divel hath power ¹probe
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. Ile have grounds
More Relative then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit*

[Act III. Scene i. *A room in the castle.*]

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:

606. *Who*: Why—2-5Q. *I sure*: out—2-5Q.

607. *the Deere*: a dear father—4-5Q.

611-12. *A Scullion*: separate l.—CAPELL. *Fye .. beard*: 1 l.—CAPELL.

Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet,
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin. He does confesse he feelles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be sountled,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe: 10
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receive you well?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought¹ on the way: of these we told him, 20
And there did seeme in him a kinde of joy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they have already order¹ *overtook*
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreate your Majesties
To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpose on 30
To these delights.

Rosin. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt.*

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father and my selfe (lawful espials)

18. new l. at To-CAPPELL

20 wrought: raught-2-5Q.

29-31. 3 ll. ending inclined, edge, delights-Pom.

35. there: here-2-5Q. 36. Affront *Ophelia*: separate l.-JONNISON.

Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseene
 We may of their encounter frankly judge,
 And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
 If't be th'affliction of his love, or no. 40
 That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I shall obey you,
 And for your part *Opbelia*, I do wish
 That your good Beauties be the happy cause
 Of *Hamlets* wildnesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
 Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
 To both your Honors.

Opbe. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. *Opbelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
 We will bestow our selves: [*To Opbelia*] Reade on
 this booke, | 50

That shew of such an exercise may colour
 Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this,
 'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotions visage,
 And pious Action, we do surge o're
 The divell himselfe.

King. [*Aside*] Oh 'tis true:
 How smart a lash that speech doth give my Conscience?
 The Harlots Checke beautied with plaist'ring Art
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
 'Then is my deede, to my most painted word. 60
 Oh heavie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.
Exeunt [King and Pol.].

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
 The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,

49. ye: you-2-5Q.

54. surge: sugar-2-5Q. •

56. 'tis true: 'tis too true-2-5Q.

Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
 No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end 70
 The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
 That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation*
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
 To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
 For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
 When we have shuffle'd off this mongall coile,
 Must give us pawse. There's the respect
 That makes Calamity of so long life:
 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
 The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely, 80
 The pangs of dispriz'd Love, the Lawes delay,
 The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
 No Traveller returnes, Puzels the will,
 And makes us rather beare those illes we have, 90
 Then flye to others that we know not of.
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
 And thus the Native hew of Resolution
 Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their Currants turne away,
 And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
 The faire *Opbelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons

76. *shuffle'd*: shuffled-3-4F.85. *these*: out-2-5Q.95. *pitch*: pitch-2-5Q.80. *poore*: proud-2-5Q.88. *Borne*: bourn-CAPELL.96. *away*: awry-2+5Q.

Be all my sinnes remembred.

Opbe. Good my Lord, 100

How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Opbe. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.

Opbe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:

Take these againe. for to the Noble minde 110

Rich gifts wax poore, when givers prove unkinde.

There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Opbe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Opbe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Opbe. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Commerce
then your Honestie? 120

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likeness.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it
proofe. I did love you once.

Opbe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeeve so.

Ham. You should not have beleeeved me. For vertue
cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish
of it. I loved you not.

106. *No, no*: No, not 1-2-5Q.; separate 1. CAPPEL.

107. *I know*: you know 2 5Q. 109. *then*: rich: their-2-5Q.

120. *then your*: than with-2-5Q

Ophe. I was the more deceived. 130

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very proude, revengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, beleeeve none of us. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father? 140.

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heavens.

Ham. If thou doest Marry, Ile give thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell. 151

Ophe. O heavenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your prailings too wel enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lisse, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Gotoo, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more Marriages. Those that are

136. *in imagination.* In, imagination-2-5Q.

138. *Heaven and Earth.* earth and heaven-2-5Q.

143. *way where*-2-5Q.

153. *prailings:* paintings-QQ.

154. *but:* hath-2-5Q. *pace:* face-QQ. *your selfe:* yourselves 5Q.

155. *gidge:* jig-QQ.

married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep
as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.* 160

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite downe.
Have I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Sovereigne Reason,
Like sweet Bels jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me, 171
I've seene what I have seene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have in quicke determination 180
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Objects, shall expell
This something settled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleeve
The Origin and Commencement of this griefe

166. *Have I:* And 1-2-5Q.

179. *which to:* which for to-2-5Q.

189. *to:* his-2-3Q.

Sprung from neglected love. How now *Ophelia*? 190
 You neede not tell us, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,
 We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
 But if you hold it fit after the Play,
 Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
 To shew his Greefes: let her be pound with him,
 And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the care
 Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
 To England send him: Or confine him where
 Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so: 200
 Madnesse in great Ones, must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

[Scene ii. *A ball in the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounce'd
 it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
 as many of your Players do, I had as live the Town-Cryer
 had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much
 your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the verie Tor-
 rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of
 Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
 may give it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,
 to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passi-
 on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the
 Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of
 nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could
 have such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it
 out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you avoid it. 15

195. *Greefes*: grief-2-5Q.

5-6. *much your*: much with your-2-5Q.

7-8. *of Passions of your passion*-2-5Q.

13. *could*: would-QQ.

5. *bad*: out-2-5Q.

10. *we*: hear-QQ.

Player. I wait on your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall observance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so over-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardie off, though it make the unskillfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeve; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I have seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Jouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir. 38

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that uses it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

20. ore-stop: o'erstep-2-4Q.

28-9. o're-way: o'erweigh (ore-)-2-5Q.

33. or Norman: nor man-2-5Q.

Enter Polonius, Rosinocrance, and Guildensterne.

How now my Lord,

Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently. 50

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. *Exit Polonius.*

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your Service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as just a man
As ere my Conversation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter: 60

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Revennew hast, but thy good spirits
To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selte. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing. 70
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Judgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man.

48-9. 11.-POPE.

66. *faining*: sawning-2-5Q.

72. *Hast*: Hast-2-5Q.

64. *tongue*, *like*: tongue lick-2-5Q.

67. *my*: her-2-5Q.

That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him
 In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
 As I do thee. Something too much of this.
 There is a Play to night before the King,
 One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance 80
 Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
 I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,
 Even with the verie Comment of my Soule
 Observe mine Uncle: If his occulted guilt,
 Do not it selfe unkennell in one speech,
 It is a damned Ghost that we have scene:
 And my Imaginations are as foule
 As Vulcans Stythe. Give him needfull note,
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his Face:
 And after we will both our judgements joyne, 90
 To censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.

If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,
 Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with
 his Guard carrying Torches. Danish
 March. Sound a Floureth.*

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.¹
 Get you a place. *1. scem empty-headed* 100

King. How fares our Cosin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent Health, of the Camelions dish: I eate
 the Ayre promise-cranim'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these
 words are not mine.

83. my: thy-2-5Q.

B. Stythe: atithy-2-5Q.

91. For in-2-5Q.

Ham. No, nor mine. [*To Polon.*] ¹Now my Lord, you plaid once | i'th' University, you say?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact? 110

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Rosin. I my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.

Pol. [*To the King*] Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]
Ophe. No my Lord. 120

Ham. I meane, my Head upon your Lap?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maid's legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord. 130

Ham. Oh God, your onely Jigge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

106. *mine.* Now my. mine now. My-Johnson.

108. *I did:* did I (I did-1Q.)-2-5Q.

110. *And what:* And out-QQ.

116. *good:* dear-2-5Q.

117. *Mettle:* metal-Rowe.

133. *within's:* within these-1Q.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile have a suite of Sables. Oh Heavens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memoric, may out-live his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsse, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot. 142

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very lovingly; the Queene embrace him. She kneele, and makes shew of Protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him downe upon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-leape, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his love. Exeunt |

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that meanes Mischeete.

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play? 160

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.

146. declines: misprint 1F

157. that: it (that-1Q.)-2-5Q.

161. these Fellowes: this fellow-2Q.

Ophe. Will they tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'll shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'll not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our Tragedie, 170
Heere stooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?

Opbr. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans love.

Enter [Players] King and his Queen.

[P.] *King*. Full thirtie times hath *Phœbus* Cart gon
round, |
Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen *Moones* with borrowed sheene,
About the *World* have times twelve thirties beene,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands 181
Unite comutuell. in most sacred Bands.

Bap. [P. Queen] So many journies may the Sunne
and Moone |
Make us againe count o're, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:
For womens Feare and Love, holds quantitie,
In neither ought, or in extremitie: 190
Now what my love is, prooffe hath made you know,
And as my Love is siz'd, my Feare is so.

163. *bey: ho-Pore.*

186^r *formic*; former-~~B~~-4F.

[Where love is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great love growes there.]

King. Faith I must leave thee Love, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belov'd and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou——

Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Love, must needs be Treason in my breast:
In second Husband, let me be accurst, 200
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside*] Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The instances that second Marriage move,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Love.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do beleeeve you. 'Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slave to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie: 210
Which now like Fruite unripe stickes on the 'Tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
'To pay our selves, what to our selves is debt:
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Joy,
Their owne enactors with themselves destroy:
Where Joy most Revels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe joyes, Joy greeves on slender accident. 220
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange

192-3. bracketed ll.—2-5Q.

194. *my*: *their*—2-5Q.

196. period out—Rowe.

207. *you*. *Think*: *you think*—2-5Q.

217. *either*: *either*—2-5Q.

218. *enactors*: *enactures*—2-5Q.

That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
 The great man downe, you marke his favourites flies,
 The poore advanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies!
 And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
 For who not needs, shall never lacke a Friend:
 And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his Enemy. 230
 But orderly to end, where I begun,
 Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
 That our Devices still are overthrowne,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
 So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
 Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
 [To desperation turne my trust and hope,
 And^a Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,]
 Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy: 240
 Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 It once a Widdow, ever I be Wite.

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworne:
 Sweet, leave me heere a while,
 My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
 And never come mischance betweene us twaine. *Exit*

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play? 250

225. *favourites*: favourite-2-5Q.3-4F.

237. *give me*: me give-2-5Q.

238-9. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a *And*: *AN-THORALD*.

244-5. 11. & 22.

Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinks.

Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poyson in jest, no Offence i'th' world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse trap Marry how? Tropically
This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista* you shall see anon 'tis a knavish peece of worke But what o'that? Your Majestic, and wee that have free soules, it touches us not let the gall d jade winch our withers are unrun

Enter Lucianus

264

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King

Oph. You are a good Chorus, my Lord

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your love if I could see the Puppets dallying

Oph. You are keene my Lord, you are keene

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge

271

Oph. Still better and worse

Ham. So you mistake Husbands

Begin Murderer Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin Come, the croaking Raven do h bellow for Revenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing

251 *protesti* doth protest (*protests* 1Q) - 2 5Q

263 *wimb* wince - 1Q *unwung* unwrung 3 4^f 4 5Q

266 *are a good* are as good as a QQ

273 *mistake* must take your 1Q

273 *princ* 2 5Q

27-8 11-QQ

Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
 Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
 With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected, 281
 Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie;
 On wholesome life, usurpe immediately. ^d

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th' Garden for's estate: His
 name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce
 Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the
 love of *Gonzago's* wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire. 290

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.

Al. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere go weepe,
 The Hart ungalled play:
 For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
 So runnes the world away. 299
 Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
 my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Provinciall
 Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
 of Players sir.

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I,
 For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
 This Realme dismantled was of Iove himselfe,
 And now reignes heere.
 A verie verie Pajocke.

307-8. new l. at Of, ending here-2-5Q.

Hora. You might have Rim'd. 310

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, We take the Ghosts word for thousand pound. Did'st perceive?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poysoning?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosinrance and Guildensterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come the Record-ers: |

For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.

Come some Musicke. 320

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into farre more Choller. 331

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol-

some answer, I will doe your Mothers command¹'ment:
if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of
my Businesse. 342

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Gnild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits diseases²d. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal command: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration. 350

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration? [*Impart.*]

Rosin. She desires to speake with you in her Closset, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend. 362

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grasse growes, the Proverbe is something musty.

344. *Gnild.*: misprint 1F.

346. *answers*: answer-2-5Q.

347. *rather you*: rather as you-2-5Q.

353. [*Impart.*] 2-5Q.

361. *freely .. of*: surely .. upon-Pope.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the winde of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle? 371

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeve me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord. 380

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: governe these Ventiges with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of hermony, I have not the skill. 386

Ham. Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon mee; you would seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mysterie; you would sound mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Musicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to be plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God blesse you Sir. 396

369. *Recorder*: recorders-2-5Q. see, to: see one. To-2-5Q. punctuation-Pork. 381. 'Tis: It is-2-5Q.

383. *excellent*: eloquent (delicate-1Q.)-2-5Q.

393. *it. Why .. that. it speak. 'Sblood; that out*-2-5Q.

395. *me, you: me, yet you*-1Q.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape like a Camell. 401

Polon. By'th' Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a We. zell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: They foole me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so. *Exit.* 410

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leave me Friends: [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not ever
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome:
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall,
I will speake Daggers to her, but use none: 420
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words somever she be shent,
To give them Seales, never my Soule consent.

400. *that:* yonder-QQ

401 *like:* of-QQ

402 *Misse:* mass 2-5Q it: 'tis-QQ.

407. *will I* I will QQ

407-0 *diome*-Pope.

422 *somever* soever 6Q

[Scene iii. *A room in the castle.*]

Enter King, Rosinrance, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourelly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves provide:
Most holie and Religious feare it is 10
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That live and feede upon your Majestie.

Rosin. The single
And peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from novance: but much more,
That Spirit, upon whose spirit depends and rests
The lives of many, the cease of Majestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele 20
Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount,
'To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoyn'd: which when it falles,
Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boystrous Ruine. Never alone
Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put upon this feare,

7. *dangerous*: near us (neer's-2-5Q.)-6Q. 13-14. 11.-2-5Q.

17. *spirit*: weale-2-5Q. *depends and rests*: depend and rest-HAN-
MER.

21. *Somnet*: summit-Rowe.

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us

Exeunt Gent. 30

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Methers Closset:
 Behinde the Arras Ile convey my selfe
 To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
 And as you said, and wisely was it said,
 'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
 Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
 The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
 Ile call upon you ere you go to bed,
 And tell you what I know. 40

King. Thankes deere my Lord. [*Exit Polonius.*]
 Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heaven,
 It hath the primall eldest curse upon't,
 A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
 My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
 And like a man to double businesse bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
 Where thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood, 50
 Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heavens
 To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of Offence?
 And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
 To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke up,
 My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
 Can serve my turne? Forgive me my soule Murther:
 That cannot be, since I am still*possest
 Of those effects for which I did the Murther. 60
 My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queen:

May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
 In the corrupted currants of this world,
 Offences gilded hand may shove by Justice,
 And oft 'tis scene, the wicked prize it selfe
 Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so above,
 There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
 In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? What rests? 70
 Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched state! Oh losome, blacke as death!
 Oh limed soule, that struggling to be free,
 Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
 Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
 Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
 All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heaven, 81
 And so am I reveng'd: that would be scann'd,
 A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
 I his foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
 To heaven. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Revenge.
 He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
 With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fesh as May,
 And how his Audit stands, who knowes, save Heaven:
 But in our circumstance and course of thought
 'Tis heavie with him: and am I then reveng'd, 90
 To take him in the purging of his Soule,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.

84. *soule*: *soule*-2-5Q.

87. *frish*: *Bush*-2-5Q.

85. *To heaven* separate l.-2-5Q.

92. *No*: separate l.-2-5Q.

Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent¹
 When he is drunke asleeper or in his Rage, ^{1 course}
 Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
 At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
 That ha's no rellish of Salvation in't,
 Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heaven,
 And that his Soule may be as damnd aud blacke
 As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes, 100
 This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. [Rising] My words flye up, my thoughts remain below, |
 Words without thoughts, never to Heaven go. *Exit.*

[Scene iv. *The Queen's closet.*]

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight:
 Looke you lay home to him,
 Tell him his pranks have been too broad to beare with,
 And that your Grace hath scree'nd, and stooode betweene
 Much heaté, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:
 Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
 Withdraw, I heare him comming. 10

[*Polonius hides behind the arras.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

99. *aud:* misprint Fr. 2-3. 1 l.-2-5Q. 5. *scree'nd:* screen'd-4F.

6. *silence:* sconce-WARBURTON.

8-10. 2 ll. ending you, coming-HAMMER.

Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. Whats the matter now?

Qu. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not so: 20

You are the Queen, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
boudge:

You go not till I set you up a glasse,

Where you may see the inmost part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. [*Behind*] What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe. 30

Ham. [*Drawing*] How now, a Rat? dead for a Du-
cate, dead. | [*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind*] Oh I am slaine. *Killes Polonius.*

Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell, 40

I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,

Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

16. an idle; a wicked-2-5Q.

34. now l. at 16-CAPELL.

22. you: it-2-5Q.

41. Betters: better-2Q.

If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
 If damned Custome have not braz'd it so,
 That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
 In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act

50

That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
 Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
 From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
 And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
 As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
 As from the body of Contraction pluckes
 The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
 A rapsodie of words. Heavens face doth glow,
 Yea this solidity and compound masse,
 With tristfull visage as against the doome, 60
 Is thought-sicke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere upon this Picture, and on this,
 The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
 See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curls, the front of Jove himselfe,
 An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
 A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill: 70
 A Combination, and a forme indeed,
 Where every God did seeme to set his Seale,
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
 Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare

46. *braz'd*. *brass'd* (*bras'd*)-2-5Q.

54. *makes*. *sets*-2-5Q.

66 *his*: *this*-2-5Q.

47. *it*: *be*-2-5Q.

62-3. *new l.* at *That*-2-5Q.

68. *or*: *and*-2-5Q.

- Blasting his wholsom breath. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed,
 And batten on this Moore? Ha? Have you eyes?
 You cannot call it Love: For at your age,
 'The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, 80
 And waites upon the Judgement: and what Judgement
 Would step from this, to this? [Sence sure you have
 Els could you not have motion, but sure that sence
 Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
 Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd
 • But it reserv'd some quantity of choise
 'To serve in such a difference.] What divell was't, [
 That thus hath cousend you at hoodman-blinde?
 [Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight.
 Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sance^a all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sence
 Could not so mope.]
 O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
 To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
 And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
 • When the compulsive Ardure gives the charge,
 Since Frost it selte, as actively doth burne,
 As Reason panders Will. 90

Qu. O *Hamlet*, speake no more.
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
 And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
 As will not leave their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the ranke sweat of an enseamed¹ bed, ^{1 *infid*}
 Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making love

^a6. *breath*: brother-2-5Q.

83-4. bracketed ll - 2-5Q.

88. *Ardure*: ardour-Pope.

82 bracketed ll 2-5Q.

^a *uncl. sans*-6Q.

90. *As And*-2-5Q.

Over the nasty Styce.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares. 100
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice¹ of Kings, ¹*buffoon*
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelve, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches. 110
Save me; and hover o're me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule, 120
Conceit² in weakest bodies, strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*. ²*imagining*

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,

100. *mine*: my-2-5Q.

103. *part*: part-2-5Q, 2-4F.

112. *you*: your-2-5Q.

116. *Ob* *say*: separate l.-THEOBALD.

125 *you bend*: you do bend (thus you bend-1Q.)-2-5Q.

126. *their corporall*: the incorporal-2-5Q.

And as the sleeping Soldiours in th' Alarme,
 Your bedded haire, like life² in excrements,
 Start up, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne, 130
 Upon the heate and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
 His forme and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capeable. Do not looke upon me,
 Least with this pitteous action you convert
 My sterne effects: then what I have to do,
 Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there? 140

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
 My Father in his habite, as he lived,
 Looke where he goes even now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
 This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extasie?

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time, 150
 And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
 That I have uttered; bring me to the Test
 And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse
 Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of Grace,
 Lay not a flattering Uncction to your soule,
 That not your trespassse, but my madnesse speakes:
 It will but skin and filme the Ulcerous place,
 Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,

139. *who: whom*-2-4F.2-5Q.

147-9. 3 ll. ending Brain, ecstasy, in. Ecstasy-Pore.

155. *at that*-2-5Q.

158. *Whil'st*: Whiloe-2-5Q.

Infests unseene. Confesse your selfe to Heaven,
 Repent what's past, avoyd what is to come, 160
 And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,
 To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue,
 For in the fatnesse of this pursie times, .
 Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
 Yea courb, and woe,¹ for leave to doe him good.

Qu. Oh *Hamlet*, ^{1 bend and plead}
 Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other halfe.
 Good night, but go not to mine Unkles bed. 170
 Assume a Vertue, if you have it not,
 [That monster custome, who all sense doth eate
 Of habits devill, is angell yet in this
 That to the use of actions faire and good,
 He likewise gives a frock or Livery
 That aptly is put on] refraine to night, |
 And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
 To the next abstinence. [the next more easie:
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either^b the devill, or throwe him out
 With wondrous potency:] Once more goodnight, |
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
 [Pointing to Polonius.]
 I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well

161. or: on-2-5Q.

or 162. ranke: ranker-2-5Q.

163. this: these-2-4F.2-5Q

166-7. 1 l. -2-5Q.

171. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

173. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^b either the: either ... the-CAMBRIDGE.

The death I gave him: so againe, good night. 180

I must be cruell, onely to the kinde;

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behinde.

[One word more good Lady.]

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do:

Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,

Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mouse,

And let him for a paire of reeche kisses,

Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,

Make you to rave! all this matter out,

That ~~essentially~~ am not in madnesse, 190

But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,

For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,

Would from a Paddocke,¹ from a Bat, a Gibbe,²

Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,

No in despite of Sense and Secrecie, ^{1 toad}

Unpegge the Basket on the houses top: ^{2 cat}

Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape

To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe

And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,

And breath of life: I have no life to breath 201

What thou hast saide to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. [Ther's letters scald, and my two Schoole-fellows, |

Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,

They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way

182-3. bracketed words-2-5Q.

185. *blunt*: *blout* (blowt-2-5Q.)--WARBURTON.

191. *made*: *mad*-2-4F. 2-5Q. 203-4. 2 five-accent ll.--CAPELL.

205. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

And marshall me to knavery: let it worke,
 For tis the sport to have the enginer
 Hoist with his owne petar, an't^a shall goe hard
 But I will delve one yard belowe their mines,
 And blowe them at the moone: O tis most sweete
 When in one line two crafts directly meete,]
 This man shall set me packing: |
 Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
 Mother goodnight. Indeepe this Counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life, a foolish prating Knave.
 Come sir, to draw toward an end with you. 210
 Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

[Act IV. Scene i. *A room in the castle.*]

Enter King. [Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

King. There's matters in these sighes.
 These profound heaves
 You must translate; 'Tis fit we understand them.
 Where is your Sonne? [Bestow this place on us a little
 while.] | [*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what have I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
 Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
 Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre, 10
 He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,

^a an't: and't-THEOBALD.

2-3. 1 l.-2-5Q.

6. *my good*: mine own-2-5Q.

11. *He whips .. Rapier out, and cries*: Whips out his Rapier,
 cries-2-5Q.

2. *matters*: matter-2-5Q.

5-6. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

8. *Seas*: sea-QQ.

And in his brainish apprehension kills
The unscene good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed:

It had bin so with us had we beene there:

His Liberty is full of threats to^aall,

'To you your selfe, to us, to every one.

Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?

It will be laide to us, whose providence ¹*public places*
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,¹ 20

This mad yong man. But so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit,

But like the Owner of a foule disease,

To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,

O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare

Among a Minerall of Mettels base

Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:

30

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,

But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,

We must with all our Majesty and Skill

Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Guild.*

Ho *Guildenstern*:

Friends both go joyne you with some further ayde:

Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,

And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.

Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body

Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*

Come *Gertrude*, wee'll call up our wisest friends, 41

To let them know both what we meane to do,

12. *his*: *this*-2-5Q. 24. *let's*: *let*-2-5Q. 34-5. 1 l.-2-5Q.

38. *Mother Clossets*: mother's closet-2-5Q. 2-4F.

42. *To*: *And*-2-5Q.

And what's untimely done. [Whose whisper ore the
 worlds dyameter, |
 As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck¹ ^{1 mark}
 Transports his poysned shot may misse our Name,
 And hit the woundlesse ayre.] Oh come away, |
 My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *Another room in the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. [*Ros.* } *Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.*
 Guil.]

Ham. What noise? Who calls on *Hamlet*?

Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.*

Ro. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
 And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeeve it. 10

Rosin. Beleeeve what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine
 owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-
 plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes up the Kings Countenance, his
 Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
 best service in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in
 the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed,
 when he needes what you have glean'd, it is but squeez-
 ing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe. 21

43. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

43. done: done . . . -CAMBRIDGE.

4. What: But soft. what-2-3Q

4-5. 1 l. 4-3Q.

Rosin. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish care.

Rosig. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing——

Guild. A thing, say Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after.

Exeunt 31

[*Scene* III. *Another room in the castle.*]

Enter King. [*Attended.*]

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the bodier
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
Hee's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th' Offenders scourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to heare all smooth, and even,
This sodaine sending him away, must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releev'd,
Or not at all. *Enter Rosincrane.*

How now? What hath befallne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rosin. How, *Guildesterne*? Bring in my Lord. 20

8. *neerer*: never—2-5Q.

Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine convocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable service to dishes, but to one Table that's the end. 3Q

[*King.* Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a king, & | eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.]

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see. If your Messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you go up the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till ye come. [*Exeunt Att.*] 4Q

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety Which we do tender, as we deerely greeve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence

26. *of wormes*: of polittic worms-QQ.

28. *our selfe*: ourselves-2-4F 2-5Q.

29. *to dishes*. two dishes-2-4F. QQ.

37. *not this*: not within this-2-5Q.

41. *of thine*: out-2-5Q.

30-1. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

40. *ye*: you-QQ

OF HAMLET

[IV. iii. 45-70]

With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th' Associates tend, and every thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

50

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy loving Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. My Mother. Father and Mother is man and
wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,
for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night. 60
Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done
That else leans on th' Affaire, pray you make hast.

[*Excunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

And England, if my love thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to us; thou maist not coldly set
Our Sovereigne Processe, which imports at full
By Letters conjuring to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England, 70
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my joyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

46. at bent: in bent-2-5Q.

58-9. 1 l.-Rowe.

52. we's him: sees them-2-5Q.

69. conjuring: congruing-2-5Q.

[Scene iv. *A plain in Denmark.*]

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Kingdome. You know the Rendezvous:
If that his Majesty would ought with us,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on.

Exit. 10
[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.*]

[*Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.*

[*Ham.* Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How purposed sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commaunds them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,
Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,¹
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name ¹*exaggeration*
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollacke never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garisond.

Ham. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand duckets

4. *Claimes*: *Craves*-2-5Q. 5 *Rendezvous*: *rendezvous*-4-6Q.

10. *safely*: *softly*-2-5Q. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

Will not debate the question of this straw^a
 'This is th' Impostume of much wealth and peace,
 That inward breakes, and shoves no cause without
 Why the man^b dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you^b sir.

Res. Will't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
 How all occasions ~~be~~ informe against me,
 And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
 If his chiefe good and market of his time
 Be ~~hus~~ to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
 Sure he ~~fr~~^a made us with such large discourse
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capabilitie and god-like reason
 To fust in us unused, now whether it be
 Bestiall oblivion, or some craven scrup^e
 Of thinking too precisely on th'event,
 A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,
 And ever three parts coward, I doe not know
 Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
 To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
 Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition pult,
 Makes mouthes at the invisible event,
 Exposing what is mortall, and unsure,
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Even for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
 Is not to stirre without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
 When honour's at the stake, how stand I then

^a colon after straw-CAPELL.

^b buy you: be wi'you -CAPELL

That have a father kild, a mother staine,
 Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
 Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tombe enough and continent
 To hide the staine, ô from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

[Scene v. *Elisnore. A room in the castle.* *Exit.*]

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode
 will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would she have?

Hor. She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares
 There's trickes i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
 Spurnes enviously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
 That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to Collection;¹ they ayme at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
 Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
 Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily. ¹*inference*

Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
 For she may strew dangerous conjectures
 In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.

[*Exit Horatio.*]

3-4. new l. at Her-CAPZELL.

14. would: might-2-5Q.

16-18. 3 ll. ending strew, minds, in-COLLIER.

To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
 Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse, 20
 So full of Artlesse jealousie is guilt,
 It spill's it selfe, in feare to be spilt.

Enter [Horatio with] Ophelia distracted.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Ophelia*?

Ophe. [*Sings*] *How should I your true love know
 from another one?* |

By his Cockle bat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.

Qu. Alas sweete Lauv: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.

[*Sings*] *He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and
 gone,* | 30

At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Ophe. Pray you marke.

[*Sings*] *White his Shrou'd as the Mountaine Snow.*

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord

Ophe. [*Sings*] *Larded with sweet flowers
 Which bewept to the grave did not go,
 With true-love showers.*

King. How do ye, pretty Lady? 40

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was
 a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
 know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

26. *should*: should 2-4F 2-5Q

26-7. 4 ll. ending know, one, staff, shoon-CAPELL.

30-1. 4 ll ending lady, gone, turf, stone-CAPELL

31. Oh, oh! added (*O ho-QQ*)-CAPELL 40. ye. you-2-5Q

41. God dil'd: God'ild-CAPELL.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's have no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this: [*Sings*]
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt¹ the chamber
dore, | ^{1 opened}
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophebia*. 51

Ophe. Indeed I² without an oath Ile make an end ont.

[*Sings*] *By gi, and by S. Charity,*
Alacke, and fie for shame.
Young men wil doe't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed:
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadst not come to my bed. 60

King. How long hath she bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient, but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th' cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close,
 Give her good watch I pray you: [*Exit Horatio.*]
 Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs 70
 All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*
 When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,

47-8. 4 ll. ending day, betime, wipdow, Valentine-Qq.

49-50. 4 ll ending clothes, door, maid, more-1Q JOHNSON.

60. And An HAMMER

61. thus thus-2-4f. 2-5Q.

68-9. 11.-2-5Q.

But in Battaliaes. First, her Father slaine,
 Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author
 Of his owne just remove: the people muddied,
 Thicke and unwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
 For good *Polonius* death; and we have done but greenly
 In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Opbelia*
 Divided from her selfe, and her faire Judgement,
 Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
 Last, and as much containing as all these, 81
 Her Brother is in secret come from France,
 Keepest on his wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds,
 And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
 With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
 Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
 Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
 In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
 Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
 Gives me superfluous death. *A Noise within.* 90

Enter a Messenger [Gentleman].

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*?
 Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mrs. [Gent.] Save your selfe, my Lord.
 The Ocean (over-peering of his List)
 Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
 Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
 Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
 And as the world were now but to begin, 100
 Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,

73. *Battaliaes*: battalions-2-5Q.

83. *Keepest*. Feeds-2-5Q.

87. *persons*: person-2-5Q.

93-5. 2 five-accent ll.-2-5Q.

97. *impetuous*: impetuous-4-5Q. 2-4F

The Ratifiers and props of every word,
 They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King. ^{* 1 across scent}

Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
 Oh this is Counter¹ you false Danish Dogges.

Noise within. Enter Laertes [armed; Dance following].

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.

All. [*Danes*] No, let's come in. 111.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

Al. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
 Oh thou vilde King, give me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
 Proclaimes me Bastard:
 Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
 Even heefe betweene the chaste unsmirched brow 120.
 Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*,
 That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
 Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:
 There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,
 That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
 Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
 Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*.
 Speake man.

110. *the King, sirs?*: this king? Sirs-2-5Q.

114-16. 2 ll. ending King, *Laertes*-2-5Q. 117-18. 1 l.-2-5Q.

117 *that calmes*. that's calm-2 5Q.

Laer. Where's my Father?

130

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Juggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest divell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: So this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reveng'd
Most throughly for my Father.

140

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:

If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your revenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

150

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,

145-6. 1 l.-2-5Q.

147. *if* isn't (1'st-2-5Q.)-6Q.148. *Soop-stake*: swoop-stake (swoop-stake-like)-1Q.153. *Politician*. pelican-2-4F. 2-5Q.158. *sensible*: sensibly-2-3, 5-6Q.

It shall as leuell to your Judgement pierce
As day do's to your eye. 160

A noise within. [Danes] Let her come in.

Enter Opbelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drie up my Braines, teares seven times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heaven, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Opbelia*:
Oh Heavens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life? 170
Nature is fine in Love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selte
After the thing it loves.

*Opbe. [Sings] They bore him bare fa'd on the
Beer. |*

*Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And on his grave raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Dove.*

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-
venge, it could not move thus. 179

*Opbe. [Sings] You must sing downe a-downe, and
you call | him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele be-
comes it? It is | the false Steward that stole his masters
daughter. |*

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

166. *by*: with-2-5Q.

167. *turnes*: turn-2-5Q.

176. *raines*: rain'd-2-5Q.

177. *Fare .. Dove*: not as part of song-CAPEL.

178-9. 2 ll. ending revenge, thus-2 5Q.

180-1. *You .. a-downe-a*: as part of song-JONNION.

180. *downe*: adowne-2-5Q. *and*: AN-CAPEL.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.
Pray love remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for
Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-
brance fitted. 188

Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's
Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
Herbe-Grace a Sundāies. Oh you must weare your Rew
with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would give you
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
ed: They say, he in 'de a good end;

[Sings] *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Favour, and to prettinesse.

Ophe. [Sings] *And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe*

*No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never wil come againe.* 201

*His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole*

*He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule*

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Exeunt Ophelia

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your greete,
Or you deny me right. go but apart, 210

185 *Paconcies* pansies (pansy-1Q) -2-4F 2-5Q

191. *Herbe-Grace*: herb of grace QQ a o' THEOBALD

200. 2 rhymed ll - JOHNSON 202 *Beard as*: beard was as -2-5Q

203 *Pole*: poll - HANMER 204 2 rhymed ll JOHNSON

205. *Gramercy*: God ha'mercy - COLLIER 206-7 11 CAPELL

207. *God buy ye* God be wi' ye - CAPELL

208. *you Gods*: O God -2-5Q

209. *commen*: commune 2 5Q 2-4F

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
 And they shall heare and judge 'twixt you and me;
 If by direct or by Colaterall hand
 They finde us touch'd, we will our Kingdome give,
 Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
 To you in satisfaction. But if not,
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,
 And we shall joyntly labour with your soule
 To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:

220

His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
 No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
 No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heaven to Earth,
 That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:

And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.

I pray you go with me.

Exeunt

[Scene vi. *Another room in the castle.*]

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Ser. Saylor's sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in, [Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God blesse you Sir.

Hor. Let him blesse thee too.

9

Say. Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
 for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambassadors that was

221. *buriall: funeral*-2-5Q.

225. *call: call* 9-2-5Q

10. *and't: an't*-6Q. 4F. 11. *Ambassadors: ambassado*-2-5Q.

bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

[*Hor.*] *Reads the Letter.*

Horatio, When thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these | Fellowes some meanes to the King: They have Letters | for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very | Marlicke appointment gave us Chace. Finding our selves too | slow of Saile, we put on a compell'd Valour. In the Grapple, I | boarded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so | I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with mee, like | Theeves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe | a good turne for them. Let the King have the Letters I have | sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldst | flye death. I have words to speake in your care, will make thee | dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bur^a of the Matter. | These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosinrance | and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them | I have much to tell thee, Farewell. ¹caliber

*He that thou knowest thine, 30
Hamlet.*

Come, I will give you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

[*Scene vii. Another room in the castle.*]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in y^our heart for Friend,

19. *Valour.* In: valour, and in-2-5Q. 24. *hast:* speed-2-5Q.

25. *your:* thine-2-5Q.

26. *dumbe:* dumb-2-4F.

32. *give:* make-4-5Q.

Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Eaer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these seates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else, 10
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much unsinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lives almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so conjunctive to my life and soule;
That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publike count I might not go, 20
Is the great love the generall gender¹ beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection, ² *people*
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would have reverted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so have I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister driven into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may go backe againe) 30
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come

King. Breake not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke

7. *Eaer.*: *Laer.*-2-4F.

13 *unsinnowed*: *unatnew'd*-3-4F.

14. *And*: *But*-2-5Q.

27. *arm'd*: *aim'd*-2-4F, 2-5Q.

30. *Who was*: *Whose worth*-2-5Q.

33-4. 11. 42-5Q.

That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,
 That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
 And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
 I lov'd your Father, and we love our Selfe,
 And that I hope will teach you to imagine ———

Enter a Messenger.

40

How now? What Newes?

Mes. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your Majesty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mes. Saylor's my Lord they say, I saw them not;
 They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.
 [Of him that brought them.]

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them:
 Leave us.

Exit Messenger

[*Reads*] High and Mighty, you shall know I am set
 naked on your | Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge
 leave to see your Kingly | Eye. When I shall (first
 asking your Pardon thereunto) re- | count th' Occasions
 of my sodaine, and more strange returne. 52

Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
 Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand? ¹ *handwriting*

King. 'Tis *Hamlet's* Character,¹ naked and in a Post-
 script here he sayes alone: Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
 It warms the very sicknesse in my heart, 60

41-3. 2 ll. ending *Hamlet*. Queen. THEOBALD.

46-7. bracketed l.-2-5Q. 52. *Occasions*: occasion-2-5Q.

55. *abuse*? Or: abuse, and-2-5Q.

57-8. 3 ll. ending 'Naked,' 'alone,' me-2 5Q. marked as quotation-JENNENS.

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking¹ at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Device, ¹ *rebelli*
Under the which he shall not choose but fall; ⁷⁰
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident:

[*Laer.* My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You have beene talkt of since your travaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such envie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest sledge.² ² *rank*

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud^a in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse livery that it weares
Then settled age, his sables, and his weedes
Importing health and gravenes;] Some two Monthes
hence |
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,

62-4. 3 ll. ending *Laertes*, otherwise, me .. lord-2-5Q.

65. *If so:* Ay, my lord so-2-5Q 73 bracketed ll.--2-5Q

77. some .. hence. Two monthes since-2-5Q.

^a *ribaud*: riband-3-5Q.

I've deene my selfe, and serv'd against the French,
 And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant
 Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
 And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
 As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
 With the brave Beast, so farre he past my thought, 80
 That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
 Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamound.

Kin. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
 And Jemme of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
 And gave you such a Masterly report, 90
 For Art and exercise in your defence;
 And for your Rapier most especially, ¹*fencers*
 That he crv'd out, t'would be a sight indeed,
 If one could match you [the Scrimures² of their nation,
 He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 'If you opposd them.] Sir. This report of his |
 Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,
 That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
 Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
 Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you? 100
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart?

76. ran. can. -2-5Q.

80. *pass.* topp'd (top) -2-5Q

88. *our:* the-2-5Q.

94. bracketed ll. -2-5Q

99. *Why:* What-2-5Q.

77. *into:* unto-2-5Q.

85. *Lamound.* Lamond *Port.*

92. *speciall* ²special 2-5Q.

² *Scrimures:* scrimers-4-5Q

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
[There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of weeke^a or snufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would change,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spendthrifts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'ulcer,]
Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

110

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Revenge should have no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisce,
Most generous, and free from all contriving, 120
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword unbaited,¹ and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

¹ *unblunted*

107-8. bracketed ll. - 2-5Q.

^a *weeke*: wick-Rowe.

^b *change*: changes-5Q.

Laer. I will doo't,
 And for that purpose Ile anhoine my Sword:
 I bought an Uncion of a Mountebanke
 So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
 Where't it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
 Collected from All Simples that haue Vertue 130
 Under the Moone, can save the thing from death,
 That is but scratche withall: Ile touch my point,
 With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

King. Let's further thinke of this,
 Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes
 May fit us to our shape, if this should faile;
 And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
 'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Project
 Should haue a backe or second, that might hold, 140
 If this should blast in prooffe: Soft, let me see
 Wee'll make a solemne wager on your commings,
 I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
 As make your bowts more violent to the end,
 And that he cal for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
 A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,¹ ^{1 thrust}
 Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
 So fast they'll follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where? 152

138. *I but dipt:* that but dip-2-5Q. 141. *should:* did-2-5Q.

142. *commings:* cunnings-2-5Q.

143. *I ha't:* separate l.-junction. 144. *the end:* that end-2-5Q.

148. *how sweet:* how now sweet-2-4F. 2-5Q.

151. *they'll:* they-2-5Q.

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
 That shewes his hore leaves in the glassie streame:
 There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
 Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayaies, and long Purples,
 That liberall¹ Shepheards give a grosser name;
 But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
 There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
 Clambring to hang; an envious sliver broke, 160
 When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
 And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable² of her owne distresse, ¹ *inventions*
 Or like a creature Native, and indued ² *unconscious*
 Unto that Element: but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,
 Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
 To muddy death. 170

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
 And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
 It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
 Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
 The woman will be out: Aduce my Lord,
 I have a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
 But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude:* 180

How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
 Now feare I this will give it start againe;
 Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

161. *the:* her-2-5Q. 168. *with her:* with their-2-4F.2-5Q.

169. *buy:* lay-2-5Q. 171. *it the:* she 18-2-3Q.

179. *doubts:* 2 Juts-KNIGHT.

[Act V. Scene i. ¹ *A churchyard.*]

Enter two Clownes [with spades, &c.].

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne salvation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave straight,¹ the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall. ¹ *straightway*

Clo. How can that be, unlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so. 9

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deliver.

Clown. Give me leave; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life. 21

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should have beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more then their even Christi-

12-13. *an Act:* to act-2-3Q

18 *drowne* himself-2-4F.

an. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen,
but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up
Adams Profession. 32

Osber. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that ever bore Armes.

Osber. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou under-
stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd;
could hee digge without Armes? He put another que-
stion to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, con-
fesse thy selfe — 40,

Osber. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the
Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Osber. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outlives a
thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes
does well; but how does it well? it does well to those
that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is
built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes
may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come. 50

Osber. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship-
wright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and unyoake.

Osber. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Osber. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your
dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when
you are ask't this question next, say a Grave-maker: the

4. *He: A'—, Q.*

OF HAMLET

[V. i. 66-94]

Hoppe that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee
to *Yaugban*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor. 62

[Exit Sec. Clown.]

[He digs and] Sings.

*In youth when I did love, did love,
me thought it was very sweete:
To contract O the time for a my bebove,
O me thought there was nothing meete.*

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that
he sings at Grave making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of ea-
sinesse. 71

Ham. 'Tisce' n so; the hand of litle Imployment hath
the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

*But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch.
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had never bene such. 78*
[Throws up a skull.]

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing
once: how the knave jowles it to th' grownd, as if it
were *Caines* Jaw-bone, that did the first murder: It
might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Asse o're Of-
fices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor-
row sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this
might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such
a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

61. lasts: last-4-5Q.4F.

76. caught. claw'd-2-5Q.

83. could: would-2-5Q.

Hor. I, my Lord.

89

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if wee had the trickes to see't. Did these boyes cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets¹ with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

¹ *ninepins*

Clowne sings.

A Pickbaxe and a Spade, a Spade

for and a sbrowding-Sheete:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Guest is meete.

100

[T'bows up another skull.]

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knave now to knocke him about the Sconce² with a dirty Shovell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries. Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe have no more? ha?

115

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

² *head*

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calve-skinnes too.

92. *if: an-Cappell.*

102. *of of: 61-2-4F.*

Quiddits: quiddities-2-5Q.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Grave's this Sir? 121

Clo. Mine Sir:

[Sings] *O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.*

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. 'Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeest. 130

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's dead. 139

Ham. How absolute the knave is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equivocation will undoe us: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I have taken note of it, the Age is growne so pick'd, that the toe of the Peasant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe.¹ How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th'yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since? ^{1. hilblam}

119. *that*: which-2-5Q

121. *Sir*: sirrah-2-5Q.

142. *these*: this-2-5Q.

144. *boles*: heel-2-4F 2-5Q *of our* of the-2-5Q

147. *o'recame*: overcame-2-5Q.

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that:
It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee
that was mad, and sent into England. 151

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall récover his
wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be seen up him, there the men are as
mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely? 160

Clo. Faith e'ne with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I have bin sixeteene
heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have
many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold
the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine
yeare. A Tanner will last you nine year e.

Ham. Why he, more then another? 170

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that
he will keepe out water a great while. And your water,
is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull
now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was;
Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

151. was: is-2-5Q.

156. him, there: him there; there-2-3Q.

163. sixeteene: six-ten (sexten)-2-3Q.

176-7. § 1.-2-5Q.

OF HAMLET

[V. I. 196-226]

Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull the Kings Jester.

Ham. This?

182

Clo. E'ene that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Ho-* | *ratio*, a fellow of infinite Jest; of most excellent fancy, he | hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how | abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere | hung those lipps, that I have kist I know not how oft. | Where be your Jibes now? Your Gambals? Your | Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to | set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own | Jeering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies | Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this | favour¹ she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry- | thee *Horatio* tell me one thing. |

195

Hor. What's that my Lord?

¹face

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th'earth?

Hor. E'ene so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

200

[*Puts down the skull.*]

Hor. E'ene so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bung-hole.

179. *pestilence*: pestilence-2-4F.

181. *this same Scull* *ur.* out-2-5Q

186-7 *And how abhorred my Imagination is*; and now how abhorred in my Imagination it is-2-5Q. 191. *Not*-2-5Q

192. *Jearing*: grinning-2-5Q

200. *Puh* *pah*-2-5Q.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider²⁰⁵.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. ' But to follow him thether with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus.

Alexander died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was converted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell? 211

Imperiall *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.

But sost, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.*

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand, 221
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.

Couch we a while, and mark. [*Retiring with Horatio*]

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obseques have bin as farre enlarg'd.

As we have warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd, 230
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,

205. *consider. to curiously* consider too curiously-2-4F.

212 *Imperiall* Imperious-QQ 216 *sost. soft*-2-4F

219 *ibat. this*-2-5Q

222. *'twas some* 'twas of some-2-5Q*

225. *new l* at A very-CAPELL

228 *warrantis* ~~was~~ *sanctity*-4-5Q 231. *praier.* *prayer*-2-5Q.

OF HAMLET¹

[V. i. 254-278]

Shards, Flints, and Peebles, should be throwne on her;
Yet heere she is allowed her² Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

240

Laer. Lay her i'th'earth,
And from her faire and unpolluted flesh,
May³ Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Opbelia*?

Queen. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd thou should'st have bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'have strew'd thy Grave.

250

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes.

[*Leaps in the grave.*]

Now pile your dust, upon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you have made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

260

Ham. [*Advancing*] What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? Whose phraxe of Sorrow

233. *Rims:* crants-2-5Q.

239. *age:* a-2-5Q.

250. ~~have~~ have-2-5Q

Conjure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*]

Laer. The devill ke thy soule.

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. 'Thou prai'st not well

I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;

Sir though I am not Spleenative, and rash,

Yet have I something in me dangerous, 270

Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

Ham. Why I will fight with him uppon this Theme,
Untill my eiels will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Opbelia*; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Love)

Make up my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*, 281

Qu. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?

Woo't drinke up *Essie*,¹ cate a Crocodile? ¹ *vinegar*

Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;

To outface me with leaping in her Grave?

263. *Conjures* Conjures-2-4F 2-5Q 269 *Sir: For*-2-5Q.

271. *Away* hold off-2-5Q

274. *Gen. Good .. quiet.* All. Gentleman.

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.-2-5Q.

279. *there: their*-2-4F

283. *Come show.* *Show* unds show-2-5Q

284. *fight? (Wilt)* teare. fight? Woo't fast? Woo't tear (Wilt
fast-1Q. 2-5Q. 285. *Enter: steel*-¹ *THORALD*

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
 And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
 Millions of Akers on us; till our ground 290
 Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
 Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thou't mouth,
 Ile rant as well as thou.

Kin. [*Queen*] This is meere Madnesse:
 And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
 Anon as patient as the female Dove,
 When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
 His silence will sit dropping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
 What is the reason that you use me thus? 300
 I lovd' you ever; but it is no matter:
 Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
 The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will have his day. *Exit.*

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait upon him,
 [*Exit Horatio.*]
 [*To Laer.*] Strengthen you patience in our last nights
 speech, |
 Wee'll put the matter to the present push:
 Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your Sonne,
 This Grave shall have a living Monument:
 An houre of quiet shortly shall we see; 309
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. A hall in the castle.]

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
 You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

292 and an-Porr.

297 *Quotat*: couplets-2-20.

305 you your-3-4F.

1. let me: shall you-2-5Q.

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay¹
Worse then the mutines¹ in the Bilboes,² rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. ¹ mutineers

Hor. That is most certaine. ² stocks

Ham. Up from my Cabin

My sea-gowne scarf'd about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to unseale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*, 20
Oh royall knavery: An exact command,
Larded with many severall sorts of reason;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges³ and Goblins in my life;
That on the supervize no leasure bated, ³ bugaboos
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Ist possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed? 30

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,

8. praise: praised-

12. Villai

1100-THORNDALD.

24. boe: bo (hæc)-2-5Q.

A baseness to write faire; and laboured much
 How to forget that learning: But Sir now,
 It did me Ycomans service: wilt thou know
 The effects of what I wrote? 40

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjuratiō from the King,
 As England was his faithfull Tributary,
 As love betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
 As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
 And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,
 And many such like Axes of great charge,
 That on the view and know of these Contents,
 Without debatement further, more or lesse,
 He should the bearers put to sodaine death, 50
 Not shriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinate;
 I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
 Which was the Modell of that Danish Scale:
 Folded the Writ up in forme of the other,
 Subscrib'd it, gav't th' impression, plac't it safely,
 The changeling never knowne: Now, the next day
 Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
 'Thou know'st already. 60

Hor. So *Guldensterne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this imployment
 They are not neere my Conscience; their debate,
 Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
 Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points

40. effects: effect-2-5Q. 44. as. like-2-5Q should. might-2-5Q.
 47. Axis: 'As'es JOHNSON. 48. knowe: knowing-2-5Q
 53. ordinate: ordinant-2-5Q 59. sement: sequent-2-5Q.
 63. debate: defeat-2-5Q.

Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now upon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes, 71
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit¹ him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come ¹*requite*
In further evill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's 'no more 80
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his favours:
But sure the bravery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Osricke.

Os. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-
marke. |

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord. 91

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
Messe; 'tis a Chowgh;² but as I saw spacious in the pos-
session of dirt. ²*jackdaw*

79-81. 3 ll. ending *g'ne*, one, *Horatio*-HANMER.

84. ~~count: count~~-KOWE.

95. *law. say*-24F. 2-5Q.

OF HAMLET¹

[V. ii. 91-123]

Osr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put
your Bonet to his right use, 'tis for the head. 100

Osr. I thanke your Lordship; 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeeve mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
Northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very soultry, and hot for my
Complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as'twere
I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majesty had me sig-
nifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head:
Sir, this is the matter. 110

Ham. I beseech you remember.

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

Osr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith:
[sir here is newly | com to Court *Laertes*, believe me an
absolute gentlemen,^a ful of most excellent | differences,
of very soft society, and great showing: in- | deede
to speake sellingly^b of him, hee is the card or kalender
of-gen- | try: for you shall find in him the continent of
what part a Gentleman would see. |

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in
you, though I | know to deuide him inventorially,
would dosie^c th'arithmaticke of | memory, and yet but
yaw neither in respect of his quick saile, but | in the
veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great
article, | & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse,

97. *friendship*: lordship-2-5Q. 99. *it wirb*: it, air, with-2-5Q.

105. *Mee thinkes*: But yet methinks-7-5Q.

112. *in good faith*: good my lord-QQ.

112-13. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^b *sellingly*: sellingly-4-5Q.

^a *gentlemen*: gentleman-3-5Q.

^c *dosie*: dizzy-4-5Q.

as to make true dixon | of him, his semblable^f is his
 mirroure, & who els would trace him, his | umbrage, no-
 thing more. |

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him. |

Ham. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the
 gentleman in | our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hera. Ist not possible to understand in another tongue,
 you will | too't^a sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hera. His purse is empty already, all's golden words
 are spent. |

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did,
 it would not | much approove me, well sir.] |

[*Osr.*] Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence
Laertes is at | his weapon. 114

[*Ham.* I dare not confesse that, least I should compare
 with | him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were
 to knowe himselfe.]

Cour. I meane sir for this^b weapon, but in the im-
 putation laide on | him, by them in his meed, hee's
 unfellowed.]

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Osr. The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Hor-
 ses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French
 Rapiers and Poniards, wjth their assignes, as Girdle,

^a too't: do't-3-5Q.

^b this: his-6Q.

113-14. at his weapon? out-2-5Q 114-15. bracketed II.-2-5Q.

118. The ~~the~~ King ha's wag'd: The King, sir, hath wagered-
 2-5Q.

Hangers or so: three of the Carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit. 123

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

[*Hora.* I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had | done.]

Osr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Osr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall. 139

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Majestic, 'tis the breathing¹ time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, He gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you ee'n so? ^{1 exercising}

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

121. or so: and so-2-5Q. 130. ~~French but~~. French bet-2-5Q.

133. you: yourself-2-5Q.

134. one twelve for mine, and that: laid out twelve for nine; and it-2-5Q.

143. if: an-Capell.^o

144. He: I will-2-5Q.

Ham. Yours, yours; [*Exit Osric.*] hee does well to commend it | himsefe, there are no tongues else for's tongue. | 150

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beavy that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

[*Enter a Lord.*]

[*Lord.* My Lord, his Majestie commended him to you by young | Osricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, | he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that | you will take longer time? |

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings plea- | sure, if his fites speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, pro- | vided I be so able as now. |

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe. |

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to use some gentle entertainment | *Laertes*,* before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me. |

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord. 160

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France,

150. tongue: turn-2-5Q.

154. bad be .. mine .. Beavy: has he .. many .. breed-2-5Q.

* *Laertes*: to *Laertes*-3-5Q.

159. tryalls: tryall-2-5Q.

159-60. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

I have beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord. ¹ *misgiving*

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giving¹ as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit. 169

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no | man ha' sough² of what he leaves. What is't to leave be- | times? [let be.]

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this nand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' band into Hamlet's.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman. 181

This presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard how I am punisht
With sore distraction? What I have done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Never *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,

163. *bow all*: how ill all's-2-5Q.

168. *obey*. I: obey it: 1-2-5Q.

174. *leaves*. What; leaves, what-Row.

175. bracketed words-2-5Q.

Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it: 190
 Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
 His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy..
 Sir, in this Audience,
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd will,
 Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
 That I have shot mine Arrow o're the house,
 And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
 Whose motive in this case should stirre me most 200
 To my Revenge. But in my termes of Honor
 I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,
 Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
 I have a voyce, and president of peace
 To keepe my name ungorg'd. But till that time,
 I do receive your offer'd love like love,
 And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
 And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
 Give us the Foyles: Come on. 210

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
 Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th'darkest night,
 Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Give them the Foyles yong *Osricke*,
 Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
 Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.

198. *Mother: brother-Q.* 205. *ungorg'd: ungered-2-5Q.*

217-19. 2 ll. ending *Hamlet*, Lord-2-5Q.

220. *batb: hat-2-5Q.*

OF HAMLET'

[V. ii. 273-293]

King. I do not feare it, 221
I have seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we have, therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heavy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles have all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Osricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine upon that Table:
If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit, 230
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an union¹ shal he throw ¹pearl
Richer then that, which foure successive Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne have worne.

Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth,
Now the King drinke to *Hamlet*. Come, begin, 241
And you the Judges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come on sir. *Tbey play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well: againe.

King. Stay, give me drinke. 250

221-2. 1 l.-2-5Q.

226-7. 1 l. 2-5Q.

238. ¹Trumpets: trumpet-2-5Q.

244. ~~on sir~~: my lord-2-5Q.

224-5. 1 l.-2-5Q.

236-7. 1 l.-2-5Q.

240. ~~Heaven~~: heavens-4-5Q.

250-1. 1 l.-2-5Q.

Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
 Here's to thy health. Give him the cup,
Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.
 Come: [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

King. Our Sonne shall win.

Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.
 Heere's a Napkin,¹ rub thy browes, ¹*handkerchief*
 The Queene Carowses to thy fortune, *Hamlet.* 260

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.

Qu. I will my Lord;
 I pray you pardon me.
King. [*Aside*] It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I do not thinke't. 270

Laer. [*Aside*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience. |

Ham. Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,
 I pray you passe with your best violence,
 I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on. *Play.*

Os. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet, then*] *In scuffling they*
change Rapiers. | [*and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

254. *set by*: set it by—Q2.

259. *Heere's a Napkin*: Here, Hamlet, take my napkin—Q2.

263-4. 1 l.-2-5Q. 266-7. 1 l.-2-5Q. 272-3. 1 l.-2-5Q.

OF HAMLET

[V. ii. 313-336]

King. Part them, they are incens'd. 280

Ham. Nay come, againe. [*The Queen falls.*]

Osr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.

Hor. They'bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Osr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcocke

To mine Sprindge, *Osricke*,

I am justly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleede.

Que. No, no, the drinke, the drinke. 290

Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,

I am poyson'd. • [*Dies.*]

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.

Hamlet, thou art slaine,

No Medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;

The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd: the foule practise 300

Haſt turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,

Never to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.

Hurts the King.

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murderous,

285-6. 1 l.-2-5Q.

290-2. 2 ll. ending *Hamlet*. poyson'd-2-5Q.

293. *How?* Hol-2THEOBALD.

309-10. 1 l.-2-5Q.

sounds: a wounds-3-4F.

295-6. 1 l.-2-5Q.

Damned Dane, 310
 Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Union heere?
 Follow my Mother. ' *King Dyes.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd.
 It is a poyson temp' red¹ by himselfe: ^{1 mixed}
 Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
 Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,
 Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.
 I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
 You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance, 320
 That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
 Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
 Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
 But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
 Thou liv'st, report me and my causes right
 To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never beleeve it.
 I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
 Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup. 330
 Let go, by Heaven Ile have't.
 Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
 ('Things standing thus unknowne) shall live behind me.
 If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
 To tell my Storie.

March asfarre off, and about within.
 What warlike noyse is this?

329-31. 2 ll. ending man, ~~ave't~~-205Q.

Enter Osricke. 340

Os. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come from Poland |
To th' Ambassadors of England gives rhis warlike volly.

Ham. O I dÿe *Horatio*:

The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot live to heafe the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o.

Dyes |

Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart: 350
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
Why do's the Drumme come hither? [*March within.*]

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with
Drumme, | Colours, and Attendants.*

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see;
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. His quarry cries on havocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell. 360
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The cares are senselesse that should give us hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,

342. rhis: this-2-4F. new f. at This-4F.

349. O, o, o, o: out-2-5Q.

359. His: This-2-5Q.

350. cracks-2-4F. Qq.

361. shoote: shot-2-5Q.

That *Rosinrance* and *Guildesterne* are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you: 370
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But since so jumpe upon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arrived. Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause, 380
And in this upshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

For. Let us hast to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Invite me,

Hor. Of that I shall have alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth 391
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines

387. *Rites*: rights-QQ. 388. *are* r&: now to-QQ. *re*: to-2-4F.

390. *alwayes*. also-2-42.

394. *whiles*: while-2-5Q.

391-2. 1 J. -2-5Q.

394-5. 1 L. -2-5Q.

OF HAMLET

[V. ii. 407-414

Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier, to the Stage,
 For he was likely, had he beene put on
 To have prov'd most royally: 400
 And for his passage,
 The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
 Speake lowdly for him.
 Take up the body; Such a sight as this
 Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
 Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
 Ordenance are shot off.*

400-1. 1 l.-2-3Q.

404. *body*: *bodies* (*bodie*-1Q.)-2-5Q.

FINIS.

**THE TRAGEDIE OF
KING LEAR**

First printed in two Quartos, 1608

The First Folio, 1623, follows an independent text

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR' begins with credulity for false promises and ends by a combination of villainy which defeats the forces working for good.

King Lear of Britain, becoming aged, seeks to divide his throne among his three daughters. But the youngest, Cordelia, does not make the fulsome promises given by her sisters, and is accordingly disinherited. Soon after, she weds the King of France. The other daughters, Goneril and Regan, share the kingdom between them, agreeing to maintain their father.

• They soon seek to break their word (Act II), reduce the old king's train, and by various slights drive him away from their doors.

Lear at last takes refuge on the open heath, where he braves a storm, with two attendants who remain faithful (Act III). The Earl of Gloster shows kindness to the monarch, whose mind has become unbalanced, and the husband of Regan punishes Gloster by putting out his eyes.

Gloster is saved from suicide by his son, whom he had wronged (Act IV). Meanwhile Cordelia learns of her sisters' treachery and comes to her father's aid with an army.

Lear C

KING LEAR

A battle is fought (Act V), in which the French army is defeated and Cordelia and Lear are taken prisoners. Cordelia is hanged, and the old king dies of a broken heart. Goneril poisons Regan through motives of jealousy, and afterward stabs herself.

SOURCES

The story of 'King Lear' probably dates back to the remotest times. It belongs to the realm of Celtic tradition, or the even earlier nature myths where the winds were personified. It is told in the 'Gesta Romanorum' of the Emperor Theodosius; but British chroniclers make it antedate the Roman Empire by a thousand years. Holinshed says: 'Leir, the son of Baldub, was admitted ruler over the Britains in the year of the world 3105. At what time Joas reigned as yet in Judea.' The story's earliest printed appearance was in the 'Historia Britonum,' written in Latin about 1130 by Geoffrey of Monmouth. Other works about the sixteenth century in which it might be found were Warner's 'Albion's England,' Holinshed's 'Chronicles,' the chronicles of Fabyan, Rastell, and Grafton, the 'Mirroure for Magistrates,' Camden's 'Brittania,' Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' (a brief mention, Canto X, Book 2), and finally the important pre-Shakespearian drama entered in the 'Stationers' Register,' May 14, 1594: 'The moste famous Chronicle historye of Leire, Kinge of England, and his Three Daughters.' This play was seemingly not printed until 1605, perhaps being brought out by the popularity of the Shakespeare version. It was entitled in book form: 'The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his three daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cor-

INTRODUCTION

della.⁹ As it hath bene divers and sundry times lately acted.¹⁰ The author's name was not given.

Shakespeare was doubtless acquainted with several of the sources above cited, and perhaps best of all with the drama. But his debt to it, or to any other source, is very slight. Beyond the use of the same leading situation, the two plays show little resemblance. Shakespeare may have obtained a hint for the figure of Kent in the earlier *Perillus*. The counter-plot of Gloster and his two sons is not found in the earlier play or other Lear stories. The idea for this was probably obtained from Sidney's '*Arcadia*,' and skilfully interwoven with that of Lear to intensify the tragedy by means of parallel woe.

The two plays need no further comparison here. The earlier, humbler attempt, a conventional comedy in rhymed couplets, could hardly merit consideration by the side of one of the noblest pieces of dramatic writing in literature.

• DURATION OF THE ACTION

The duration of time is something less than one month. The period represented on the stage covers ten days, with intervals, as follows: Day 1, Act I, scene i. Day 2, Act I, scene ii. Interval. Day 3, Act I, scenes iii and iv. Day 4, Act II, scenes i and ii. Day 5, Act II, scenes iii and iv, Act III, scenes i-vi. Day 6, Act III, scene vii, Act IV, scene i. Day 7, Act IV, scene ii. Interval (?). Day 8, Act IV, scene iii. Day 9, Act IV, scenes iv-vi. Day 10, remainder of play.

The historic period is indeterminable.

KING LEAR

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Practically all authorities agree in ascribing 'King Lear' to the year 1605. It was entered for publication in the 'Stationers' Register,' November 26, 1607, 'as yt was played before the King's Majestic at Whitehall, upon St Stephen's right, at Christmas last, by his Majesties Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side.' This would make it antedate December, 1606. We know also that it was written after 1603, for Shakespeare's names for the devils spoken of by Edgar in his pretended madness were taken from Bishop Harsnet's 'Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures,' which first appeared in 1603.

We have already noticed that the earlier play on the same subject was published in 1605, perhaps to take advantage of the popularity of Shakespeare's tragedy. This earlier play was entered as a tragedy, though really a comedy. And when Shakespeare's version appeared, the title-page began: 'M. William Shak-speare: HIS True Chronicle Historie,' etc., emphasizing by capital letters the possessive pronoun before the same general title employed by the rival book. This lends weight to the belief that the two versions appeared in the same year, 1605.

The references to the 'late eclipses' in Act I, scene ii, have been held to allude to an eclipse of the sun which occurred in October, 1605.

EARLY EDITIONS

Two Quarto editions appeared in 1608. The one now generally accepted as the First bears the following title: 'M. William Shak-speare: His True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three

INTRODUCTION

Daughters. With the unfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humor of Tom of Bedlam: As it was played before the Kings Majestie at Whitehall upon S. Stephans night in Christmas Holldayes. By his Majesties Servants playing usually at the Gloabe on the Banckeside. London, Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere St Austins Gate, 1608.'

The Second Quarto had two impressions. Its title is almost identical with the foregoing, but lacks the words, 'at the signe of the Pide Bull.' The text is so nearly the same as that of the other edition that editors were for a long time puzzled to determine which had the priority, but finally accepted them in the above order.

A Third Quarto came out in 1655, following the same text.

The First Folio of 1623 gives a different text from the Quartos. It seems derived from an author's manuscript curtailed, in some respects, for acting purposes, but correcting and adding to the former reading. The Quartos, however, remain the longer of the two versions, giving some two hundred and twenty lines not found in the Folio, while the Folio contributes fifty independent lines. The Quartos contain many printer's errors, the Folio being marred in somewhat less degree. By the aid of these parallel texts a reading may be obtained which is nearly perfect.

The First Folio editors placed 'King Lear' well toward the last of the tragedies. It occupies twenty-seven pages, from page 283 to page 309, inclusive. The acts and scenes are given, but the *Dramatis Personæ* is omitted, being later supplied by Rowe.

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR, *king of Britain.*

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF CORNWALL.

DUKE OF ALBANY.

EARL OF KENT.

EARL OF GLOUCESTER.

EDGAR, *son to Gloucester.*

EDMUND, *bastard son to Gloucester.*

CURAN, *a courtier.*

Old Man, *tenant to Gloucester.*

Doctor.

Fool.

OSWALD, *steward to Goneril.*

A Captain *employed by Edmund.*

Gentleman *attendant on Cordelia.*

A Herald.

Servants *to Cornwall.*

GONERIL,	} <i>daughters to Lear.</i>
REGAN,	
CORDELIA,	

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Britain.*]

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[King Lear's palace.]

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent.

I THOUGHT the King had more affected the | Duke
of Albany, then Cornwall. |

Glou. It did alwayes seeme so to us: But | now in
the division of the Kingdome, it ap- | peares not which
of the Dukes hee valewes | most, for qualities are so
weigh'd, that curiosity in nei- | ther, can make choise
of eithers moiety.¹ | ^{1 share} 10

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I have
so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am
braz'd too't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; where-
upon she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a
Sonne for her Cradle, ~~ere~~ she had a husband for her bed.
Do you smell a fault?

9. *qualities: equalities*—1Q. (*equalities*—2Q.) 14. *too't. to it*—Qq.

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it,
being so proper. 21

Glou. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some
yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my ac-
count, though this Knave came somthing sawcily to the
world before he was sent for: yet was his Mother fayre,
there was good sport at his making, and the horson must
be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentle-
man, *Edmond*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent: 30
Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My services to your Lordship,

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall
again. The King is comming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill,
Re- | gan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Glos-
ter. |

Glou. I shall, my Lord. *Exit.* 40

Lear. Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose.
Give me the Map there. Know, that we have divided
In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,
Conferring them on yonger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawle toward death. Our son of *Cornwal*,
And you our no lesse loving Sonne of *Albany*,
We have this houre a constant will to publish

26. *horson*: whoreson—QQ. 2-4F.

30-1. 11.-1Q.

40. *Lord*: liege—2Q.

OF KING LEAR

[I. i. 45-73]

Our daughters severall Dowes, that future strife
May be prevented now. The Princes, *France & Bur-*
gundy, | 50

Great Rivals, in our yongest daughters love,
Long in our Court, have made their amorous sojourn,
And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will divest us both of Rule,
Interest of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you shall we say doth love us most,
That we, our largest bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gon. Sir. I love you more then word can weild the
matter, | 60

Deerer then eye-sight, space, and libertie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Childe ere lov'd, or Father found.
A love that makes breath poore, and speech unable,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [*Aside*] What shall *Cordelia* speake? Love,
and be silent. |

Lear. Of all these bounds even from this Line, to this,
With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skirted Meades 70
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* issues
Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?
Our deere *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde she names my very deede of love:

67. *speaks*: do-QQ. 73. *of Cornwall*: to Cornwall? Speak-QQ.

74. *I am .. Sister*: Sir, I am made Of the self-same metal
that my sister is; new l. at Of-QQ.

Onely she comes too short, that I professe
 My selfe an enemy to all other joyes,
 Which the most precious square of sense professes,
 And finde I am alone felicitate
 In your deere Highnesse love.

Cor. [*Aside*] Then poore *Cordelia*,
 And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
 More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie ever,
 Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
 No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure
 Then that conferr'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Joy,
 Although our last and least; to whose yong love,
 The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie, 90
 Strive to be interest.¹ What can you say, to draw
 A third, more opilent then your Sisters? speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord. ^{1 of interest}

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.

Cor. Unhappie that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty —
 According to my bond, no more nor lesse.

Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your speech a
 little, | 100

Least you may marre your Fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,
 You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me.
 I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
 Obey you, Love you, and most Honour you.

79. *professes: possesses—Qq* 84. *ponderous richer—Qq.*

89. *our last and least. the last not least—Qq*

99. *no more: nor more—Qq* 101. *Least you' Least it—Qq.*

104-5 new l. at Return—Pozz

Why have my Sisters Husbands, if they say
 They love you all? Happily when I shall wed,
 That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
 Halfe my love with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
 Sure I shall never marry like my Sisters. 110

[To love my father all.]

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:
 For by the sacred radience of the Sunne,
 The miseries of *Heccat* and the night:
 By all the operation of the Orbes,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
 Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care, 120
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me,
 Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous *Scythian*,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
 Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releev'd,
 As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace *Kent*,
 Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath, 130
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight:
 So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her Fathers heart from her: call *France*, who stirres?

107. *Happily*: Haply-2Q. (Happely-1Q)

110-11 bracketed l.-Qq., separate l.-Pozz.

112. *I my good Lord*: Ay, (I) good my lord Qq

117. *miseries*: mysteries-2-4F. (mistresse-Qq.)

Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,
 With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
 Let pride, which she calls plainnesse, marry her:
 I doe invest you joyntly with my power,
 Preheminence, and all the large effects
 That troope with Majesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred Knights, 141
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine
 The name, and all th' addition¹ to a King: the Sway,
 Revennew, Execution of the rest, ¹*perquisites*
 Beloved Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
 This Coronet part betweene you. [*Giving the crown.*]

Kent. Royall *Lear*,

Whom I have ever honor'd as my King,
 Lov'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd, 150
 As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.

Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke invade
 The region of my heart, be *Kent* unmannerly,
 When *Lear* is mad, what wouldest thou do old man?
 Think'st thou that dutie shall have dread to speake,
 When power to flattery bowes?
 To plainnesse honour's bound,
 When Majesty falls to folly, reserve thy state,
 And in thy best consideration checke 160
 This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my judgement:
 Thy yongest Daughter do's not love thee least,

135. period after *Burgundy*—THEOBALD. 136 *ib.*: this—QQ.

143. *turne* .. *shall*: turns .. still QQ.

144. *th' addition*: the additions; new l. at *The sway*—QQ.

147. *betweene*: betwixt—QQ.

155. *wouldest*: wilt—QQ.

157-8. 1 l.—JOHNSON.

159. *falls* .. *reserve* .. *state*: stoops .. *Reverae* .. doom—QQ.

Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
Reverberate no hollownesse.

Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as pawne
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,
Thy safety being motive.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine 170
The true blanke of thine eie.

Kear. Now by *Apollo*,

Lent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou swearst thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vassall! Miscreant.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbear.

Kent. Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foule disease, revoke thy guift,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou dost evill. 180

Lea. Heare me recreant, on thine allegiance heare me;
That thou hast sought to make us breake our vowes,
Which we durst never yet; and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Five dayes we do allot thee for provision,

163. *sounds*: sound-QQ.

164. *Reverbe*: Reverbs-QQ.

166. *as pawne*: as a pawn-QQ. 2-4F. 167. *thine .. nere*: thy .. nor-QQ.

168. *being motive*: being the motive-QQ.

172. *Kear*: *Lear*-QQ. 2-4F.

173. *Lent*: *Kent*-QQ. 2-4F.

177. *Kill*: Do; prefixed-QQ., separate l.-STEVENS.

177. *thy fee*: the fee-QQ.

178. *guift*: doom-QQ.

180-1. 2 ll. ending recreant? met-CAPELL.

182. *That .. vowes*: Since .. vow-QQ.

184. *betwixt*: between-QQ. *sentences*: sentence-QQ. 2-4F.

To shield thee from disasters of the world,
 And on the sixt to turne thy hated backe
 Upon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
 Thy banisht trunk be found in our Dominions, 191
 The moment is thy death, away. By *Jupiter*,
 This shall not be revok'd,

Kent. Farethee well King, sith thus thou wilt appeare,
 Freedome lives hence, and banishment is here;

[*To Cor.*]

The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,
 That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said:
 And your large speeches, may your deeds approve,

[*To Peg. and Gon.*]

That good effects may spring from words of love:
 Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew, 200
 Hee'l shape his old course, in a Country new. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter *Gloster with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.*

Cor. [*Glou.*] Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my
 Noble Lord. |

Lear. My Lord of *Bugundie*,
 We first addresse toward you, who with this King
 Hath rivald for our Daughter; what in the least
 Will you require in present Dower with her,
 Or cease your quest of Love?

Bur. Most Royall Majesty, 210
 I crave no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,
 Nor will you tender lesse?

Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
 When she was deare to us, we did hold her so,

OF KING LEAR

[I. i. 200-224

But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,
If ought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer. 220

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'rd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or, leave her.

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not up in such conditions.

Le. Then leave her sir, for by the pow'r that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [*To France*] For you great
King, |

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you 230
T'avert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost t'acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is most strange,
That she whom even but now, was your object,
The argument of your praise, balme of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour: sure her offence
Must be of such unnaturall degree, 240
That monsters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into taint, which to beleeve of her

215. *fallen:* fall'n-3-4F.

226. *in:* on-QQ.

235. *whom .. your object:* that .. your best object-QQ.

237. *The best, the:* Most best, most-QQ.

242. *Fall:* Fall'n (Faine)-QQ.

Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty.
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,
He do't before I speake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulnesse,
No unchaste action or dishonoured step 250
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and favour,
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,
A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou had'st
Not beene borne, then not to have pleas'd me better.

Fra. Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*, 260
What say you to the Lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that stands
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you have her?
She is herselfe a Dowrie.

Bur. Royall King,
Give but that portion which your selfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutchesse of *Burgundie*.

Lear. Nothing, I have sworne, I am firme.

Bur. I am sorry then you have so lost a Father, 270
That you must loose a husband.

244. *Should*: Could-QQ.

249. *murther*: murder-1Q.

256-7. new l. at Hadst-QQ

263. *th'intire*: the entire (intire)-QQ.

247. *will*: well-QQ.

254. *That I*: As I-QQ.

262. *stands*: stand-Poz.

265. *King*: Lear-QQ.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie*,
 Since that respect and Fortunes are his love,
 I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poore,
 Most choise forsaken, and most lov'd despis'd,
 Thee, and thy vertues here I seize upon,
 Be it lawfull I take up what's cast away.
 Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
 My Love should kindle to enflam'd respect. 280
 Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
 Is Queene of us, of ours, and our faire *France*:
 Not all the Dukedoms of watrish *Burgundy*,
 Can buy this unpriz'd precious Maid of me.
 Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though unkinde,
 Thou loosest here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we
 Have no such Daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
 Without our Grace, our Love, our Benizon: 290
 Come Noble *Burgundie*. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Fra. Bid farwell to your Sisters.

Cor. The Jewels of our Father, with wash'd eies
Cordelia leaves you, I know you what you are,
 And like a Sister am most loth to call
 Your faults as they are named. Love well our Father:
 To your professed bosomes I commit him,
 But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place,
 So farewell to you both. 300

Regn. Prescribe not us our dutie.

Gon. Let your study

273. *respect and Fortunes*: respects of fortune—Qq

296. *Love*: Use—Qq.

301. *dutie*. duties—Qq.

Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At Fortunes almes, you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted¹ cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at last with shame derides: ¹*folded*
Well may you prosper.

Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. *Exit France and Cor.*

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say, 310
Of what most neerely appertaines to us both,
I thinke our Father will hence to night.

Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth
with us. |

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the ob-
servation we have made of it hath beene little; he alwaies
lov'd our Sister most, and with what poore judgement he
hath now cast her off, appeares too grossely.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath ever but
slenderly knowne himselfe. 319

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but
rash, then must we looke from his age, to receive not a-
lone the imperfections of long ingrafted condition,² but
therewithall the unruly way-wardnesse, that infirme and
cholericke yeares bring with them. ²*temper*

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from
him, as this of *Kents* banishment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking be-
twene *France* and him, pray you let us sit together, if our
Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares,
this last surrender of his will but offend us. 330

306. *plighted*: *plaited* (*pleated*)-Qq.

307. *covers .. with shame derides*, *cover .. shame them derides*
-Qq. 310. *not little*: *not a little*-Qq.

310-12. *prose*-CAPELL. 315. *hath beene*: *hath not been*-Qq. ;

321. *from his age, to receive*: *to receive from his age*-Qq.

328. *let us sit*: *let's hit*-Qq. 329. *disposition*: *dispositions*-Qq.

OF KING LEAR

[I. i. 311-ii. 22

Reg. We shall further thinke of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'th' heate. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Bastard [*with a letter*].

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law
My services are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit
The curiosity of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am some twelve, or fourteene Moonshines
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?
When my Dimensions are as well compact,
My minde as generous, and my shape as true 10
As honest Madams issue? Why brand they us
With Base? With basenes Barstadic? Base, Base?
Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take
More composition, and fierce qualitie,
Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed
Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got'tweene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your land,
Our Fathers love, is to the Bastard *Edmond*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate. 20
Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter speed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmond* the base
Shall to' th'Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:
Now Gods, stand up for Bastards.

331. *of it:* on't-QQ.

17. *a sleepe:* asleep-CAPELL (a-sleep POPE).

23. *Shall to'tb':* Shall top the-CAPELL.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Prescrib'd¹ his powre,
Confin'd to exhibitioh²? All this done ¹*given up*
Upon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? .What newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none. 30

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glou. Why so earnestly seeke you to put up that Letter?

Bast. I know no newes, my Lord. ²*an allowance*

Glou. What Paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord.

Glou. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of
it into your Pocket? The quality of fhothing, hath not
such neede to hide it selfe. Let's see: come, if it bee no-
thing, I shall not neede Spectacles. 38

Bast. I beseech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter
from my Brother, that I have not all ore-read; and for so
much as I have perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-loo-
king.

Glou. Give me the Letter, Sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detaine, or give it:
The Contents, as in part I understand them,
Are too blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Bast. I hope for my Brothers justification, hee wrote
this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue. 49

Glou. reads. *T'his policie, and reverence of Age, makes
the | world bitter to the best of our times: keeps our
Fortunes from | us, till our oldnesse cannot rellish them.
I begin to finde an idle | as I fond bondage, in the oppres-
sion of aged tyranny, who swayes | not as it hath power,
but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of | this I may,*

27. Prescrib'd: subscribed—Qq

44. 6. prose—Qq

OF KING LEAR

[I. ii. 54-88]

speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd | him, you should enjoy halfe his Revennew for ever, and live the | beloved of your Brother. Edgar.

Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should enjoy halfe his Revennew: my Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? When came you to this? Who brought it? 61

Bast. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Casement of my Closset.

Glou. You know the character¹ to be your Brothers?

Bast. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it were not. ¹ *handwriting*

Glou. It is his.

Bast. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this busines?

Bast. Never my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Revennew.

Glou. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, unnaturall, detested, brutish Villaine; worse then brutish: Go sirrah, seeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he? 80

Bast. I do not well know my L. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my Brother, til you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shold

58. *wake*: waked (wakt)—Qq. '

61. *you to this*: this to you—Qq. 3-4F.

72. *Has .. before*: Hath .. heretofore—Qq.

75. *declin'd*: declining—Qq. 81. *my L.*: my lord—Qq. 3-4F.

83. *shold*: shall—2Q.

run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and shake in peeces, the heart of his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Thinke you so? 90

Bast. If your Honor judge it meete, I will place you where you shall heare us conferre of this, and by an Auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Evening.

Glou. He cannot bee such a Monster.

[*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and intirely loves him, Heaven and earth!] *Edmond* seeke | him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Bu- | sinesse after your owne wisdom. I would unstate my | selfe, to be in a due resolution. | ^{1 manage} 98

Bast. I will seeke him Sir, presently: convey ¹ the businesse as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone portend no good to us: though the wisdom of Nature can reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd by the sequent effects. Love cooles, friendship falls off, Brothers divide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, discord; in Pallaces, Treason; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes under the prediction; there's Son against Father, the King falls from by as of Nature, there's Father against Childe. We have scene the best of our time. Machinations, hollownesse, treacherie, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our Graves. Find out this Villain *Edmond*, it shall lose

88. *writ:* wrote-Qq.

89. *oiber:* further-Qq.

95-6. bracketed ll.-Qq.

thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-hearted Kent banish'd; his offence, honesty. 'Tis strange. *Exit*

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sicke in fortune, often the surfets of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on necessitie, Fooles by heavenly compulsion, Khaves, Theeves, and Treachers¹ by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planetary influence; and all that we are evill in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of Whore-master-man, to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a Starre, *My father compounded with my mother under the Dragons taile, and my Nativity was under Ursa Major, so that it followes, I am rough and Lecherous. I should have bin that I am, had the maidenlest Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.* ¹ *traitors*

Enter Edgar.

130

Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie: my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a sighe like *Tom o' Bedlam*. ——— O these Eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother *Edmond*, what serious contemplation are you in?

Bast. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you busie your selfe with that? 139

116. *surfets*: surfeit—QQ. 118. *and Starres*: and the stars—QQ.

118. *on necessitie*: by necessity—QQ. 124. *on the*: to the—QQ.

127. *I should*: Tut, I should (Fut—QQ.)—JENNENS.

131. *Pat: he*: Edgar—and pat he (out he—QQ.)—STEVENS.

139. *with*: about—QQ.

Bast. I promisq you, the effects he writes of, succede unhappily. [as of unnaturalnesse betweene the child and the parent, death, | dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, mena- | ces and maledictions against king and nobles, needles diffiden- | ces, banishment of friends, dissipation of Cohorts, nuptial breach- | es and I know not what. |

Edg. How long have you beene a sectary Astronomicall?

Bast. Come, Come,]
When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Bast. Parted you in good termes? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all, 148

Bast. Bethink your selfe wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, untill some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person, it would scarcely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my feare, I pray you have a continent¹ forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to heare my Lord speake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do stirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother? ¹restrained 160

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best, I am no honest man, ifther be any good meaning toward you: I have told

141-2. bracketed ll.-Qq.

150. untill: till-Qq.

162. toward: towards-Qq.

¹ 143. The: Why, the-Qq

161. best, I: best; go armed: I-Qq.

OF KING LEAR

[I. ii. 190–iii. 14

you what I have scene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon? *Exit.*

Edm. I do serve you in this businesse:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honestic
My practises ride easie: I see the businesse. 170
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

[*The Duke of Albany's palace.*]

Enter Gonerill, and [Oswald her] Steward.

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

Ste. [*Osw.*] I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, every howre
He flashes into one grosse crime, or other,
That sets us all at ods: He not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe upbraides us
On every trifle. When he returnes from hunting, 10
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,
If you come slacke of former services,
You shall do well, the fault of it He answer.

Ste. He's comming Madam, I heare him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your Fellowes: I'de have it come to question;
If he distaste it, let him to my Sister,

5. *I Madam:* Yes, madam—Qq.

16. *I'de:* I'd—THEOBALD.

17. *distaste .. my:* dislike .. our—Qq.

Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
 [not to be overruld; idle old man that still would manage
 those | authorities that hee hath given away, now by my
 life old fooles | are babes again, & must be us'd with
 checkes as flatteries, when | they are seene abus'd,]
 Remember what I have said.

Ste. Well Madam.

20

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among
 you: what growes of it no matter, advise your fellowes
 so, [I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
 that I may speake,] Ile write straight to my Sister to
 hold my course; pre- | pare for dinner. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[*A hall in the same.*]

Enter Kent [disguised].

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
 That can my speech defuse, my good intent
 May carry through it selfe to that full issue
 For which I raiz'd my likenesse. Now banisht *Kent*,
 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 So may it come, thy Master whom thou lov'st,
 Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants. 10

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go get it ready:
 [*Exit an Attendant.*] hownow, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

18-19. bracketed ll -QQ (5 five-accent ll.-THEOBALD.)

19. *have said.* tell you-QQ

21-3. *And let .. so.* 2 ll ending you, so-HANMER.

23-4. *I'll .. dinner.* 2 ll ending sister, dinner-HANMER.

23-4. bracketed ll.-QQ verse-CAPELL

23 *my course:* my very course-QQ.

3 *will:* well-QQ

Lear. What dost thou professe? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do professe to be no less^e then I seeme; to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and saies little, to feare judgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eate no fish. 20

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be'st as poore for a subject, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'st thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would faine call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plaine message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou? 39

Kent. Not so young Sir to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I have yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knave? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*] You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter? |

Enter Steward [Oswald].

Sto. [Osw.] So please you ——— *Exit.*

Lear. What saies the Fellow there? Call the Clot-pole backe: [*Exit a Knight.*] wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's | asleepe, [*Re-enter Knight.*] how now? Where's that Mungrell? | 51

Knight. He saies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave backe to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your Highnesse is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abatement of kindnesse appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter. 63

Lear. Ha? Saist thou so?

Knight. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke your Highnesse wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Conception, I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne jealous curiositie, then as a very pretence and purpose of unkindnesse; I will looke further intoo't: but wher's my Foole? I have not scene him this two daies. 73

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into *France* Sir, the Foole hath much pin'd away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Goe you | call hither my Foole; [*Exit*

OF KING LEAR

[I. iv. 85-114

an Attendant.] Oh you Sir, you, come you hither |
Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward [Oswald]. 80

Ste. [*Osw.*] My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knave, you whor-
son dog, you slave, you curre.

Ste. I am none of these my Lord,
I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you Rascall?
[*Striking him.*]

Ste. Ile not be strucken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball plaier.
[*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.

Thou serv'st me, and Ile love thee. 90

Kent. Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differenes:
away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length a-
gaine, tarry, but away, goe too, have you wisdom, so.
[*Pushes Oswald out.*]

Lear. Now my friendly knave I thanke thee, there's
earnest of thy service. [*Giving Kent money.*]

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knave, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy? 100

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of favour,
nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch
colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow

84-5. 1 l.-1 Q. 87 *strucken*. struck-1 Q. 89-90 prose-1 Q.
100. *Lear.* Why my Boy? *Kent.* Why, fool?-2 Q.

ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a blessing against hfs will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. If I gave them all my living, I'd keepe my Coxcombes my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters. 111

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by'th'fire and stinke.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech!

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nuncle;

Have more then thou showest, 120
Speake lesse then thou knowest,
Lend lesse then thou owest,
Ride more then thou goest,
Learne more then thou trowest,
Set lesse then thou throwest;
Leave thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou shalt have more,
Then two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing Foole. 130

Foole. 'Then 'tis like the breath of an unfeed Lawyer,
you gave me nothing for't, can you make no use of nothing Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

OF KING LEAR

[I. iv. 147-181

Foole. [*To Kent*] Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land | comes to, he will not beleewe a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one. 140

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

[*Foole.* That Lord that counsaill'd thee to give away thy land,

Come place him heere by mee, doe thou for him stand,
The sweet and bitter foole will presently appeare,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Do' + thou call mee foole boy?

Foole. All thy other Titles thou hast given away, that thou wast borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether foole my Lord.

Foole. No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had | a monopolie out, the would have part an't, and Ladies too, they | will not let my have all the foole to my selfe, they'l be snatching; |]

Foole. Nunckle, give me an egge, and Ile give thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I have cut the egge i'th'middle and eate up the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou clovest thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou hoar'st thine Asse on thy backe o're the durt, thou had'st little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gav'st thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first findes it so. [*Singing.*]
Foolles had nere lesse grace in a yeere, 152

140. *sweet one*: sweet fool-1Q. 141-2 bracketed ll.-Qq.

142. *Nunckle, give me an egge*. Give me an egg, nuncle-Qq.

147. *Crownes*: Crown-Qq.

148. *hoar'st thine Asse*: boreast thy ass-Qq. 152. *grace*: wit-Qq.

For wisemen are growne foppish,
And know not hōw their wits to weare,
Their manners are so' apish.

Le. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?

Foole. I have used it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st
thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gav'st them
the rod, and put'st downe thine owne breeches, [*Sing-*
ing.] then they |

For sodaine joy did weepe, 160
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.

Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach
thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, wee'l have you whipt.

Foole. I marvell what kin thou and thy daughters are,
they'l have me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt have me
whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding
my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing then a foole,
and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy
wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th'middle; heere
comes one o'the parings. 173

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet
on? You are too much of late i'th'frowne.

Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no
need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O with-
out a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole,
thou art nothing. [*To Gon.*] Yes forsooth I will hold

158. *Mothers:* mother—Qq.

159-60. *then .. weepe:* 1 l. in song—THEOBALD.

161. *Foole:* fools—Qq.

176. *You:* Methinks you—Qq.

OF KING LEAR

[I. iv. 214-243]

my tongue, so | your face bids me, though you say
nothing. 181

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor crust, not crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. [*Pointing to Lear.*]
That's a sheal'd Pescod. |

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But bther of your insolent retinug
Do hourelly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well knowne unto you,
To have found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull
By what your selfe too late have spoke and done, 190
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessitie
Will call discreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow
fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it
young, so out went the Candle, and we were left dark-
ling. 201

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wise-
dome |
(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

182-3. *be .. some: 2 rhymed ll* -CAMBRIDGE.

183. *That's .. Pescod: new l.* -CAMBRIDGE

198-201. 4 ll. ending nungle, long, young, darkling-POPE.

199. *it's bad: it had-QQ.*

205. *which .. transport: that .. transform-QQ.*

Foole. May not an Ass^e know, when the C^yt drawes the Horse?

Whoop Jugge I love^t thee.

Lear. Do's any heere know me? 210

This is not *Lear*:

Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?

Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings

Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foole. *Lear*s shadow.

[*Lear.* I would learne that, for by the markes of soveraintie, knowledge, and reason, I should bee false perswaded I had daughters.

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.]

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th' favour
Of other your new pranks. I do heseech you
To understand my purposes aright: 220

As you are Old, and Reverend, should be Wise.

Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,

That this our Court infected with their manners,

Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust

Makes it more like a Taverne, or a Brothell,

Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake

For instant remedy. Be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begges,

A little to disquantity your Train, 230

And the remainders that shall still depend,

To be such men as may besort your Age,

Which know themselves, and you.

208-9 prose-QQ.

210-11. 11-Rowe.

210, 12. *Do's*: Doth-QQ

216-17 bracketed 11-QQ

221. *should be*: you should be-2Q. 226. *Makes*: Make-Rowe

231. *remainders*. remainder-QQ.

233. *Which*: And-2Q.

OF KING LEAR

[I. iv. 273-298]

Lear. Darkness, and Devils.
Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.
Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,
make Servants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

240

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:
[*To Alb.*] [O sir, are you come?]
Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.
 Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. [*To Gon.*] Detested Kite, thou lvest.
My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,
That all particulars of dutie know,
And in the most exact regard, support 250
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,

[*Striking his head.*]

And thy deere Judgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord. 260
Heare Nature, heare deere Goddess, heare:
Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend

139. new l. at Make-2Rowx.

240-1. bracketed ll.-Qq.

153. *Which:* That-Qq.

To make this Creature fruitfull:
 Into her Wombe convey stirrility,
 Drie up in her the Organs of increase,
 And from her derogate body, never spring
 A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,
 Create her childe of Spleene, that it may live
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her.
 Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth, 270
 With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
 Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
 To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,
 How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,
 To have a thanklesse Childe. Away, away. *Exit*

Alb. Now Gods that we adore,
 Whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your selfe to know more of it:
 But let his disposition have that scope
 As dotage gives it. 280

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?
 Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee: [*To Gon.*]
 Life and death, I am asham'd
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
 That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce
 Should make thee worth them.
 Blastes and Foggies upon thee: 290
 Th'untented¹ woundings of a Fathers curse ¹*incurable*
 Pierce everie sense about thſe. Old fond eyes,
 Beweepe this cause againe, Ile plucke ye out,

276-7. 1 l.-Qq.

278. *more of it: the cause-Qq.*

280. *Al: That-Qq.* 285-6. 1 l.-Rowe. 289-90, 1 l.-Rowe.

ON KING LEAR

[I. iv. 325-350]

And cast you with the waters that you loose
To temper Clay. [yea, i'st come to this?] * Ha? Let it
be so. |

I have another daughter,
Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:
When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes
Shee'l flea^e thy Wolvish visage. Thow shalt finde,
That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke 300
I have cast off forever. [thoushalt, I warrant thee.] *Exit*

Gon. Do you marke that?

Alb. I cannot be so partiall *Gonerill*,
To the great love I beare you.

Gog. Pray you content. What *Oswald*, hoa?

[*To the Foole.*]

You Sir, more Knave then Foole, after your Master.

Foole. Nunkle *Lear*, Nunkle *Lear*,
Tarry, take the Foole with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a Daughter, 310
Should sure to the Slaughter,
If my Cap would buy a Halter,
So the Foole followes after. *Exit*

Gon. This man hath had good Counsell,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on everie dreame,
Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
And hold our lives in mercy. *Oswald*, I say. 320

295. *Ha?* out-QQ.

295-6. *Let .. daughter: 1 l.*-Pope.

295-6. bracketed ll.-QQ.

296. *I have another daughter: Yet have I left a daughter*-QQ.

299. *flea: flay (fley)*-2Q.

301-2. bracketed ll.-QQ.

307-8. *Prose*-QQ. 308. *take: and take*-QQ 314-15. 1 l.-Rowe.

Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.

Gon. Safer then trust too farre;

Let me still take away the harmes I feare,
Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath utter'd I have writ my Sister:
If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I have shew'd th'unfitnesse.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oswald*?

What have you writ that Letter to my Sister? 330

Stew. I Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentlenesse, and course of yours
Though I condemne not, yet under pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse. 340

Alb. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

Gon. Nay then ———

Alb. Well, well, the'vent.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

[*Court before the same.*]

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters;
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,

331. *I:* Yes-QQ.

339. *at task:* attask'd (attaskt)-1Q.

344. *the'vent:* the event-QQ.

OF KING LEAR

[I. v. 5-39]

if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I have delivered your Letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were in's fleeces, wert not in danger of kybes?¹ *1 chilblains 11*

Lear. I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt see thy other Daughter will use thee kindly, for though she's ^{no} like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'st tell Boy? *19*

Foole. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canst tell why ones nose stands i'th'middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can'st tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a house. *30*

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his hornes without a case.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be my Horsses ready?

Foole. Thy Asses are gone a' out 'em; the reason why the seven Starres are no mo then seven, is a pretty reason.

13. ^{no}: ne'er (nere)—Qq.

19. *What can'st tell*: Why, what canst thou tell—Qq.

37. *mo*: more—Qq.

Lear. Because they are not eight. 38

Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, Il'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou shouldst not have bin old, till thou hadst bin wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heaven: keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. [*Enter Gentleman.*] How now are | the Horses ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy. 50

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure, Shall not be a Maid long, unlesse things be cut shorter.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[*The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Bastard, and Curan, severally.

Bast. Save thee *Curan.*

Cur. And your Sir, I have bin With your Father, and given him notice That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Duchesse Will be here with him this night.

Bast. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you have heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but eare-kissing arguments. 11

Bast. Not I: pray you what are they?

OF KING LEAR

[II. i. 11-36]

Cur. Have you heard of no likely Warres toward,
wixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?

Bast. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir. *Exit.*

Bast. The Duke be here to night? The better best,
This weaves it selfe perforce into my businesse,
My Father hath set guard to take my Brother, 20
And I have one thing of a queazie question
Which I must act, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, descend; Brother I say,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night,
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*?
Hee's comming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,
And *Regan* with him, have you nothing said 30
Upon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?
Advise your selfe.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Bast. I heare my Father comming, pardon me:
In cunning, I must draw my Sword upon you:
Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.

Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoa, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell.

Exit Edgar. 40

Some blood drawne on me, would heget opinion

[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seene drunkards

Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

Bast. Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, conjuring the Moore
To stand auspicious Mistris.

Glo. But where is he? 50

Bast. Looke Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

Bast. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.

Glo. Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?

Bast. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship,
But that I told him the revenging Gods,
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood 60
To his unnaturall purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, latch'd mine arme;
And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted¹ by the noyse I made,
Full sodainely he fled. ¹frightened

Glost. Let him fly farre:

Not in this Land shall he remaine uncaught
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master, 70
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,

57. *the thunder*: their thunders-QQ.

63. *latch'd*: lanced (lancht-1Q. launcht-2Q.)-THEOBALD.

64. *And*: But-QQ.

That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceales him death.

Bast. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight¹ to doe it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him; he replied, ^{1 bent}
Thou, unpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposall 80
Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character²) I'd turne it all ^{2 bandwriting}
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits
To make thee seeke it. *Tucket within.*

Glo. O strange and fastned Villaine, 90
Would he deny his Letter, said he?
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;
All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape,
The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May have due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
To make thee capable.³ ^{3 able to inherit}

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants. 99

Corn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strangenesse.

82. *should I*: I should—Qq.

88. *sprits*: spurs—Qq.

90. *O strange*: Strong—Qq.

91. *Letter, said he?* letter? I never got him—Qq.

92. *what he*: why he—Qq. 101. *strangenesse*: strange news—Qq.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th'offender; how dost my Lord

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, ~~it's~~ crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended upon my Father?

Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Bast. Yes Madam, he was of that consort. 111

Reg. No marvaile then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they have put him on the old mans death,
To have th'expende and wast of his Revenues:
I have this present evening from my Sister
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourne at my house,
He not be there.

Cor. Nor I, assure thee *Regan*;

Edmund, I heare that you have shewne yout Father
A Child-like Office. 121

Bast. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practuse, and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he pursued?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you please: for you *Edmund*,
Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant 130
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deepe trust. we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

104. it's 18-QQ

109. tended: tend (tends)-QQ.

120. yout your-QQ.

Bast. I shall serve you Sir truly, how ever else.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

Co. You know not why we came to visit you?

Reg. Thus out of season, thredding darke ey'd night,
Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advise.

Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister, 140

Of differences, which I best though it fit

To answe're from our home: the severall Messengers

From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,

Lay comforts to your hosome, and bestow

Your needfull counsaile to our businesses,

Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome. *Exeunt. Flourish.*

Scena Secunda.

[*Before Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Kent, and Steward severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'th'myre.

Stew. Prythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Ste. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make
thee care for me. 11

Ste. Why do'st thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

134-5. new l. at Truly-Pope

138. prize: poise-1Q.

141. best though it: least thought it (lest)-1Q

145. businesses: business-QQ.

2. and: and-QQ. 2-4F

Ste. What do'st thou know me for?

Kent. A Knave, a Rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-suited-hundred pound, filthy woosted-stocking knave, a Lilly-livered, action-taking, whoreson glasse-gazing super-serviceable finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting slaye, one that would'st be a Baud in way of good service, and art no^d thing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou deny'st the least sillable of thy addition. 24

Stew. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript up thy heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a sop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly Barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*] 33

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, against the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or Ile so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come your waies.

Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe. 40

Kent. Strike you slave: stand rogue, stand you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.

18. *action-taking*: action-taking knave a-QQ.

23. *clamours*. clamorous-QQ 3-4F

29. *dayes since*: days ago since-QQ.

32. *you, you*: you draw you-QQ.

OF KING LEAR

[II. ii. 44-79]

Enter Bastard, [Edmund] Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants. ¶

Bast. [Edm.] How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you Goodman Boy, if you please, come, Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace upon your lives, he dies that strikes againe, what is the matter? 50

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Marvell, you have so bestir'd your valour, you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor made thee.

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had bin but two yeares oth' trade. 60

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I have spar'd at sute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou unnecessary letter: my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unboulded¹ villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a Jakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace sirrah, ¹*coarse-grained*
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priviledge. 70

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That such a slave as this should weare a Sword, Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,

46. if you: an you-QQ. 49-50. new l. at He-CAPELL.

58. A Taylor: Ay (I) a tailor-QQ. 59. they bad: he had-QQ.

60. yeares oib': hours at the-QQ.

Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,
 Which are t'intrince,¹ t'unloose: smooth every passion,
 That in the natures of their Lords rebell, ¹*intricate*
 Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,
 Revenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
 With every gall, and varry of their Masters,
 Knowing naught (like dogges) but following: 86
 A plague upon your Epilepticke visage,
 Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?
 Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum* Plaine,
 I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Glost. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
 Then I, and such a knave.

Corn. Why do'st thou call him Knave?
 What is his fault? 90

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
 I have seene better faces in my time,
 'Then stands on any shoulder that I see
 Before me, at this instant.

Corn. This is some Fellow,
 Who having beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect
 A saucy roughnes, and constraines the garb
 Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he, 100
 An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,
 And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.

75. *t'intrince*: too intrinse—MALONE c.77 *to the*: to their—Qq

78. *Revenge*. Renege (Reneag)—Qq 79 *gall*. gale—Qq

82. *Smoile*: Smile—4F 89-90 1 l.—Qq.

90. *What is his fault*. What's his offence—Qq.

102. *And*: An—POPE.

These kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainnesse
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 Then twenty silly-ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
 Under th'allowance of your great aspect,
 Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire
 On flicking *Phæbus* front. 110

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
 mend so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-
 guild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knave, which
 for my part I will not be, though I should win your
 displeasure to entreat me too't.

Corn. What was th'offence you gave him?

Ste. I never gave him any:
 It pleas'd the King his Master very late
 To strike at me upon his misconstruction, 120
 When he compact, and flattering his displeasure
 Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd,
 And put upon him such a deale of Man,
 That worthied him, got praises of the King,
 For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued,
 And in the fleshment¹ of this dead exploit, ¹*inflation*
 Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards
 But *Ajax* is there Foole.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks? 130
 You stubborne ancient Knave, you reverent Bragart,
 Wee'l teach you.

107. *faith*: sooth-QQ.

110. *flicking*: flickering (flickering-1Q)-Pope.

121. *compact*: conjunct-QQ.

126. *dead*: dread-QQ.

129. *there*: their-QQ. 131. *reverent*: reverend (rev'rend)-Pope.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King.
On whose employment I was sent to you, &
You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,
Stocking his Messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks; 139
As I have life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Cor. This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,
Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,
[His fault is much, and the good King his maister
Will check him for't, your pourpost low correction
Is such as basest and temnest^a wretches for pilfrings
And most common trespasses are punisht with,]

The King his Master, needs must take it ill
That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,
Should have him thus restrained. 150

Cor. Ile answere that.

Reg. My Sister may recieve it much more worse,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

[For following her affaires, put in his legges,]

Corn. Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure,

136. *respects:* respect—Qq

139-40. *Fetch Honour* 11; new 1 at There—Qq

^a *temnest:* contemnedst—CAPELL 147-8 bracketed 11—Qq

148 *The King his Master, needs mu.:* the king must—Qq

149. *be. he's*—Qq. 153-4. bracketed 1.—Qq.

155. *Duke's:* duke's (Dukes)—Qq.

OF KING LEAR

[II. ii. 160–iii. 5]

Whose disposition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I have watch'd and travail'd hard,

Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles: 160
Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of Heavens benediction com'st
To the warme Sun.

Approach thou Beacon to this under Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But miserie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*, 170
Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obscured course. And shall finde time
From this enormous State, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heavie eyes, not to behold
This shamefnll lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele. [*Sleeps.*]

[Scene iii. *A wood.*]

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most unusall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape

162-3. 1 l.-20.

176. *shamefnll*: shameful-20.

176-7. new l. at Fortune-Port.

I will preserve my selfe: and am bethought
 To take the basest; and most poorest shaye
 That ever penury in contempt of man,
 Brought neere to beast; my face Ile grime with filth, 10
 Blanket my loines, else all my haire in knots,
 And with presented nakednesse out-face
 The Windes, and persecutions of the skie;
 The Country gives me prooffe, and president
 Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
 Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,
 Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:
 And with this horrible object, from low Farmes,
 Poore peling Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles, 19
 Sometimes with Lunaticke bans,¹ sometime with Praiers
 Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
 That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

[Scene iv. *Before Gloucester's castle. Kent in the stocks.*]

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lea. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
 And not send backe my Messengers.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before, there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Haile to thee Noble Master.

Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame ahy pastime?

Kent. No my Lord. 9

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horses are

16. *mortified Armes*: mortified bare arms—QQ.

17. *Wodden*: wooden—QQ. 3. *Messengers*: messenger—QQ.

8. *Ha*: separate l.—STEVENS. *ahy*: thy—QQ, 2-4F.

OF KING LEAR

[II. iv. 8-35]

side by the heads, Dogges, and Beares by'th'necke,
Monkies by'th'loynes, and Men by'th'legs: when a man
overlustie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks.¹

Lear. What's he,
That hath so much thy place mistooke
To set thee heere?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

20

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I say yea.

[*Lear.* No no, they would not.

Kent. Yes they have.]

Lear. By *Jupiter* I sweare no.

Kent. By *Juuo*, I sweare I.

Lear. They durst not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose this usage,
Comming from us.

30

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stew'd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, painting forth
From *Gonerill* his Mistris, salutations;
Deliver'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on those contents ² *retinuc*
They summon'd up their meiney,³ straight tooke Horse,

14-15. 1 l.—Rowe.

22-3. bracketed ll.—Qq.

35. *painting*: *panting*—Qq.

Commanded me to follow, and attend 40
 The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks, .
 And meeting heere the other Messenger,
 Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,
 Being the very fellow which of late
 Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,
 Having more man then wit about me, drew;
 He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,
 Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespasse worth
 The shame which heere it suffers.

Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly
 that way, | 50
 Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
 But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.
 Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.
 But for all this thou shalt have as many Dolors for thy
 Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.

Lear. Oh how this Mother swels up toward my heart!
Historica passio, downe thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. Wirh the Earle Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay here. *Exit.* 60

Gen. Made you no more offence,
 But what you speake of?

Kent. None:
 How chance the the King comes with so small a numbers

Foole. And thou hadst beene set i'th' Stockes for that
 question, thoud'st well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why Foole?

44. *whicb*: that-QQ.

51-3. 6 rhymed ll.-Pope.

59. *Wirb*: With-QQ. 2-4F.

59-60. l. ends not, rest separate l.-Globe

64. *the the*: the-QQ. 2-4F. *number*: train-QQ.

65. *And*: An-Pope.

50. *wil'd*: wild-2-4F.

57. *Historica*: Hyaterica-4F.

61-2. 1 l.-QQ.

66. *thoud'st*: thou hadst-QQ.

OF KING LEAR

[II. iv. 68-95]

Foole. Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking; let go thy hold, when a groutwheeles runs downe a hill, least it breake thy necke with following. But the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after: when a wiseman gives thee better counsell give me mine againe, I would haue none but knaves follow it, since a Foole gives it.

That Sir, which serves and seekes for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine, 80
And leave thee in the storme,
But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,
And let the wiseman flie:
The knave turnes Foole that runnes away,
The Foole no knave perdie.¹ *¹ par Dieu*

Enter Lear, and Gloster:

Ken. Where learn'd you this Foole?

Foole. Not i'th' Stocks Foole.

Lear. Deny to speake with me?

They are sicke, they are weary, 90
They have travail'd all the night? meere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his owne course.

73. *following*: following it—Qq. 74. *upward*: up the hill—Qq.

76. *haue*: have—Qq. 90-1. 1 l.—Qq.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:

Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloster, Gloster,* 99
I'd speake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them? Do'st thou understand me man.

Glo. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with *Cornwall*,

The deere Father

Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, service, |

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood:

Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that ———

No, but not yet, may be he is not well,

Infirmity doth still neglect all office, 110

Whereto our health is bound, we are not our selves,

When Nature being opprest, commands the mind

To suffer with the body; Ile forbear,

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,

For the sound man. Death on my state: wherefore

Should he sit heere? This act perswades me,

[*Looking on Kent.*]

That this remotion¹ of the Duke and her ¹removal

Is practise² only. Give me my Servant forth; ²a trick

Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd speake with them:

Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me, 121

Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,

Till it crie sleepe to death. ³cook

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. *Exit.*

Lear. Oh me my heart! My rising heart! But downe.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney³ did to the
Eeles, when she put 'em i'th' Paste alive, she knapt 'em

103. I: Ay-Rowe.

104-5. 1 l.-Qq.

106. tends: her-Qq.

OF KING LEAR

[II. iv. 124-150]

o'th' coxcombs with a stick, and cryed downe wantons,
downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his
Horse buttered his Hay. 130

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke your are. I know what reason
I have to thinke so, if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultresse. [*To Kent*] O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*,
Thy Sisters naught: oh *Regan*, she hath tied 140
Sharpe-tooth'd unkindnesse, like a vulture heere,

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleieve
With how deprav'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.

Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I have hope
You lesse know how to value her desert,
Then she to scant her dutie.

Lear. Say? How is that?

Reg. I cannot thinke my Sister in the least
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She have restrained the Riots of your Followres, 150
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As cleeres her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you should be rul'd, and led

135. *your: you*—Qq. 2-4F.

137. *Mother: mother's*—Qq.

150. *Followres: followers*—Qq. 2-4F.

By some discretion, that discernes your state
 Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,
 That to our Sister, you do make returne,
 Say you have wrong'd her. 160

Lear. Aske her forgiveness? [*Kneeling.*]

Do you but marke how this becomes the house?
 Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;
 Age is unnecessary: on my knees I begge,
 That you'l vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are unsightly trickes:
 Returne you to my Sister.

Lear. [*Rising.*] Never *Regan*:
 She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
 Look'd blacke upon me, strooke me with her Tongue
 Most Serpent-like, upon the very Heart. 171
 All the stor'd Vengeances of Heaven, fall
 On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones
 You taking Ayres, with Lamenesse.

Corn. Fye sir, fie.

Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
 Into her scornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
 You Fen-suck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,
 To fall, and blister.

Reg. O the blest Gods! 180
 So will you wish on me, when the rash moode is on.

Lear. No *Regan*, thou shalt never have my curse:
 Thy tender-hefted¹ Nature shall not give¹ delicate
 Thee o're to harshnesse: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
 Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine,
 To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,²
 And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt² allowances

160. *ber*: her, sir—Qq

179. *blister*: blast her pride—Qq.

180-1. l. ends me—Qq.

Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
 The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood, 190
 Effects of Curtesie, dues of Gratitude:
 Thy halfe o' th' Kingdome hast thou not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to'th' purpose. *Tucket within.*

Legr. Who pat my man i'th' Stockes?

Enter Steward [Oswald].

Corn. What Trumpet's that? ^{1 confirms}

Reg. I know't, my Sisters: this approves¹ her Letter,
 That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a Slave, whose easie borrowed pride
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he followes. 201
 Out Varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who stockt my Servant? *Regan*, I have good
 hope |

Thou did'st not know on't.

Who comes here? O Heavens!

If you do love old men; if your sweet sway

Allow Obedience; if you your selves are old,

Make it your cause: Send downe, and take my part.

Art not asham'd to looke upon this Beard? 211

O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by'th' hand Sir? How have I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion findes,

And dotage termes so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!

201. *fickle*: fickle—Qq

206-7. 11.—Qq.

209. *if you your selves*: if yourselves—Qq.

212. *will you*: wilt thou—Qq.

Will you yet hold?

How came my man i'th' Stockes?

Corn. I set him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders
Deserv'd much lesse advancement. 220

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father being weake, seeme so.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and sojourn with my Sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.

Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity oth'ayre, 220
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied *France*, that dowerlesse tooke
Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slave and sumpter¹
To this detested groomc. ¹ pack-horse

Gon. At your choice Sir.

Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell: 241
Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague sore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will; I do not call it,

217-18. 11.-Qq.

245. *Byle*: boil-MALONE.

I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*, 250
 Mend when thou can'st, be better, at thy leisure,
 I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
 I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so,
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome, give care Sif to my Sister,
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to thinke you old, and so,
 But she knowes what she doe's.

Lear. Is this well spoken? 260

Reg. I dare avouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?
 Is it not well? What should you need of more?
 Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
 Speake 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
 Should many people, under two commands
 Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receive attendance
 From those that she calls Servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?
 If then they chanc'd to slacke ye, 270
 We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,
 (For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
 To bring but five and twentie, to no more
 Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all.

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositories,
 But kept a reservation to be followed
 With such a number? What, must I come to you
 With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so? 280

Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lea. Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel favor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee, [*To Gon.*]
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her Love.

Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you five and twenty? Ten? Or five?
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you? 290

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason not the need: our basest Beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;
If onely to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warme, but for true need:
You Heavens, give me that patience, patience I need,
You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man, 300
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts,
Against their Father, foole me not so much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheekes. No you unnaturall Hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall ——— I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe, 310
No, Ile not weepe, I have full cause of weeping,

Storme and Tempest.

295. *life is:* life's as (*life as*)—Q2

311 *No .. weepe:* 11.—JENNENS 311-13. *I .. beart:* 11.—JENNENS.

But this heart shal break into a hundred thousand flawes
Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad. *Exeunt.*

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.

Reg. This house is little, the old man an'ds people,
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, Ile receive him gladly, 320
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of Gloster?

Enter Gloster.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whether is he going?

Glo. He cals to Horse, but will I know not whether.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himselfe.

Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.

Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about 332
There's scarce a Bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut up your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him too, being apt,
To have his eare abus'd, wisdom bids feare. 339

Cor. Shut up your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
My *Regan* counsels well: come out oth'storme. *Exeunt.*

316. *an'ds*: and his-QQ.

318. *blame bath*: blame; hath-BOSWELL.

331. *bigb*: bleak-QQ.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.[*A beat.*]*Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.**Kent.* Who's there besides foule weather?*Gen.* One minded like the weather, most unquietly.*Kent.* I know you: Where's the King?

Gen. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
 Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
 Or swell the curled Waters 'bove the Mainie,
 That things might change, or cease. [*teares his white*
haire,

Which the impetuous blasts with eyles rage
 Catch in their furie, and make nothing of,
 Strives in his little world of man to outcorne,
 The too and fro conflicting wind and raine,
 This night wherin the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
 The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
 Keepe their furre dry, unbonneted he runnes,
 And bids what will take all.]

Kent. But who is with him? 10

Gen. None but the Foole, who labours to out-jest
 His heart-strooke injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
 And dare upon the warrant of my note
 Commend a deere thing to you. There is division
 (Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
 With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
 Who have, as who have not, that their great Starres
 Thron'd and set high; Servants, who seeme no lesse,
 Which are to France the Spies and Speculations 20
 Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,

6. *Elements*: element-Qq. 9-10. bracketed ll.-Qq. 16. iii. be-Qq.

Either in snuffes,¹ and packings² of the Dukes, ¹ *offence*
 Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
 Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,
 Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.

[But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
 Into this scattered kingdome, who alreadie wise in our
 negligence, ² *underbandedness*

Have secret feet in some of our best Ports,
 And are at point to shew their open banner,
 Now to you, if in my credit you dare build so farre,
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thanke you, making just report
 Of how unnaturall and bemadding sorrow
 The King hath cause to plaine,
 I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
 And from some knowledge and assurance,
 Offer this office to you.]

Gent. I will talke further with you.

Kent. No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more
 Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take
 What it containes. If you shall see *Cordelia*, 30
 (As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
 And she will tell you who that Fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,
 I will go seeke the King.

Gent. Give me your hand,
 Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
 That when we have found the King, in which your pain
 That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,
 Holla the other. *Exeunt.* 40

23. *batb*: have-2-4F. 25-6. bracketed ll.—Qq. (new ll. at Wise,
 in some, To shew, If—POPE. new l. at This office—STEEVENS.)

32. *that*: your—Qq.

35-6. 1 l.—Qq.

Scena Secunda.[*Another part of the heath.*],*Storme still.**Enter Lear, and Foole.*

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
 You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
 Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cocks.
 You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
 Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
 Sindge my white head. And-thou all-shaking Thunder,
 Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th' world,
 Cracke Natures moulds, all germanes spill at once 10
 That makes ingratefull Man.

Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water¹ in a dry house, is
 better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle,
 in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties
 neither Wisemen, nor Fooles. ¹*flattery*

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:
 Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire ~~are~~ my Daughters;
 I taxe not you, you Elements with unkindnesse.
 I never gave you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall 20
 Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slave,
 A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:
 But yet I call you Servile Ministers,
 That will with two pernicious Daughters joyne
 Your high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainst a head
 So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.

5. *drown:* drown'd-QQ.9. *Strike:* Smile-QQ.10. *germanes:* germens (germins-NEOBALD)-CAPELL.11. *makes:* make-QQ.14. *in, aske:* in and ask-QQ.15. *Wisemen, .. Fooles:* wiseman .. fool-QQ.24. *will .. joyne:* have .. join'd-QQ.26. *O, ho:* O! O-CAPELL.

Foole. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good Head-peece:

The Godpiece that will house, before the head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggars marry many.
The man that makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make, |

31 Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turpe his sleepe to wake.

For there was never yet faire woman, but shee made mouthes in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wiseman, and a Foole. 40

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that love night,
Love not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow¹ the very wanderers of the darke¹ *scare*
And make them keepe their Caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I never
Remember to have heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes
That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads, 50
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged Crimes
Unwhipt of Justice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Perjur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Incestuous. C-ytiffe, to peeces shake

29-32. 8 rhymed ll.—JOHNSON.

50. *pudder*: *pother* (*powther*—1Q)—JOHNSON.

54. *Simular of*: *simular man of*—QQ.

That under covert, and convenient seeming
 Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
 These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am á man,
 More sinn'd against, then sinning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?

Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Hovell,
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest:
 Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
 (More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
 Their scantied curtesie.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.

Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold? 70
 I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?
 The Art of our Necessities is strange,
 And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Hovel;
 Poore Foole, and Knave, I have one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Foole. [*Singing*] He that has and a little-tyne wit,
 With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
 Must make content with his Fortunes fit,
 Though the Raine it raineth every day. 79

Le. True Boy: Come bring us to this Hovell. *Exit.*

Foole. This is a brave night to coole a Curtizan:
 Ile speake a Prophetie ere I go:
 When Priests are more in word, then matter;
 When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
 When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
 No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;
 When every Case in Law, is right;

57. *Ha's:* Hast-QQ.

73. *And:* That-QQ.

80. *True Boy.* True, my good boy-QQ. 81-2. prose-MALONE.

No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
 When Slanders do not live in Tongues;
 Nor Out-purses come not to throngs; 90
 When Usurers tell their Gold i'th' Field,
 And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
 Then shal the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confusion:
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shalbe us'd with feet.
 This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I live before his
 time. | *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.[*Gloucester's castle.*]*Enter Gloster, and Edmund.*

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this unnaturall dealing; when I desired their leave that I might pity him, they tooke from me the use of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

Bast. Most savage and unnaturall. 8

Glo. Go too; say you nothing. There is division betweene the Dukes, and a worss matter then that: I have received a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I have lock'd the Letter in my Closset, these injuries the King now beares, will be revenged home; ther is part of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I will looke him, and privily relieve him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as nolesse is threatned me) the King

93. new l. at Come—Pore.

6. of perpetuall: of their—QQ.

7. or: nor—QQ.

9 There is: There's a—QQ.

9-10. betwene: betwixt—QQ.

15. looks: seek—QQ.

18. if I: Though I—QQ.

my old Master must be relieved. There is strange things
toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.* 20

Bast. This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that Letter too;.
This seemes a faire deserving, and must draw me
That which my Father looses: no lease then all,
The yonger rises, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

[*The beatb. Before a bovel.*]

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord effer,
The turrany of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. *Storme still*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter. 10

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious
storme |

Invades us to the skinso: 'tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare,
But if they flight lay toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th'mouth, when the mind's
free, |

19. *strange things*: some strange thing-QQ.

24. *looses*: loses-2Q.4F.

9-10. 1 l.-QQ.

12. *skinso*: skin: so (skin, so-QQ.)-2Rowe.

14. *Thou'dst*: Thou'ldst (thou wou'dst-2Q.)-CAPELL.

15. *they*: thy-QQ. *roaring*: raging-1Q.

16. *Thou'dst*: Thou'ldst-CAPELL.

OF KING LEAR

[III. iv. 12-40]

The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind,
 Doth from my sences take all feeling else,
 Save what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,
 Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand 20
 For lifting food too't? But I will punish home;
 No, I will weep no more; in such a night,
 To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:
 In such a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill*,
 Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gave all,
 O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:
 No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder 30
 On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,
 In Boy, go first. You houselesse povertie, *Exit.*
 Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.
 Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
 That bide the pelting of this pittillesse storme,
 How shall your House-lesse heads, and unfed sides,
 Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you
 From seasons such as these? O I have tane
 Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe,
 Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele, 40
 That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the Heavens more just.

Enter Edgar [disguised as madman], and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore
Tom. }

Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe
 me, helpe me.

37. *lop'd*: loop'd (loopt-QQ.)—*Porz.*

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A spirite, a spirite, he sayes his name's poore Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumblt there i'th' straw? Come forth. 51

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the sharpe Hawthorne blqw the windes. Humh, goe to thy bed and warme thee.

Lear. Did'st thou give all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edgar. Who gives any thing to poore Tom? Whom the foule fiend hath led though Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Haffers in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porridge, made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, over foure incht Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor. Blisse thy five Wits, *Toms* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do de, blisse thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blasting, and talking,¹ do poore *Toms* some charitie, whom the foule Fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there ag ai ne, and there. *Storme still.* ¹*infection*

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe? Could'st thou save nothing? Would'st thou give 'em all?

Foole. Nay, he reserv'd a Blanket, else we had bin all sham'd. 72

52. 1. ends mel-JOHNSON.

53. *blow the windes:* blows the cold wind-QQ.

54. *bed.* cold bed-QQ.

55. *Did'st . give . thy Daughters.* Hast .. given .. thy two daughters-QQ 58 *though* through-QQ. 2-4F.

59 *Sword .. Whirle-Poole.* ford (foord) .. whirlpool-QQ.

64-5. *Blisse .. blisse Bless*-QQ. 6

69. *Ha's:* What have his-THROBALD.

70. *Would'st .. 'em.* Didst .. them-QQ.

Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated o're mens faults,*light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lea. Death Traitor, nothing could have subdu'd
Nature |

To such a lownesse, but his unkind¹ Daughters.

Is it the fashion,*that discarded Fathers, ¹*unnatural*
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh:

Judicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot 80
Those Pelicane Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.

Foole. This cold night will turne us all to Fooles, and
Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'th'foule Fiend, obey thy Pa-
rents, keepe thy words Justice, sweare not, commit not,
with mans sworne Spouse; set not thy Sweet-heart on
proud array. *Tom's* a cold.

Lear. What hast thou bin? 89

Edg. A Servingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that
curl'd my haire, wore Gloves in my cap; serv'd the Lust
of my Mistris heart, and did the acte of darkenesse with
her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke
them in the sweet face of Heaven. One, that slept in the
contriving of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lov'd I
decrely, Dice decrely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd
the Turke. False of heart, light of care, bloody of hand;
Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog
in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes,
Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to wo-
man. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of
Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the

82. *alow*: Halloo, new l. at Halloo-2 THEOBALD.

86. *words*: word-POPE. *Justice*. justly-QQ.

95-6. *I decrely*: I deeply-QQ.

foule Fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Sesey*: let him trot by. *Storme still.* 105

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grave, then to answere with thy uncover'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silke; the Beast, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wooll; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; unaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, unbutton heere. [*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch. 115

Foole. Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at first Cocke: Hee gives the Web and the Pin,¹ squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth. ¹*cataract* 124

Swsthold footed thrice the old,

He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,

And aroynt² thee Witch, aroynt thee. ²*begone*

Kent. How fares your Grace?

103-5 new ll at Still, Sayes, Dolphin-GLOBE.

104 *mun, nonny.* mun, ha, no, nonny (hay no-QQ)-STEEVENS.

104-5. *Boy, Boy Sesey* boy, my boy-QQ. SESSA-MALONE.

106. *Thou . a. Why, thou .. thy*-QQ.

120. *foule*: foul fiend-QQ.

121. *at first*: till the first-QQ

127. 2 rhymed ll.-CAPELL.

Lear. What's he? 130

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seeke?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Nout, and the water: that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; swallowes the old Kat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinks the green Mantle of the standing Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stockt, punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, sixe shirts to his body: 140

Horse to ride, and weapon to weare:

But Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare,

Have bin Toms food, for seven long yeare:
Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace nō better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. *Mode* he's call'd, and *Mabu*.

Glou. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. 150

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
T'obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their Injunction be to barre my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seeke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher,
What is the cause of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into th'house. 160

139. *stockt, punish'd*: stock, punished (stock-punish't)—QQ.

140-1. same l.—QQ.

148. *my Lord*: shifted after vile—QQ.

159-60. 1 l.—QQ.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this same lerned Theban:
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in private?

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His wits begin t'unsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him? *Storm still*
His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man:
Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend
I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne, 171
Now out-law'd from my blood: he sought my life
But lately: very late; I lov'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beseech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th' Hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all. 181

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him:
Let him take the Fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words, hush. 190

Edg. Childe Rowland to the darke Tower came,
His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,
I smell the blood of a British man. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.[*Gloucester's castle.*]*Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.**Corn.* I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.*Bast.* [*Edm.*] How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature | thus gives way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to | thinke of.*Cornw.* I now perceive, it was not altogether your Brothers evill disposition made him seeke his death: but a provoking merit set a-worke by a reprobable badnesse in himselfe. 10*Bast.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? This is the Letter which hee spoake of; which approves him an intelligent partie to the advantages of France. O Heavens! that this Treason were not; or not I the detector.*Corn.* Go with me to the Dutchesse.*Bast.* If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty businesse in hand.*Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earle of Gloucester: seeke out where thy Father is, that hee may be ready for our apprehension. 21*Bast.* [*Aside*] If I finde him comforting the King, it will stuffe | his suspition more fully. I will persever in my course of | Loyalty, though the conflict be sore betweene that, and | my blood.*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee: and thou shalt finde a deere Father in my love. *Exeunt.*

12. Letter which bee: letter 11e-Qq

19-20. bracketed ll.-Qq.

27. deere: dearer-Qq.

Scena Sexta.

[*A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.*]

Enter Kent, and Gloucester."

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit*

Kent. All the powre of his wits, have given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindnesse.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. *Fraterretto* calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend. 11

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hizzing in upon 'em.

[*Edg.* The foule fiend bites my backe,

Foole. He's mad, that trusts in the tamenes of a Wolfe, a hor- | ses health, a boyes love, or a whores oath.

Lear. It shalbe done, I wil arraigne them straight, Come sit thou here most learned Justice^a

Thou sapient sir sit here, no^b you shee Foxes —

Edg. Looke where he stands and glars, wanst thou eyes, at | tral^c madam come^d ore the broome^e *Bessy* to mee.

^a *Justice*: justicer—THEOBALD ^b *no*: now—2Q. ^c *tral*: trial—2Q.

^d *come .. thee*: 4 ll verse ending me, leak, speak, thee—GLOBE.

^e *broome*: bourn—CAPELL.

Foole. Her boat hath a leake, and she must not speake,
Why she dares not come, over to thee.

Edg. The foule fiend haunts poore *Tom* in the voyce
of a nightingale,
Hoppedance cries in *Tom's* belly, for two white herring,
Croke not blacke Angell, I have no foode for thee.

Kent. How doe you sir? stand you not so amazd,
will you | lie downe and rest upon the cushings?

Lear. Ile see their triall first, bring in their evidence,
thou | robbed man of Justice take thy place, & thou his
yokefellow of | equity, bench by his side, you are ot'h
commisson, sit you too. |

Ed. Let us deale justly sleepest^a or wakest thou jolly
shepherd, | Thy sheepe bee in the corne, and for one
blast of thy minikin | mouth, thy sheepe shall take no
harme, Pur the cat is gray. |

Lear. Arraigne her first tis *Gonoril*, I here take my
oath before | this honorable assembly kickt the poore
king her father. |

Foole. Come hither mistresse is your name *Gonorill*.

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Foole. Cry you mercy I tooke you for a joyne^b stoole.

Lear. And heres another whose warpt looks pro-
claime, |

What store her hart is made an,^c stop her there,
Armes, armes, sword, fire, corruption in the place,
False Justicer why hast thou let her scape.]

Edg. Blesse thy five wits. 20

Kent. O pitty: Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retaine?

Edg. [*Aside*] My teares begin to take his part so much,
They marre my counterfetting.

^a *sleepest* .. *barne*: 4 ll. vers^e ending shepherd, corn, mouth,
harra--THEOBALD. ^b *joyne*: joint-2Q. ^c *an*: on--CAPELL.

24. *They*: *They'll*-2Q.

Lear. The little dogges, and all;
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Avpunt you
Curses, be thy mouth or blacke or white.

Tooth that poysons if it bite:

Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grm, 30

Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:

Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile,

Tom will make him weepe and waile,

For with throwing thus my head;

Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: sese: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,

And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry,

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what
breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that
make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of
my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your gar-
ments. You will say they are Persian; but let them bee
chang'd. 43

*Enter Gloster.**

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Cur-
taines: so, so, wee'l go to Supper i'th'morning.

Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend:

Where is the King my Master? 50

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Glou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes;
I have ore-heard a plot of death upon him:

28. new l at Be-Rowe ; 31 *Hym*: lym-HANMER.

32. *ngbt tike*-Qq 4F *Troudle*: trundle-2Q

35 *leapt*. leap-Qq

36-7 prose-Qq.

40. *make*: makes-Qq.

42. *Persian*: Persian attire-Qq

47. *i'th'morning*. i'the morning So, so, so-Qq. 49-50. 11.-Qq.

OF KING LEAR

[III. vi. 97-122

There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover friend, where thou shalt meete
Both welcome, and protection. Take up thy Master,
If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured losse. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision 60
Give thee quicke conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppressed nature sleeps,
This rest might yet have balmed thy broken sinewes,
Which if convenience will not allow stand^a in hard cure,
Come helpe to beare thy maister, thou^a must not stay
behind.]

Come, come, away. *Exeunt* [*all but Edgar*]

[*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes:^b
we scarcely thinke, our miseries, our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most it'h mind,
Leaving free things and happy shewes behind,
But then the mind much sufferance doth or'e scip,
When grieve hath mates, and bearing fellowship:
How light and portable my paine seemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow;
He childed as I fathered. *Tom* away,
Marke the high noyses and thy selfe bewray,
When false opinion whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy just prooffe repeals and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to night, safe scape the King.
Lurke, lurke.]

55. *toward*: towards-QQ.

61-2. bracketed ll.-QQ

62. bracketed ll.-QQ.

^a new ll. at Stand and Thou-¹ NEOBALD. ^b new l. after woes-2Q

Scena Septima.
[*Gloucester's castle.*]

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard,
and Servants.*

Corn. Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seeke out the Traitor Glouster. [*Exeunt some Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes. 8

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. *Edmond*, keepe you our Sister company: the revenges wee are bound to take uppon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Advice the Duke where you are going, to a most festivate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Postes shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell deere Sister, farewell my Lord of Glouster.

Enter Steward [Osw.].

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glouster hath convey'd him hence Some five or six and thirty of his Knights
Hot Questrists after him, met him at gate, 20
Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast
To have well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horses for your Mistris.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister. *Exit*

Corn. *Edmund* farewell: go seek the Traitor Gloster, Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before us:

5. bin. him—Qq.

6. Traitor: villain—Qq.

22. towards: towards—Qq.

Though well we may not passe upon his life
 Without the forme of Justice: yet our power
 Shall do a curt'sie to our wrath, which men 30
 May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Gloucester, and Servants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde fast his corky armes.

Glou. What meanes your Graces?

Good my Friends consider you are my Ghests:

Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard,*hard: O filthy Traitor. 40

Glou. Unmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him,

Villaine, thou shalt finde.

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done
 To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glou. Naughty Ladie,

These flaires which thou dost ravish from my chin

Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host,

With Robbers hands, my hospitable favours 50

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacie have you with the Trai-
 tors, late footed in the Kingdome?

30. *curt'sie*: courtesy (ie)-Qq.

36-8. 2 five-accent ll.-Qq. *

54. *answer'd*: answerer-Qq.

36. *meanes*: mean-4F.

52-3. 1 l.-Qq.

56. new l. at Late-Rowe.

Reg. To whose hands
You have sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.

Glou. I have a Letter guessingly set downe
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart, 60
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glou. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Was't thou not charg'd at perill.

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glou. I am tyed to'th' Stake,
And I must stand the Course. 70

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruell Nailes
Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,
In his Anointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.
The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,
In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the Stelled fires:
Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heavens to raine.
If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,
Thou should'st have said, good Porter turne the Key: 80
All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see
The winged Vengeance overtake such Children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellowes hold the Chaire,
Upon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.

Glou. He that will thinke to live, till he be old,
Give me some helpe.—— O cruell! O you Gods.

57-8. 1 l., and new l. at Speake-CAPELL.

58 *You have:* Have you-2Q.

66-7. 1 l.-Qq.

68. *him answer:* him first answer-Qq.

69-70. 1 l.-Qq.

71. *Dover:* Dover, sir-HANMER. 81. *subscribe:* subscribed-Qq.

OF KING LEAR

[III. vii. 71-96]

Reg. One side will mocke another: Th'other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance.

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord:

I have serv'd you ever since I was a Childe: 90

But better service have I never done you,

Then now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dogge?

Ser. If you did weare a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?

Corn. My Villaine?

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Give me thy Sword. A pezant stand up thus?

Killes him. 99

Ser. Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischefe on him. Oh.

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it; Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy luster now?

Glou. All darke and comfortlesse?

Where's my Sonne *Edmund*?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature

To quit¹ this horrid acte. ^{1 requite}

Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,

Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the overture of thy Treasons to us: 110
Who is too good to pittie thee.

Glou. O my Follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. *Exit with Gloucester.*

How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyeclesse Villaine: throw this Slave

Upon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace, 119
 Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arme. *Exeunt*,

[*Servant*. Ile never care what wickednes I doe,
 If this man come to good.

2 *Servant*. If she live long, & in the end meet the
 old course | of death, women will all turne monsters.

1 *Ser*. Lets follow the old Earle, and get the bedlome
 To lead him where he would, his madnes*
 Allows it selfe to any thing.

2 *Ser*. Goe thou, ile fetch some flaxe and whites of
 egges | to apply to his bleeding face, now heaven helpe
 him. | *Exit.*]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[*The beath.*]

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
 Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:
 The lowest, and most dejected thing of Fortune,
 Stands still in esperance,¹ lives not in feare: ' 1 *hope*
 The lamentable change is from the best,
 The worst returnes to laughter. Welcome then,
 Thou unsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:
 The Wretch that thou hast blowne unto the worst, 10
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glouster, and an Oldman.

But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
 World, World, O world!

120. bracketed ll.—Qq. * *his madnes*: his roguish madness—2Q.
 11-14. new l. at My—CAPRELL.

OF KING LEAR

[IV. i. 11-39]

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I have bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.

Glou. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all, 20
Thee, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seene,
Our meanes secure us, and our meere defects
Prove our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:
Might I but five to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes againe.

Oldm. How now? who's there? 30

Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?
I am worse then ere I was.

Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say this is the worst.

Oldm. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'th'last nights storme, I such a fellow saw; 40
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then scarce Friends with him.

I have heard more since:

As Flies to wanton Bees, are we to th' Gods,
They kill us for their sport.

17-18. prose-QQ. 22. *You:* Alack, sir, you-QQ. 43-4. 11.-QQ.

Edg. How should this be?
 Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,
 Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

Glou. Is that the naked Fellow? 50

Oldm. I, my Lord. •

Glou. Get thee away: If for my sake
 Thou wilt ore-take us hence a mile or twaine
 I'th' way toward Dover, do it for ancient love,
 And bring some covering for this naked Soule,
 Which Ile intreate to leade me.

Old. Alacke sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the times plague,
 When Madmen leade the blinde:
 Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure: 60
 Above the rest, be gone.

Oldm. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I have
 Come on't, what will. *Exit*

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. [*Aside*] I cannot daub
 it further. |

Glou. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I must:
 Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover? 69

Edg. Both stile, and gate; Horseway, and foot-path:
 poore Tom hath bin scarr'd out of his good wits. Blesse
 thee good mans sonne, from the foule Fiend.

[^a Five fiends have beene in poore *Tom* at once,
 Of lust, as *Obsidicut*, *Hobbsididence*, Prince of dumbnes,
Mabu, of stealing, *Mado*, of murder, *Sisberdigebit*^b of

52. *Get thee away*: Then prithee get thee gone—QQ.

56 *Which*: Who—QQ. 58-9. 11—QF. 67-8 11—CAPELL.

^a prose—POPE.

^b *Sisberdigebit*, etc.: Flibbertigibbet of
 mopping and mowing—THERONALD.

OF KING LEAR

[IV. i. 65-ii. 7

Mobing & Mobing, who possesses chambermaids
And waitingwomen, so, hee maister.]

Glou. Here take this thou whom the heav'ns
plagues!

Have humbled to all str that I am wretched

Makes thee the happier: ens deale so still:

Let the superfluous, and dieted man,

That slaves your ordinat will not see

Because he do's not see: your powre quickly:

So distribution should excesse,

And each man have end: Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. I Master.

81

Glou. There is a Cliffe high and bending head
Lookes fearfully in the d Deepe:

Bring me but to the vome of it,

And Ile repayre the moun do'st beare

With something rich as: from that place,

I shall no leading need:

Edg. Give me thy

Poore Tom shall leade:

Exeunt.

Scennda.

[*Before the Dalbany's palace.*]

Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward [Osw.].

Gon. Welcome my mervell our mild husband
Not met us on the way, where's your Master?

Stew. Madam with never man so chang'd:
I told him of the Army as Landed:
He smil'd at it. I told you were comming,
His answer was, the Of Glosters Treachery,
And of the loyall Serp Sonne

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot, 10
 And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
 What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;
 What like, offensive.

Gon. [*To Edm.*] Then shall you go no further.
 It is the Cowish terror of his spirit
 That dares not undertake: Hee'l not feele wrong
 Which tye him to an answer: our wishes on the way
 May prove effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,
 Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.
 I must change names at home, and give the Distaffe 20
 Into my Husbands hands. This trustie-Servant
 Shall passe betweene us: ere long you are like to heare
 (If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
 A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,
 Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake
 Would stretch thy Spirits up into the ayre:
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

Bas. Yours, in the rankes of death. *Exit.*

Gon. My most deere Gloster.
 Oh, the difference of man, and man, 30
 To thee a Womans services are due,
 My Foole usurpes my body.

Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have beene worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,
 You are not worth the dust which the rude winde
 Blowes in your face. [I feare your disposition
 That nature, which containes it^a origin
 Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,

20. names: arms-QQ. 38-9 bracketed ll.-Oo. ^a nb: it-2Q.

OF KING LEAR

[IV. ii. 34-61

She that her selfe will sliver and disbranch
From her materiall sap, perforce must, wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnes to the vild seeme vild,
Filths savor but themselves, what have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man
Whose reverence even the head-lugd beare would lick.
Most barbarous, most degenerate have you madded,
Could my good brother suffer you to doe it?
A man; a Prince, by him so benifited,
If that the heavens doe not their visible spirits
Send quickly downe to tame this vild offences, it will
come, |
Humanity must perforce pray on it self like monsters
of the deepe.]

Gon. Milke-Liver'd man, 39
That bear'st a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eye-discerning
Thine Honor, from thy suffering. [that not know'st,
fools do those villains pittie |
Who are punish't ere they have done their mischief,
Wher's thy drum? *France* spreads his banners in our
noyseles land, |
With plumed helme thy state begins thereat;^a
Whil'st thou a morall foole, sits still and cries
Alack why does he so?]

Alb. See thy selfe divell:
Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. Oh vaine Foole.

^a state begins thereat: slayer begins threats—2Q.

[*Alb.* Thou changed, and selfe-covered thing, for shame, |

Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my fitnes
To let these hands obey my bloud,
They are apt enough to dislecate and teare
Thy flesh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry your manhood mew^a—]

Enter a Messenger.

[*Alb.* What newes?]

Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwall* dead,
Slaine by his Servant, going to put out
The other eye of *Glouster*. 50

Alb. *Glousters* eyes.

Mes. A Servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword
To his great Master, who, threat-enrag'd
Flew on him, and among'st them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since
Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are above
You Justices, that these our neather crimes
So speedily can venge. But (O poore *Glouster*) 60
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my Lord.
This Leter Madam, craves a speedy answer:
'Tis from your Sister.

Gon. [*Aside*] One way I like this well,
But being widdow, and my *Glouster* with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke

^a mew: now-2Q 54. threat-enrag'd: therent enraged-2Q.
59. Justices: justicers-2Q.

Upon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes? 70

Mes. Come with my Lady higher.

Alb. He is not heere.

Mes. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse?

Mes. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Glouster, I live
To thanke thee for the love thou shew'dst the King, 80
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'st. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *The French camp near Dover.*

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of *Fraunce* is so suddenly gone
backe, | know you no^a reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which
since his | comming forth is thought of, which imports
to the Kingdome, | So much feare and danger that his
personall returne was most re- | quired and necessarie.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General.

Gent. The Marshall of *France* Monsier *la Far.*

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any de-
monstration of griefe. |

Gent. I say^b she took^c them, read them in my pres-
ence, |

70-1. 1 l.—Qq. Scene iii. bracketed—Qq. ^a no: the—2Q.

^b I say. Ay—JOHNSON. Sir—THEOBALD.

And now and then an ample teare tril'd downe
Her delicate cheeke, it seemed she was a queene over^a
her passion, |

Who, most rebell like, sought to be King o're^b her.

Kent. O then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage patience and sorow streme,^c
Who should express her goodliest you^c have seene,
Sun shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,
Were like a better way those happie smilets,
That playd on her ripe lip, seeme^d not to know,
What guests were in her eyes which parted thence,
As pearles from diamonds dropt in brieft,
Sorow would be a raritie most beloved.
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verball question.

Gent. Faith once or twice she heaved the name of
father, |

Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart,
Cried sisters, sisters, shame of Ladies sisters:

Kent, father, sisters, what ith storme ith night,
Let pitie not be beleefte there she shooke,
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moystened her,^e then away she started,
To deale with griefe alone.

Kent. Is it^f the stars, the stars above us governe our
conditions, |

Else one selfe mate and make^g could not beget,
Such different issues, you spoke not with her since.

Gent. No. *Kent.* Was this before the King returnd.

Gent. No, since.

^a new l. at Over-Pope

^c goodliest You-Pope.

^e ber out-CAPELLI

^g and make and mate-2Q.

^b streme: strove-POPE.

^d seeme: seem'd-POPE

^f Is it. It is-THEOBALD

OF KING LEAR

[IV. iii. 40—iv. 3

Kent. Well sir, the poore distressed *Lear's* ith
towne, |
Who some time, in his better tune, remembers,
What we are come about, and by no means will yeeld
to see his daughter.

Gent. Why good sir?

Kent. A soveraigne shame so elbows him his own
unkindnes |
That stript her from his benediction, turnd her,
To forraine casualties gave her deare rights,
To his dog-harted daughters, these things sting his mind,
So venomously that burning shame detaines him from
Cordelia. |

Gent. Alack, poore Gentleman.

Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cornewals* powers you
heard not

Gent. Tis so, they are afoote.

Kent. Well sir, ile bring you to our maister *Lear*,
And leave you to attend him some deere cause,
Will in concealement wrap me up awhile,
When I am knowne aright you shall not greeve,
Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along
with me.] [Exeunt.]

Scena Tertia.

[Scene iv. *The same. A tent.*]

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen,
[*Doctor*] *and Souldiours.*

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met even now
As mad as the vext Sea, singing alowd,
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,

6. *Fenitar:* fumiter—*THEOBALD.*

With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,
 Darnell, and all the idl^e weedes that grow
 In our sustaining^e Corne. A Centery send forth;
 Search every Acre in the high-growne field, 10
 And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom
 In the restoring his bereaved Sense; he that helps him,
 Take all my outward worth.

Gent. [*Doct.*] There is meanes Madam:
 Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,
 The which he lackes: that to provoke in him
 Are many Simples operative, whose power
 Will close the eye of Anguish.

Cord. All blest Secrets,
 All you unpublish'd Vertues of the earth 20
 Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
 In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,
 Least his ungovern'd rage, dissolve the life
 That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Newes Madam,
 The Brittish Powres are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands
 In expectation of them. O deere Father, 29
 It is thy businesse that I go about: Therefore great France
 My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
 No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
 But love, deere love, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
 Soone may I heare, and see him. *Exeunt.*

7. *Hardokes*: burdocks—HANMER. *12-13 new l. at He—POPE.
 22. *desires*. distress—QQ 30 new l. at Therefore—JOHNSON.
 31. *importun'd*: important—QQ * 33. *Rite*: right—QQ.

Scena Quarta.

[Scene v. Gloucester's castle.]

• Enter, Regan, and Steward [Osw.].

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres set forth?*Stew.* [Osw.] I Madam.*Reg.* Himselfe in person there?*Stew.* Madam with much ado:

Your Sister is the better Souldier.

Reg. Lord Edmundspake not with your Lord at home?*Stew.* No Madam.*Reg.* What might import my Sisters Letter to him?*Stew.* I know not, Lady.*Reg.* Faith he is poasted hence on serious matter:

It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out

To let him live. Where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us: Edmund, I thinke is gone

In pittie of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life: Moreover to descry

The strength o'th' Enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.*Reg.* Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with us:

The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam:

My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?

Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,

Some things, I know not what. Ile love thee much

Let me unseale the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather ———*Reg.* I know your Lady do's not love her Husband,
I am sure of that: and at her late being heere,

24-5. Why .. you: 1 l.-22.

She gave strange Eliads,¹ and most speaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her bosome.

Stew. I, Madam? ^{1 glance}

Reg. I speake in understanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do advise you take this note:
My Lord is dead: *Edmond*, and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you give him this;
And when your Mistris heares thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdome to her. 41
So fare you well:

If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet Madam,* I should shew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

[Scene vi. *Fields near Dover.*]

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glou. When shall I come to th'top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climbe up it now. Look how we labor.

Glou. Me thinkes the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steepe.

Hearke, do you heare the Sea?

Glou. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish. 10

Glou. So may it be indeed.

31. *Ehads*: œliades (œliads-Rowe)-CAPELL.

45. *meet Madam*: meet him, Madam-QQ. 3-4F.

Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.

Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.

Glou. Me thinkes y'are better spoken.

Edg. Come on Sir,

Heere's the place: stand still: how fearefull
And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low, 19
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.
The Fishermen, that walk'd upon the beach
Appare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminish'd to her Cocke:¹ her Cocke, a Buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th'unnumbred idle Pebble chafes ^{1 cock-boat}
Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,
Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight 30
Topple downe headlong.

Glou Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand:

You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape upright.

Glou. Let go my hand:

Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Jewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going. 40

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

17-18. 1 l.-QQ. 22. *Sampire*: *Samphire* (*samphier*)-3Q.

24. *walk'd*: *walk*-QQ. 28. *tb'* .. *Pebble*: the .. *pebbles*-2Q.

33-4. *Give* .. *foote*: 1 l.-QQ. 34-5. *of* .. *Moone*: 1 l.-QQ.

41. *ye*: *you*-QQ.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire.
Is done to cure it.

Glou. [*Kneeling*] O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not falf
To quarrell with your great opposelesse willes,
My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should 50
Burne it selfe out. If *Edgar* live, O blesse him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well. [*Falls forward.*]

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life it selte
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Alive, or dead?
Hoe, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he revives.
What are you Sir? 60

Glou. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Had'st thou beene ought
But Gozemore,¹ Feathers, Ayre, ¹*gossamer*
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dst shiver'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound,
Ten Masts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.

Glou. But have I falne, or no? 70

Edg. From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke up a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so farre
Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke up.

Glou. Alacke, I have no eyes:

Is wretchednesse depriv'd that benefit
To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort.
When misery could beguile the Tyranns rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arme.

Up, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand.

Glou. Too well, too well. 81

Edg. This is above all strangenesse,

'Upon the crowne o'th' Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poore unfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes
Werē two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,
Hornes wealk'd, and waved like the enragēd Sea:
It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the cleerest Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impossibilities, have preserved thee. 91

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare
Affiction, till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould say
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear [fantastically dressed].

But who comes heere?

The safer sense will ne're accomodate 100
His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the
King himselfe.

77. *Tyranns*: tyrants—QQ. 2-4 F.

83. *o'th' Cliffe*. *What*. o'the Cliff, what—2Q.

88. *wealk'd*: wheelt (*weikt*—QQ.)—HANMER. *enragēd*: en-
ridged—QQ. 97-9. *Beare* .. *beere*: 1 l.—QQ.

102. *crying*: coining—QQ.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above Art, in that respect. Ther's your Presse-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper:¹ draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouse: peace, peace, this peece of toasted Cheese will doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant. Bring up the browne Billes. O well flowne Birds i'th' clout, i'th' clout:³ Hewgh. Give the word. 111

Edg. Sweet Mariorum.

¹ scarecrow⁴

Lear. Passe.

² target-centre

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say¹, and no, to every thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good Divinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was every thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-proofe.

Glou. The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember: Is't not the King? 125

Lear. I, every inch a King.

When I do stare, see how the Subject quakes.

I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?

Adultery? thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultery?

No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly 130

Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thrive:

For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his Father,

Then my Daughters got 'twene the lawfull sheets.

Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.

116. *had the white: the* out-QQ. 129. *Adultery: separatel.*—JOHNSON.

129-30 *thou .. no: I l.*—JOHNSON. 131-5. 5 ll. ending sight,

son, daughters, sheets, dame—JOHNSON.

OF KING LEAR

[IV. vi. 120-150

Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her Forkes presages Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's shake the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew,¹ nor the soyted Horse goes too't with a more riotous appetite: Downe from the waste they are Centaures, though Women all above: but to the Girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darkenes, there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench, consumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Give me an Ounce of Civet; good Apothecary sweeten my immagination: There's money for thee. ¹*pole-cat* 145

Glou. O let me kisse that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first,
It smelles of Mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall so weare out to naught. 150
Do'st thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou squiny² at me? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not love. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning of it. ²*squint*

Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What with the Case of eyes? 160

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your head, nor no mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a hea-

135-41. *whose* .. *inherit*: 8 ll. ending snow, head, name, to't, appetite, centaurs, above, inherit-JOHNSON.

141-2. 2 ll. ending Fiends', pit-GLOBE.

144. *sweeten*: to sweeten-QQ.

147-8. 1 l.-QQ.

150-1. 1 l.-QQ.

156. *thy* .. *see*: the .. see one-QQ.

157-8. 1 .. *It is*: 1 l.-THEOBALD.

vy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eafes: See how yond Justice railes upon yond simple theefe. Hearke in thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the Justice, which is the theefe: Thou hast seene a Farmers dogge barke at a Beggar? 171

Glou. I Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou might'st behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody hand: why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy owne backe, thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind, for which thou whip'st her. The Usurer hangs the Cozener. Thorough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place sinnes with Gold, and the strong Lance of Justice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I say none, Ile able¹ 'em; take that of me my Friend, who have the power to seale th'accusers lips. Get thee glasse-eyes, and like a scurvy Politician, seeme to see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, so. ¹ *upbold*

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reason in Madnesse. 189

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouster:

175-8. *Thou .. Cozener*: 4 ll. ending hand, backe, kind, cozen-
ner-POPE. 179 *great*: small-QQ.

179-87. 10 ll ending appear, gold, breaks, pierce it, 'em,
power, eyes, seem, now, so-ROWE

180. *Place*: Plate-POPE. *sinnes*: sin-2THEOBALD.

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Ayre
 We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
 To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke:
 It were a delicate stratagem to shoꝝ
 A Troope of Horse with Felt: Ile put't in prooffe,
 And when I have stolne upon these Son in Lawes,
 Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill. 201

Enter a Gentleman [with Attendants].

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand upon him, Sir.
 Your most deepe Daughter——

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am even
 The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Use me well,
 You shall have ransome. Let me have Surgeons,
 I am cut to'th' Braines.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my selfe? 210
 Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt
 To use his eyes for Garden water-pots [I and laying
 Autums dust] I wil die bravely, |
 Like a smugge Bridegroom. What? I will be Joviall:
 Come, come, I am a King, [*Gent.* Good sir,—]
 Masters, know you that? |

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
 You shall get it by running: Sa, sa, sa, sa. *Exit.*

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch,

200. *Son in Lawes:* sons-in-law-2Q. 212. bracketed l.-QQ.

213. *smugge out*-QQ. new l. at I-STEEVENS. 214. bracketed l.-2Q.

214. *Masters:* My masters-QQ. new l. at My-STEEVENS.

216. *Come, and:* Nay, if-2Q. 217. *by:* with-QQ.

Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter
 Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse 220
 Which twaine have brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:

Every one heares that, which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your favour:

How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine descry,
 Stands on the hourelly thought. 230

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here
 Her Army is mov'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Glou. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me,
 Let not my worser Spirit tempt me againe
 To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good sir, what are you? 239

Edg. A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows
 Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes,
 Am pregnant to good pittie. Give me your hand,
 Ile leade you to some biding.

Glou. Heartie thanks:
 The bountie, and the benizon of Heaven
 To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward [Osw.].

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happie
 That cyclesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh

219. a Daughter: one daughter—Qq.

225-6. Most that. 11—Qq.

To raise my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor,
Breefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out 251
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough too't. [*Edgar interposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence,
Least that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther 'casion. 260

Stew. Let go Slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore
volke passe: and 'chud ha' bin zwagger'd out of my life,
'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay,
come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor'ye, or ice
try whither your Costard,¹ or my Ballow² be the harder;
chill be plaine with you. ¹head ²cudgel

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor
your foynes. 270

[*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave thou hast slaine me: Villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my bodie,
And give the Letters which thou find'st about me,
To *Edmund* Earle of Glouster: seeke him out
Upon the English party. Oh untimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A serviceable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Mistris,
As badnesse would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: rest you. 280

Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speakes of
 May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely sorry
 He had no other Deathsman. Let us see:
 Leave gentle waxe, and manners: blame us not
 To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,
 Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

*Let our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You have
 manie | opportunities to cut him off: if your will want
 not, time and | place will be fruitfully offer'd. There
 is nothing done. If hee | returne the Conqueror, then
 am I the Prisoner, and his bed, my | Gaole, from the
 loathed warmth whereof, deliver me, and asup- | ply the
 place for your Labour. |* 293

*Your (Wife, so I would say) affectionate
 Servant. Gonerill.*

Oh indistinguish'd space of Womans will,
 A plot upon her vertuous Husbands life,
 And the exchange my Brother: heere, in the sands
 Thee Ile rake up,¹ the poste unsanctified ^{1 cover}
 Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time, 300
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight
 Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
 That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:
 How stiffe is my vilde sense
 That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
 Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract,
 So should my thoughts be sever'd from my greefes,
Drum asarre off.

285. we: we'ld-CAMBRIDGE.

296. indinguisb'd: undistinguish'd (undistinguish't)-2Q.

298. rbe: the-QQ. 2-4F.

304-5. 1 l.-QQ.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loose 310
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand: [Drum afar.]

Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.

Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

[*A tent in the French camp.*]

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman [Doctor].

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How shall I live and worke
To match thy goodnesse?
My life will be too short,
And every measure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pai'd,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so. 10

Cor. Be better suited,
These weedes are memories of those worser houres:
I prythee put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet.

Cor. Then be't so my good Lord:
How do's the King?

Gent. [*Doct.*] Madam sleepes still. 20

Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th'untun'd and jarring senses, O winde up,
Of this childe-changed Father.

310. loose: loose-2Q.4F. 3-4. 1 l.-Rowe. 5-6. 1 l.-Rowe.

14. Pardon: Pardon me-QQ

Gent. [*Doct.*] So please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed:
I'th'sway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Servants.

Gent. I Madam: In the heaviness of sleepe, 30
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.

[*Cor.* Very well.

Doct. Please you, draw neere, louder the musicke
there,]

Cor. O my deere Father, restauration hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse
Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters
Have in thy Reverence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge pittie of them. Was this a face 40
To be oppos'd against the jarring windes?

[To stand against the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quick crosse lightning to watch poore *Per du*,
With this thin helme]

Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should have stood that night against my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To hovell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,
In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,

30. *of sleepe*: of his sleep-QQ.

41. *jarring*: warring-QQ.

42-3. new ll. at Though and Against-QQ

33-4. bracketed ll.-QQ.

41-2. bracketed ll.-QQ.

'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Gen. [Doct.] Madam do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord? 50
How fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th'grave,
Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound
Upon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scal'd, like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Gen. [Doct.] He's scarce awake,
Let him alone a while. 60

Lear. Where have I bin?
Where am I? Faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I should ev'n dye with pittie
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands: let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O looke upon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You must not kneele. 70

Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourescore and upward,
Not an houre more, nor lesse:
And to deale plainly,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,

50-1. 1 l.-Qq. 57. *where: when*-2Q. 59-60. 1 l.-Qq.

61-2. 1 l.-Qq. 69. *band: hands*-Qq.

70. *You: No, sir, you*-Qq. 73-4. 1 l.-Qq.

Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainely ignorant
 What place this is: and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments: nor I know not 80
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
 For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady
 To be my childe *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am: I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet?

Yes faith: I pray weepe not,
 If you have poyson for me, I will drinke it:
 I know you do not love me, for your Sisters
 Have (as I do remember) done me wrong.

You have some cause, they have not. 90

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. [*Dr.*] Be comforted good Madam, the great
 rage |

You see is kill'd in him: [and yet it is danger to make
 him even ore the time hee has lost,] desire him to go in,
 Trouble him no more till further setling.

Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse walke?

Lear. You must beare with me:

Pray you now forget, and forgive, 100

I am old and foolish. *Exeunt*

[*all but Kent and Gentleman.*]

[*Gent.* Holds it true sir that the Duke of *Cornwall*
 was so slaine? |

Kent. Most certaine, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

85-6. 1 l.-Qq.

96-7. new ll. at Desire, Till-Pope.

101. bracketed ll.-Qq.

96. bracketed ll.-Qq.

100-1. 1 l.-Capell.

Kent. As tis said, the bastard sonne of *Gloster*.

Gent. They say *Edgar* his banisht sonne is with the
 Earle of | *Kent* in *Germanie*.

Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
 The powers of the kingdome approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloudie, fare
 you well sir.

Kent. My poynt and period will be throughly wrought,
 Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought. *Exit.*]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[*The British camp, near Dover.*]

Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan.
Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
 Or whether since he is advis'd by ought
 To change the course, he's full of alteration,
 And selfereproving, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our Sisters man is certainly miscarried.

Bast. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord, 10
 You know the goodnesse I intend upon you:
 Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,
 Do you not love my Sister?

Bast. In honour'd Love.

Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way,
 To the fore-fended place?

[*Bast.* That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtfull that you have beene conjunct
 and bosom'd with hir, as far as we call hers.]

Bast. No by mine honour, Madam.

16-17. bracketed ll.—Qq.

Reg. I never shall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.

Bast. Feare not, she and the Duke her husband. 20

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

[*Gone.* I had rather loose the battaile, then that sister
should loosen him and mee.]

Alb. Our very loving Sister, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out. [where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant, for this busines
It touches us, as *France* invades our land
Not bolds the King, with others whom I feare,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Bast. Sir you speake nobly.]

Regan. Why is this reasond?

Gone. Combine together 'gainst the Enemie:
For these domesticke and particurlar broiles,
Are not the question heere.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient, of warre
On our proceeding. 31

[*Bast.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.]

Reg. Sister you'le go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray go with us.

Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

20. *Feare not:* Fear me not—Qq. l. ends not—CAPELL

20. *she and .. husband:* 1 l.—CAPELL. 21-2. bracketed ll.—Qq.

23. *beard.* hear—Qq. 25-6. bracketed ll.—Qq.

30. new l. at With—2Q. 31. *pn ceeding:* proceedings—Qq.

31-2. bracketed l.—Qq. 34. *pray go:* pray you go—Qq.

[*As they go out*] *Enter Edgar [disguised]*.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word.

Alb. Ile overtake you, speake. 40

Edg. Before you fight the Battaille, ope this Letter:
If you have victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loves you.

Alb. Stay till I have read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it:
When time shall serve, let but the Herald cry, 50
And Ile appeare againe. *Exit.*

Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw up your powers,
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,
By dilligent discoverie, but your hast
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. *Exit.*

Bast. To both these Sisters have I sworne my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the stung 60
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remaine alive: To take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Gonerill*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, wee'l use

40. you, speake: you. Speake—CAPELL. 50. *ibc*: the—Qq. 2-4F.

His countenance for the Battail^e, which being done,
 Let her who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy taking^g off. As for the mercie
 Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*, 70
 The Battaille done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon: for my state,
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

[*A field between the two camps.*]

Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, over the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree
 For your good hoast: pray that the right may thrive:
 If ever I returne to you againe,
 Ile bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir. *Exit.*

Alarum and Retreat within. 10

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Away old man, give me thy hand, away:
 King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,
 Give me thy hand: Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot even heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?
 Men must endure
 Their going hence, even as their comming hither,
 Ripenesse is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too. *Exeunt.* 20

12. *Edgar*: *Edgar*-Qq. 2-4F.

16-17. 1 l.-Qq. 1

19-20. 1 l.-2Rowe.

Scena Tertia.[*The British camp, near Dover.*]

Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Bast. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Untill their greater pleasures first be knowne
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst:
For the oppressed King I am cast downe,
My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters? 11

Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like Birds i'th' Cage:
When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiveness: So wee'l live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)
'Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,
Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things, 20
As if we were Gods spies: And wee'l weare out
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects¹ of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by th'Moone. ¹ *political parties*

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themselves throw Incense.
Have I caught thee? ² *a disease* ³ *skin*
He that parts us, shall bring a Brand from Heaven,
And fire us hence, like 'roxes: wipe thine eyes, 29
The good yeares² shall devoure them, flesh and fell,³

9. *I am:* am 1-QQ. 17. *beere:* hear-QQ. 26-7. 11.-QQ.

Ere they shall make us weepe?

Weele see e'm starv'd first: come.

Exit.

Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke.

Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,

One step I have advanc'd thee, if thou do'st

As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way

To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men

Are as the time is; to be tender minded

Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment

Will not beare question: either say thou'lt do't, 40

Or thrive by other meanes.

Capt. Ile do't my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'hast done,

Marke I say instantly, and carry it so

As I have set it downe. *Exit Captaine.*

[I cannot draw a cart nor eate dride oats,

If it bee mans worke ile do't.]

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill. Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to day your valiant straine,

And Fortune led you well: you have the Captives

Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:

I do require them of you so to use them, 50

As we shall find their merites, and our safety

May equally determine.

Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,

To send the old and miserable King to some retention,

[and appointed guard,]

Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,

To plucke the common bosome on his side,

31-2. 1 l.-Qq.

45-6. bracketed ll.-Qq.

49. *Wbo:* That-Qq.

54-5. bracketed l.-2Q.

32 new l. at Come-Porr.

47. *shew'd* shown-2Q.

54. new l. at To some-2Q.

55. *bad:* has-Qq.

And turne our imprest Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t'appare 60
Where you shall hold your Session.

[at this time, mee^a sweat and bleed,
The² friend hath lost his friend, and the best quarrels
In the heat are curst, by those that feele their sharpes,
The question of *Cordelia* and her father
Requires a fitter place.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure might have bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand up,
And call it felse your Brother. 70

Gon. Not so hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeeres the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove Prophets.

Gon. Hola, hola,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint. 79

Rega. Lady I am not well, else I should answere
From a full flowing stomack. Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:

61-2. bracketed ll.-QQ.

70. *felse*: self-QQ. 2-4F.

^a *me*: we-2Q.

83. *is*: are-2-4F.

Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Master.

Gon. Meane you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes. 89

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,
This guiled Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is bespoke.

Gon. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed *Gloster*, 100
Let the Trmpet sound:

If none appeare to prove upon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,

[*T'browing down a glove*]

There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I have heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, O sicke.

Gon. [*Aside*] If not, Ile nere trust medicine.

Bast. There's my exchange, [*T'browing down a glove*] what in the world hes |

That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies, 110
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;

92. *thy arrest*: thine attaint-QQ.

94. *bare*: bar-2Rowz.

101. *Trmpet*: trumpet-2-4F.

104. *make*: prove-QQ. 109. *bes*: he is-QQ. 2-4F. 111. *the*: thy-QQ.

93. *Sisters*: sister-QQ.

100-1. 11.-Rowz.

102. *person*: head-QQ.

On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.

[*Bast.* A Herald ho, a Herald.]

Trust to thy single vertue,¹ for thy Souldiers ¹ *valor*
All levied in my name, have in my name
• Tooke their discharge.

Regan. My sicknesse growes upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent. 120
Come hither Herald, let the Trumper sound,
And read out this. *A Trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of qualitie or degree, within the lists of the Army, will maintaine upon Edmund, supposed Earle of Gloster, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third sound of the Trumpet; he is bold in his defence. 1 Trumpet.

[*Bast.* Sound?]

Her. Againe.

2 Trumpet.

Her. • Againe.

3 Trumpet.

Trumpet answers within. 130

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares
Upon this Call o'th' Trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?

Edg. Know my name is lost

115-16. bracketed l.-Qq. • 121. *Trumper*: trumpet-Qq. 2-4F.

122. *Trumpet*: Trumpet-2-4F. 127-8. bracketed l.-Qq.

By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Adversary

I come to cope. 140

Alb. Which is that Adversary?

Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of
Gloster? |

Bast. Himselfe, what saist thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Justice, heere is mine:
Behold it is my priviledge,
The priviledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest, ¹ *despite*
Maugre¹ thy strength, place, youth, and eminence; 150
Despise thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor;
False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th'extremest upward of thy head,
To the discent and dust below thy foote,
A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speake,
Thou lvest. 160

Bast. In wisdom I should aske thy name,
But since thy out-side lookes so faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (some say²) of breeding breathes,
What safe, and nicely I might well delay, ² *assay*
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurne:
Backe do I tosse these Treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,

151 *Despise* *Despite*-Qq. 154 *illustrious* *illustrious*-Qq. 2-4F.

168. *scarcely*. *scarcely*-Qq. 2-4F.

This Sword of mine shall give them instant way, 169
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets speake.

Alb. Save him, save him. *Alarums. Fights.*

Gon. This is practise *Gloster*,
By th'law of Warre, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknowne opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozend, and beguild.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir,
Thou worse then any name, reade thine owne evill:
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*]

Gon. Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine, 180
Who can araigne me for't? *Exit.*

Alb. Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper?

Bast. [*Gon.*] Aske me not what I know. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, governe her.

Bast. What you have charg'd me with,
That have I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou
That hast this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgive thee. 190

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no lesse in blood then thou art *Edmond*,
If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The darke and vitious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

173. *Warre*: arms-QQ.

183. *Bast.*: *Gon.*-QQ.

193. *tb'*: thou-QQ.

182. new l. at Knowst-CAPELL.

185-6. 1 l.-QQ.

Bast. Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full' circle, I am heere. 200

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie
A Royall Noblenesse: I must embrace thee,
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid your selfe?
How have you knowne the miseries of your Father?

Edg. By nursing them my Lord. List a breefe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst.
The bloody proclamation to escape 210
That follow'd me so neere, (O our lives sweetnesse,
That we the paine of death would hourelly dye, ,,
Rather then die at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad-mans rags, t'assume a semblance
That very Dogges disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new lost: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from dispaire.
Never (O fault) reveal'd my selfe unto him,
Untill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd, 220
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to support)
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and greefe,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in, 230

OF KING LEAR

[V. iii. 203-227]

For I am almost ready to dissolve.
Hearing of this.

[*Edg.* This would have seemd, a periode to ^a such
As love not sorrow, but another to ^a amplifie too much,
Would make much more, and ^a top extremitie
Whil'st I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
Who having scene me in my worst estate,
Shund my abhord society, but then finding
Who twas that so indur'd with his strong armes
He fastened on my necke and bellowed out,
As hee'd burst heaven, threw me^b on my father,
Told the most pitious tale of *Lear* and him,
That ever eare received, which in recounting
His grieve grew puissant and the strings of life,
Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets sounded.
And there I left him traunst.

Alb. But who was this.

Edg. *Kent*, sir, the banisht *Kent*, who in disguise
Followed his enemie king and did him service
Improper for a slave?]

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe: O helpe.

Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it smoakes, it came even from the heart
of ——— O she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? Speake man. 240

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister
By her is poyson'd: sh^a confesses it.

232-3. bracketed ll. — QQ. ^a new ll. at To such, To, And — THEOBALD.
^b me: him — THEOBALD. *237. *this*: that — QQ. 238. new l. at
It came — STEVENSON 242. *confesses*: hath confess'd — QQ.

Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead;

Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.

This judgement of the Heavens that makes us tremble.

Touches us not with pitty: O, is this he? 250

The time will not allow the complement

Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come

To bid my King and Master aye good night.

Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot,

Speake *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?

Seest thou this object *Kent*?

Kent. Alacke, why thus?

Bast. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd: 260

The one the other poison'd for my sake,

And after slew herselfe.

Alb. Even so: cover their faces.

Bast. I pant for life: some good I meane to do

Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send,

(Be brieve in it) to 'th' Castle, for my Writ

Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*:

Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office? 270
Send thy token of repreeve.

Bast. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Give it the Capitaine.

248. *brought*: brought—Qq.2-4F. 270-1. new l. at Thy—Qq.

Edg. [*Alb.*] Hast thee for thy life. [*Exit Edgar.*]

Bas. He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her owne dispaire,
That she for-gid¹ her selfe. ^{1 destroyed}

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.

*Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes. [Edgar,
Captain, and Others.]* 280

Lear. Howle,howle,howle: O your are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd use them so,
That Heavens vault should crack: she's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse,
If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and cease. 290

Lear. This feather stirs, she lives: if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

Lear. A plague upon you Murderors, Traitors all,
I might have sav'd her, now she's gone for ever:
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha:
What is't thou saist? Her voice was ever soft, 300
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slave that was a hanging thee.

274. *Edg.*: *Alb.* (Duke of Q.)-2Q.

281. *Howle* (thrice): *O your are*: *Howl* (4 times) *O you are*-2Q.

Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow?

I have scene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th'best, Ile tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold. 310

Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not *Kent*?

Kent. The same: your Servant *Kent*,
Where is your Servant *Caius*?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. Your are welcome hither. 320

Kent. Nor no man else:
All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead

Lear. I so I thinke.

Alb. He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it
That we present us to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.

Mess. *Edmund* is dead my Lord. 330

Alb. That's but a trifle heere:

306. *him. them*—QQ.

320. *Your: You*—2Q.

325. *I so: Ay, so*—POPE.

312-13, new l. at Your—CAPELL

321-2. 1 l.—QQ.

You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
 What comfort to this great decay may come,
 Shall be appli'd. For us we will resigne,
 During the life of this old Majesty
 To him our absolute power, [*To Edgar and Kent*] you
 to your rights, †

With boote, and such addition¹ as your Honours
 Have more then merited. All Friends shall ¹ *titles*
 Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
 The cup of their deservings: O see, see. 340

, *Lear*. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
 Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have life,
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never.

Pray you undo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
 Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
 Looke there, looke there. *He dies.*

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke up my Lord. 350

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
 That would upon the wracke of this tough world
 Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
 He but usurpt his life.

Alb. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
 Is generall woe: [*To Kent and Edgar*] Friends of my
 soule, you twaine, †

Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine.

Kent. I have a journey Sir, shortly to go, 360
 My Master calls me, I must not say no.

339. new l. at The-Pozz.

352. *wracke*: rack-4F.

Edg. The waight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:
The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt with 'a dead' March.

FINIS.

GLOSSARY

ABBREVIATIONS IN GLOSSARIES.

All's Well	All's Well that Ends Well
Ant. & Cleo. . . .	Antony and Cleopatra
As You	As You Like It
Cor.	Coriolanus
Cymb.	Cymbeline
Errors	The Comedy of Errors
Ham.	Hamlet
1 Hen. IV	The First Part of King Henry IV
2 Hen. IV	The Second Part of King Henry IV
Hen. V	The Life of King Henry V
1 Hen. VI	The First Part of King Henry VI
2 Hen. VI	The Second Part of King Henry VI
3 Hen. VI	The Third Part of King Henry VI
Hen. VIII	The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII
John	The Life and Death of King John
Jul. Cæs.	Julius Cæsar
Lea.	King Lear
Lov. Comp.	A Lover's Complaint
Love's Lab.	Love's Labour's Lost
Lucrece	The Rape of Lucrece
Macb.	Macbeth
Meas. for Meas. . . .	Measure for Measure
Mer. of Ven.	The Merchant of Venice
Mer. Wives	The Merry Wives of Windsor
Mids. Night Dr. . . .	A Midsummer Night's Dream
Much Ado	Much Ado about Nothing
Oth.	Othello
Pass. Pilg.	The Passionate Pilgrim
Per.	Pericles
Phœn. & Tur.	The Phoenix and the Turtle
Rich. II	The Tragedy of King Richard II
Rich. III.	The Tragedy of King Richard III
Rom. & Jul.	Romeo and Juliet
Sonn.	Sonnets
Sonn. Mus.	Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music
Tam. of Shr.	The Taming of the Shrew
Temp.	The Tempest
Tim. of Ath.	Timon of Athens
Tit. And.	Titus Andronicus
Tro. & Cres.	Troilus and Cressida
Tw. Night	Twelfth Night
Two Gen. of Ver. . . .	The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Ven. & Ad.	Venus and Adonis
Wint. Tale	The Winter's Tale

THE TRAGEDIE OF 'MACBETH

A GLOSSARY OF WORDS

Grammatical Usage and Pronunciation

- Abhorred*, V. vii 16, three syllables.
- Abus*, II i 63, deceive, or perhaps misuse, pervert. Compare Much Ado, V. ii. 93.
- Access* (*access*), I v. 49, stress on second syllable, *ac-cess*, as elsewhere in Sh; 2 Hen IV, IV. i 87; Wint. Tale, V i 110, Hen. VIII, III ii 23, except in Ham, II. i. 120.
- Accused*, V. viii 23, three syllables.
- Address them*, II ii 35, a frequent use of the pronoun in Elizabethan English, Mea of Ven, II ix 21.
- Adhere*, I vii 61, be in accordance; Mer Wives, II i 56. Tw Night, III iv 81.
- Admir'd*, III iv 135, strange, to be wondered at, admirable.
- Advise*, III i 156, instruct.
- Affection*, IV iii 91, disposition.
- Against*, I. vii. 23, in view of.
- Alarm* (*alarm*), V ii 7, call to arms.
- All is the Feare* (*fear*), IV ii 16, 'the fear is all that can have influenced him.'
- All-things*, III i 18, every way. *All* is sometimes used for 'every.'
- Alwayes* (*always*) *thought*, III i 159, 'it being kept in mind that I must be free from suspicion' This construction of participle without noun is rare in earlier English.
- A making*, III. iv. 43, *a* is a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon *on* or the less common form of *an*. *A* represents some preposition. The contraction is mostly found in the prepositional phrases that are most likely to be rapidly pronounced.
- And't*, III vi 22, if it, a frequent use of the particle in Elizabethan writers as well as in Early English authors.
- And wisdom* (*wisdom*), IV iii. 19, 'and it is wisdom,' a common ellipsis.
- Angel* (*angel*), V viii 20, genius, demon. Ant & Cleo, II iii 24.
- Angrily*, III v. 4, angrily.
- Annoyance*, V i 77, hurt, harm. John, V ii 156.
- Anticipat'st*, IV i. 172, dost prevent.
- Antique* (*anti*), IV i 152, grotesque, old-fashioned.
- Any is*, V vii 11, the relative is frequently omitted, in many cases the antecedent immediately precedes the verb to which the relative would be the subject.
- Apply*, III ii. 38, be devoted.
- Approve*, I vi. 9, prove, as Sh. often uses the word, Mer of Ven, III ii 85.
- Arbitrate*, V iv. 30, decide.
- Argument*, II iii. 147, subject, theme, Sonn lxxvi. 10.
- Arm'd*, III. iv 126, incased in armor. See note, pp. 177-8.
- Artificiall* (*artificial*), III. v. 30, made by art.

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

- As go ore (o'er)*, III. iv. 169, the Elizabethans did not consider repetition necessary in the latter of two clauses connected by a conjunction.
- Assay of Art*, IV. iii. 162, the effort of skill.
- As who should say*, III. vi. 47, *who* is sometimes used for 'any one'; *Mer. of Ven.*, I. ii. 45.
- At a point*, IV. iii. 152, prepared for any emergency; *Ham.*, I. ii. 217; *Lear*, I. iv. 317.
- At quiet*, II. iii. 18, since *Sh.* uses both 'in rest' and 'at rest,' there is nothing unusual in his using both 'in quiet' and 'at quiet.'
- Attend*, III. ii. 5, await
- Augures*, III. iv. 154, auguries or augurs.
- Authoriz'd by*, III. iv. 83, on the authority of. *Sh.* uses the word but once again, in *1.0v. Comp.*, 104, with the stress as here, probably, upon the second syllable, *au-thór-iz'd*. See, also, *Authorizing*, *Sonn.* xxxv 6.
- Avouch*, III. i. 144, assert
- Bane*, V. iii. 71, ruin, evil, harm, destruction.
- Banquo*, stress on first syllable. On *Sh.*'s stage pronounced *Bán-ko*, perhaps originally *Bán-whoh*, with a guttural *wh*.
- Barlet (martlet)*, I. vi. 9, the house-martin; *Mer. of Ven.*, II. ix. 30
- Battell (battle)*, V. vi. 9, battalion, *Jul. Cæs.*, V. i. 6, V. iii. 121
- Beate (beat)*, V. v. 10, the Elizabethans frequently used the curtailed forms of past participles.
- Beguile the time*, I. v. 72, deceive or fool the present
- Bend up*, I. vii. 93, strain; *Hen. V.*, III. i. 19.
- Bestrident*, IV. iii. 7, stand over in posture of defense; *Errors*, V. i. 207.
- Better part of man*, V. viii. 24. See *Ant. & Cleo.*, IV. vi. 46.
- Bides*, III. iv. 33, lies.
- Bill*, III. i. 121, catalogue
- Birldome (birthdom)*, IV. iii. 7, mother country; only here.
- Blinde-wormes (blind-worm)*, IV. i. 18, slow-worms; *Mids. Night Dr.*, II. ii. 13.
- Boadments (bodements)*, IV. i. 115, forebodings or prophecies; it is used only here and in *Tro. & Cres.*, V. iii. 95.
- Borne*, III. vi. 6, managed or conducted.
- Borne (born) in hand*, III. i. 97, kept in expectation, flattered with false hopes; *Tam. of Shr.* IV. ii. 4.
- Breech'd*, II. iii. 141, to cover as with breeches, to sheathe. See note, pp. 163-4.
- Breed*, IV. iii. 124, parentage, family
- Brindled*, IV. i. 3, brindled, streaked; used here only
- Broad*, III. vi. 24, free, unrestrained, plain-spoken; *Ham.*, III. iv. 4
- Broke*, II. iii. 80, III. iv. 115, an omission of the inflection common in Elizabethan writers
- Broyle (broil)*, I. ii. 11, battle, *Cor.*, III. ii. 100, *Oth.*, I. ii. 104
- Bruited*, V. vii. 31, announced with noise; *Ham.*, I. ii. 136.
- By the way*, III. iv. 161, indirectly, not openly or formally from Macduff himself.
- Cannot want, etc.*, III. vi. 11, *Sh.* often multiplies negatives, also adds them to negative verbs or particles without altering the sense; *Wint. Tale*, III. ii. 57-8.
- Captaines (captains)*, I. ii. 40, perhaps three syllables, *cáp-(i)-táins*.
- Carelesse (careless)*, I. iv. 15, uncared for.
- Cast*, V. iii. 61, a medical term meaning 'inspect.'
- Cause ('cause)*, III. vi. 24, the prefix 'be-' dropped.
- Censures*, V. iv. 23, opinion, judgment, *Wint. Tale*, II. i. 52.
- Chance of goodnesse (goodness)*, IV. iii. 153, chance of success.
- Chan ned*, V. viii. 17, two syllables.
- Chastise*, I. v. 28, stress on first syllable, *chds-tis*; so elsewhere in *Sh.* *Rich. II.*, II. iii. 113; *John.*, II. i. 184.

GLOSSARY

- Cherubin*, I. vii. 26. Compare Temp., I. ii. 180; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 72. See note, pp. 140-1.
- Children*, IV. iii. 205, *chld(e)ren*
- Choke* (*choke*) *their Art*, I. ii. 15, shown one another by making their skill useless.
- Chops* (*chaps*), I. ii. 28, jaws, mouth.
- Choughes* (*chough*), III. iv. 155. See Temp., II. i. 291, also note, p. 179.
- Chuck*, III. ii. 55, a term of endearment, a corruption of 'chick'; Oth., III. iv. 59.
- Clear* (*clear*), II. i. 40, unstained
- Clearnesse* (*clearness*), III. i. 160, clearness from suspicion
- Cleer* (*clear*), I. vii. 22, faultless.
- Close*, III. ii. 19, unite, join
- Close*, III. v. 10, V. i. 22, secret or hidden; Cymb., III. v. 107, Jul. C., I. iii. 144.
- Clos'd* (*closed*), III. i. 120, inclosed.
- Cloudy* (*cloudy*), III. vi. 46, frowning, sullen; 2 Hen. VI., III. i. 164.
- Coigne* (*coign*) *of Vantage*, I. vi. 12, convenient corner. used only here and in Cor., V. iv. 2.
- Colmes*, I. ii. 75, two syllables, stress on first, *Cólm-es*. See note, pp. 123-4.
- Combustion*, II. iii. 67, Sh. uses this word only twice, here and in Hen. VIII., V. iv. 53. in each case it is used figuratively. *Combustions* occurs Ven. & Ad., 1162.
- Command upon*, III. i. 22, found only here in Sh.
- Commends*, I. vii. 15, offers, commits. Compare III. i. 47.
- Commission*, I. iv. 5, those intrusted with the commission
- Composition*, I. ii. 73, terms of peace; Meas. for Meas., I. ii. 4.
- Compunctions*, I. v. 50, pricking the conscience
- Concluded*, III. i. 169, decided.
- Conference*, III. i. 95, elided 2 two syllables, *conf'ence*
- Confinelless* (*confineless*), IV. iii. 65, boundless, limitless used only here
- Confounds*, II. ii. 16, destroys, wins; IV. i. 59, IV. iii. 114.
- Confronted him*, I. ii. 67, *him* refers to Norway; the meaning is 'showed him he was his equal'
- Confusion*, II. iii. 79, destruction; III. v. 32.
- Confure*, IV. i. 55, stress on first syllable, *cón-jure*, as elsewhere in Sh., except *conjur'd*, Oth., I. iii. 124. In Ham., V. i. 263, *Con-jure* begins the line either as an iamb or trochee and may be either *con-jure* or *cón-jure*.
- Consequence*, I. vii. 7, sequel, all that follows. Rom. & Jul., I. iv. 106.
- Constancie* (*constancy*), II. ii. 86, firmness
- Constrained*, V. iv. 21, three syllables.
- Content*, III. ii. 9, satisfaction
- Continent*, IV. iii. 76, restraining. Lear, I. ii. 155.
- Convey your pleasures*, IV. iii. 84, purloin them, take them from others in a cloaked way, or secretly; Mer. Wives, I. iii. 27; Rich. II., IV. i. 323; Rich. III., IV. ii. 105.
- Convince*, I. vii. 75, conquer, overpower; so also *convinces*, IV. iii. 161.
- Coppie's* (*copy*), III. ii. 47, lease, copyhold, or non-permanent tenure. See note, p. 171.
- Corporall* (*corporeal*), I. iii. 87, I. vii. 94, corporeal. Ham., III. iv. 126, Meas. for Meas., III. i. 92, etc. Sh. never uses 'corporeal' or 'incorporeal.'
- Course*, V. vii. 4, each separate attack made by the dogs, in bear-baiting, was called a 'course.'
- Courst* (*course's d*), I. vi. 29, chased; Lear, III. iv. 63.
- Cracks*, I. ii. 45, charges, the effect is put for the cause. See note, p. 122.
- Cursed*, V. viii. 73, two syllables
- Cyme*, V. iii. 66, perhaps a misprint for 'senna,' as 'cynne' was one of the ways of spelling it. See note, p. 211.

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

Daintie (dainty) of, II. iii. 179, particular about; *Tro. & Cres.*, I iii. 152.

Damned, I. ii. 20, III. vi. 13, two syllables.

Darefull (dareful), V. v. 9, used nowhere else by Sh.

Death, I. vii. 79, the article may be used because it is only a death-like sleep which is meant Compare *Wint. Tale*, IV. ii. 4.

Deaths (death's) counterfeits, II. iii. 91; *Mids. Night Dr.*, III. ii. 385.

Deepe (deep) and broad, I. vi. 24, the adjective in Sh is often placed after the noun.

Decree (dear), V. ii. 6, hard, grievous, costing much; *Lear*, IV. iii. 33.

Degrees, III. iv. 4, grades of rank, *Mer. Wives*, III. iv. 49; *Mer of Ven.*, II. ix. 43, etc.

Deliver thee, I. v. 11, report to thee, *Temp.*, V. i. 369.

Demi-Wolves (demi-wolves), III. i. 115, a cross between dogs and wolves. See note, pp. 168-9.

Denies, III. iv. 158, refuses, *Temp.*, I. ii. 97.

Detraction, IV. iii. 140, defamation; the evil things I have spoken against myself; mine own detraction.

Dew, V. ii. 39, used as a verb, to sprinkle; *Rom. & Jul.*, V. iii. 15, *Mids. Night Dr.*, II. i. 8; 2 *Hen VI.*, III. ii. 366.

Digg'd, IV. i. 27, the only form of the past tense and past participle used by Sh for this word.

Direnesse (direness), V. v. 18, horror; found nowhere else.

Disbursed, I. ii. 75, three syllables.

Dis-eate (disseat), V. iii. 26, unseat. See note, pp. 209-10.

Dispaire (despair), V. viii. 19, used transitively nowhere else; it is, perhaps, a Latinism.

Dispute it, IV. iii. 258, contend with it, fight against it; perhaps, reason with it.

Distance, III. i. 140, a fencing term, denoting the space between the antagonists.

Doffe (doff), IV. iii. 217, put off,

do off, opposite of 'do on' or 'don.'

Doth seeme (seem) To have, I. v. 30, is almost equivalent to 'would have.'

Doubly redoubled, I. ii. 46, so ~~so~~ in *Rich II.*, I. iii. 86.

Doubt, IV. ii. 78, suspect, fear, *Mer. Wives*, I. v. 39.

Do we but finde (find), V. vi. 13, this use of the subjunctive was then frequent.

Drenched, I. vii. 79, two syllables.

Drowse, III. ii. 62, used only here and in 1 *Hen IV.*, III. ii. 87.

Dunsmene (Dunsinane), IV. i. 111, stress on second syllable here only, *Dun-sin-ane*; elsewhere on first, *Dun-si-nane*.

Dy'de (died) every day she liv'd, IV. iii. 127, lived a life of daily self-sacrifice, ready for death each day.

Earnest, I. iii. 114, a pledge, money paid beforehand.

Easy, II. iii. 170, V. viii. 14, in Elizabethan English, adjectives were freely used as adverbs.

Effects, V. i. 13, acts or deeds, *Ham.*, III. iv. 137, *Lear*, I. i. 199, I. ii. 191.

Egge, IV. ii. 99, contemptuously used for the child as the son of the 'Traitor' and so young that he is still in the egg.

Embrace, III. i. 104, be embraced by the fate, etc.

Eminence, III. ii. 39, distinction.

England, IV. iii. 52, IV. iii. 219, for the King of England; so *France* for King of France, *Lear*, I. i. 134.

Enow, II. iii. 9, IV. ii. 67, plural of 'enough.'

Entrance, I. v. 44, the broad Elizabethan pronunciation, *en-trance*, may be indicated by less stress on *en-* and more on *trance* than is now common.

Estate, V. v. 57, settled order; I. iv. 48, royal dignity, succession to the throne.

Eterne, III. ii. 47, perpetual.

Evill (as ill), IV. iii. 167, scrofula or 'king's evil.' See note, pp. 200-1.

GLOSSARY

- Exasperate**, III. vi. 42, for 'exasperated', so 'consecrate' in *Mids Night Dr.*, V. i. 409. Some verbs ending in 'te', 't', and 'd,' on account of their already resembling participles in their terminations, do not add 'ed' in the participle.
- Exil'd Friends abroad**, V. viii. 85, meaning 'friends exiled abroad'. See **Suffering Country**.
- Expedition**, II. iii. 135, haste, as in the modern use of 'expedite'; *Two Gen. of Ver*, I. iii. 40.
- Extasie (ecstasy)**, III. li. 28, IV. iii. 195, violent emotion, any state of being beside one's self.
- Fact**, III. vi. 13, act, deed, never in the modern sense of reality as opposed to fiction; *Cymb.*, III. ii. 19, and in *Sh.* 14 times.
- Faculties**, I. vii. 21, powers, prerogatives; *Hen VIII*, I. ii. 93; *Ham*, II. ii. 589.
- Fantasticall (fantastical)**, I. iii. 58, I. iii. 255, *fun-tis-ti-cal*, creatures of fantasy, imaginary beings.
- Farrow**, IV. i. 74, a litter of pigs, as a verb, 'to farrow,' formed from Middle English *furh*, a pig.
- Favour**, I. iii. 170, pardon, indulgence, *Hen VIII*, I. i. 211.
- Feares (fears)**, I. iii. 153, not the emotions but the causes or objects of fear.
- File**, III. i. 116, list; *Hen. VIII*, I. i. 93.
- Flighty**, IV. i. 173, fleeting; it occurs nowhere else in *Sh.*
- For**, IV. iii. 142, the original meaning of *for* was 'before,' 'in front of'; hence, 'against'. Here the meaning is 'as.'
- For**, III. i. 145, used in the sense of 'because of'; this use was much more common than now.
- For**, IV. ii. 20, in the sense of 'as regards,' 'as for'. *Rich.* II, V. iii. 147.
- Forc'd**, V. v. 8, reinforced, strengthened.
- Forge**, IV. iii. 96, fabricate, invent; used by *Sh.* both with good and evil meaning; *All's Well*, I. i. 78, IV. i. 26.
- For that**, IV. iii. 214, equivalent to 'because I saw'; *that* is used as conjunctive affix.
- Founded**, III. iv. 29, firmly fixed on its foundation.
- Frame of things**, III. ii. 21. Compare *Ham*, II. ii. 328.
- Franchis'd**, II. i. 40, free.
- Free**, II. i. 27, II. iii. 170, adjectives were often used as adverbs; III. vi. 39, do away with knives or means of harm, etc.; *Cymb.*, III. vi. 94.
- Free Honors (honours)**, III. vi. 40, some say 'honours freely bestowed,' others 'honours without slavery,' while still others say 'honours such as freemen receive from a lawful king.'
- French Hose**, II. iii. 16, narrow, straight hose as distinguished from round, wide ones. See note, p. 161.
- From**, III. i. 121, differently from; III. vi. 24, in consequence of, on account of, *Ham*, II. ii. 577.
- From thence**, III. iv. 45, i.e., 'away from home,' a common use without any verb of motion when the motion is implied.
- Fry**, IV. ii. 100, a term of contempt here; literally, it means a swarm of young fishes.
- Function**, I. iii. 157, the Elizabethan pronunciation in three syllables, *fun-ti-on*, may be indicated by strong stress on the word, suiting the contrast in sense between *Function*, power to do now, and *sarvisse*, power to imagine a future doing.
- Furbusht (furbish'd)**, I. ii. 38, burnished, as yet unstained by blood.
- Gallowgrosses (gallowglasses)**, I. ii. 19, heavy-armed troops. See note, p. 118.
- Genius**, III. i. 67, spirit of good or ill. See note, p. 167.
- Gentle**, I. vi. 7, senses made gentle, soothed by the air.
- Gentle my Lord**, III. ii. 35, when unemphatic, the possessive ad-

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

- jectives are sometimes transposed, being combined with nouns, like the French *monsieur*, *milord*
- Gentle W'eale* (*weath*), III iv 96, made gentle See *sencis* (*sensis*), I vi 7, also note, p 177
- Gently*, V vii 34, readily Temp, I ii 319
- Get*, I iii 72, for 'beget' See *'gins*, I ii 31
- Git*, IV ii 44, snare Iw Night, II v 84
- 'Gins*, I ii 31, in every other in which *gins* or *gan* occurs in 1F, the apostrophe is omitted Temp, III iii 133 Cor, II ii 127 Ham, I v 95 Cymb, II iii 24, V iii 42, V v 232 2 Hen IV, I i 129 it is not a contraction here, but a word by itself
- Give me*, I iii 8 Compare Rom & Jul, IV i 124
- Given*, V iv 12, i.e., to be 'given to them'
- Gives out*, IV iii 22, shows, I ro claims
- Glamis*, I iii 53, almost one syllable in Scotch, the 'is' lurred *Glahm* s, but tw in I v 15, C, II ii 54, III i 3 See note, p 129
- Goe* (*go*) *not*, III i 3, the subjunctive was frequently used in the identical form of the indicative, where nothing but the context, in the case of past tenses shows that it is subjunctive
- Golden*, II iii 137 See *guild* and *Guilt*, II ii 70, 71, also notes, pp 167 171
- Golden Round* (*golden round*), I v 29, the crown See IV i 125
- Golgotha*, I ii 48, stress on first syllable, *Gól go tha*
- Good*, IV iii 6, brave
- Go off*, V viii 47, die
- Goost*, II iii 17, a tailor's smoothing iron
- Gospel'd*, III i 108, imbued with gospel teaching
- Go too* (*to*), V i 47, an expression of reproach or exhortation
- Grac'd*, III iv 53, full of graces
- Grace of* (*grace*) (*grace of* *Grace*), V viii 91, this is a favorite repetition in Sh Two Gen of Ver, III i 150 All's Well, II i 178
- Gracious my Lord*, V v 34 See *Gentle my Lord*, III ii 35
- Gray Malkin* (*Graymalkin*), I ii 11, gray cat
- Gripe*, III i 73, grasp
- Grooms* (*grooms*), II ii 8, servants of any kind
- Grow*, I iv 42 used in the double sense of to cling close and to increase All's Well, II iii 161
- Guild* (*gold*), II ii 70, to gild with blood was to redden, red was called 'gules' II iii 137
- Guilt*, II ii 71 Compare Hen V, II pro 27
- Had the speed of him*, I v 38, had outstripped him
- Haires* (*hairs*), V viii 62, for similar pun, see II ii 70-1
- Happy*, I iii 71, 'fortunate' Lear, IV vi 248
- Hatchings*, V vi 16, I iv 56, fore runners of the king to arrange for his entertainment See note, p 133
- Har'ly*, V iii 74, with difficulty
- Harmes*, IV iii 15, injuries
- Harmes* (*harmes*), V v 5, arm r Att & Cleo, IV viii 15
- Har'p'd*, IV i 58, hit upon, touched
- Harpur*, IV i 5, perhaps a corruption of 'hurdy', or a name for a dog See note, p 190
- Hare* (*har*), III iv 40, talk with
- Heave* (*heav*), II i 12 drowsy Sh often uses it in this sense Temp II i 196, 202, 200, Mids Night Dr, V i 360
- Heavy*, IV iii 211, sadly
- Heavats*, also *Heav* (*Heavate*), II i 65, III ii 53 III v 34, IV i 41, stress on first syllable, *Heav*-*cat*, here and elsewhere in Sh Mids Night Dr, V i 377 Ham, III ii 281 Lear, I i 117 except only in 1 Hen VI, III ii 80
- Here approach* (*here-approach*), IV iii 150, an instance of an adverbial compound, illustrating

GLOSSARY

Elizabethan grammatical freedom.

High (hie) thee, I. v. 26, *thee* seems to be used for 'thou,' a common Elizabethan usage. Wint. Tale, III. iii. 117, Cymb., I. v. 42.

viii. 41, *him* is often put 'in Elizabethan English

... vii. 8, the possessive case of 'he'; IV. iii. 94, sometimes used by mistake for the sign of the possessive case; the meaning here is 'this one's.'

Hit, III. vi. 4, agreed with

Holds, III. vi. 29, withholds

Help, I. vi. 31, the Elizabethan writers often used the curtailed form of the past participles, in this case the 'eu' is dropped

Homely, IV. ii. 79, plain, humble, it is generally so used by Sh., but occasionally as plain-featured or ugly

Hoodwinke (hoodwink), IV. iii. 85, blind

House-keeper, III. i. 118, watchdog. See note, p. 169

Howlets (howlet's), IV. i. 19, the old spelling for 'owles'

Humane (human), III. iv. 96, meaning 'human,' not 'humane', the accent is always upon the first syllable, except in Wint. Tale, III. ii. 178. See note, p. 177

Husbandry, I. ii. 10, thrift, frugality: Ham., I. iii. 83

I cannot tell, I. ii. 49, I know not what to think of it: Tam. of Shr., IV. iii. 21

Ignorant, I. v. 63, unknowing or unknown. See note, pp. 136-7.

Ill-compos'd (ill-composed), IV. iii. 91, compounded of evil qualities

Illness (illness), I. v. 20, evil, the word is used only here by Sh.

Impostors to true fear (fear), III. iv. 81, impostors when brought to the side of true fear and compared with it

Impresse (impress), IV. i. 114, force into his service, as soldiers are impressed or 'pressed', Rich. II., III. ii. 56.

In, III. i. 128, used metaphorically, in the case of; IV. iii. 25, under the weight of.

In best time, III. iv. 9, Sh. uses the expression here only, though he frequently uses 'in good time.'

Incardine, II. ii. 78, make red; used only here by Sh.

In compt, I. vi. 35, in account: Tim. of Ath., II. i. 35. All's Well, V. iii. 70

Indissoluble, III. i. 23, stress on second syllable.

Informes (informs), II. i. 61, takes shape or visible form thus, hence, perhaps, creates forms or gives information

Ingredience, I. vii. 15, perhaps for mixture, rather than for 'ingredients'

Initiate fears, III. iv. 174, the fear of one not used to crime, a novice

In nature, II. iv. 21, in their whole nature, IV. iii. 80, in its nature, 'organic intemperance,' perhaps, as contrasted with 'political tyranny'

Instant, I. v. 64, present, moment.

Instruments, I. iii. 139, III. i. 98, IV. iii. 279, agents or personal means to an end.

Interdiction, IV. iii. 123, exclusion.

Interest, I. ii. 78, concern, advantage

Interim, I. iii. 177, in the interim.

Intermission, IV. iii. 271, delay or interval, Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 206

Is dead, II. iii. 115, a common inflection in Sh., Cymb., II. iv. 73-4; Mer. of Ven., II. ix. 86

It, IV. iii. 15, even where there is no intervening conjunctive clause, the pronoun is frequently inserted after a proper name, more rarely, the subject is a common noun

It self (itself) professes, V. vii. 37, declares itself

Jealousies, IV. iii. 36, the plural indicates the repetition of his suspicion, not alone his attitude

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

- toward Macduff This plural occasions the two following ones, *Dishonors* and *Safeties*
- Jump* (*jump*), I vii, 11, hazard, risk, Cor., III i 183, Cymb., V iv 188
- Jutty*, I vi 11, perhaps not used here as an adjective, but as a substantive Sh uses the word only here and, as a verb, in Hen V, III i 10
- Kernes* (*kerns*), I ii 19, V vii 26, light armed soldiers See note, p 118
- Kind'st*, II i 35, in superlatives 'est' is often pronounced *st*, a euphonic contraction common throughout the Elizabethan period
- Knowings*, II iv 6, experiences it is used only here in the plural
- Lac'd*, II iii 137, adorned with texture sewed on
- Lacke* (*lack*), III iv 105, miss Cor., IV i 20
- Lapt* (*lapp'd*) in *proof* (*pruf*), I ii 66, clad in armor (Cymb., V v 428)
- Large*, III iv 16, unrestrained, liberal
- Lath'd*, III iii 10, belated used here only and in Ant & Cleo, III xi 4 the dropping of the prefix 'be' was a common license
- Lave*, III ii 40, dip our dignity, submerge to keep unsullied
- Lavish*, I ii 69, IV iv 62, insolent, unrestrained
- Lay*, II iii 63, did lodge
- Lease of Nature*, IV i 118, lease for the term of life
- Leave*, III ii 44, leave off I am of Shr., III i 82
- Leavy* (*leafy*), V vi 6 Much Ado, II iii 77
- Lesser*, I iii 70, V ii 18, used as an adjective, never adverbially
- Like*, II i 30, same II iv 41, likely, often used thus by Sh IV iii 11, equal, the same
- Lilly liver'd*, V iii 20, cowardly
- Lear*, II ii 17
- Lime*, IV ii 43, bird-lime, I emp., IV. l. 270
- Listening* (*listening*), II ii 39, transitively used, the preposition is often omitted before the 'thing heard' after verbs of hearing. Much Ado, III i 14
- Lins*, III ii 44 See *runse* iii 167
- Lodge'd* (*lodged*), IV i 60, laid, thrown down, prostrated Compare II ii 30
- Looke* (*look*) so, IV iii 24 look like Meas for Meas, II i 179, V iii 31, expect
- Loves*, III i 146, V viii 80, Love's Lab., V ii 855, 861
- Lo you*, V i 21, look you
- Luxurious*, IV iii 70, lustful, the word is used by Sh always has this meaning. Much Ado, IV i 43
- Lyne* (*line*), I iii 125, strengthen, Hen IV, II iii 87
- Lyst* (*list*), III i 81, else where Sh has *lists* for this sense Rich II, I ii 54
- Makes*, IV iii 186, 'this may be considered third person plural in 's' Compare II i 74
- Man'y*, IV iii 275, 'ly' is often found with a noun, and yet not appealing to convey an adjectival meaning
- Marke* (*mark*), I ii 34 take heed, listen V i 42, notice
- Marry*, III vi 7, a corruption of an oath, swearing by the Virgin Mary
- Marrow* (*marrow*), III iv 91, stomachs
- May*, III i 146, the use is parallel with 'must'
- May I*, III iv 54, I hope I may
- Mecke* (*muck*), I vii 21, meekly adjectives were used freely as adverbs
- More* (*more*) *Own* (*own*), IV iii 14, absolute, IV iii 173
- Memorize*, I ii 48, make famous, make memorable
- Mine*, I. iv 27, in my power to give III iv 142, Sh is often inexact in the agreement of his pronouns with their antecedents, he often uses a singular relative, the subject of a singular verb, with a

GLOSSARY

- plural antecedent; Cymb., I. vi. 141.
- Minion*, I. ii. 25, II iv. 20, favorite, darling; from the French *mignon*; Temp., II. iv. 20
- Minutely*, V. ii. 24, happening every minute, continual.
- Mischief* (*mischief*), I v. 55, here expressing both injury engendered in human nature as well as that done to it.
- Missives*, I v. 7, messengers; used only here and in Ant & Cleo, II. ii. 88
- Mistrust*, III iii. 5, distrust.
- Mock'ry* (*mockery*), III. iv. 132, delusive imitation, mimicry; Rich. II, IV. i. 263.
- Mock the time*, I. vii. 95 See *Be-guile the time*, I v. 72
- Moderne* (*modern*), IV iii. 195, ordinary, common, Rom & Jul, III. ii. 131.
- Modest*, IV. iii. 136, quiet, cautious
- More*, V iii. 43, used with relation to number, where we now would use 'more,' while 'more' was used with relation to size
- Monstrous*, III vi. 11, three syllables, *mon-ster-ous*
- More and lesse* (*less*), V iv. 20, great and small, 1 Hen IV, IV iii. 81
- More sundry*, IV. iii. 57, in more various; an adverbial expressions of time or manner, prepositions are frequently omitted
- Mortalitie* (*mortality*), II iii. 114, human life; Meas for Meas, III. ii. 182.
- Mortall* (*mortal*), I v. 46, III iv. 101, IV. iii. 6, deadly, V iii. 7, human.
- Motives*, IV iii. 34, Sh often makes *motives* apply to persons as agents, causes, or springs of action; Tim of Ath, V iv. 35. Oth, IV ii. 52
- Mouicht* (*mouch'd*). I iii. 7, chewed with lips closed
- Mummey* (*mummy*), IV i. 25, Oth, III. iv. 88. See note, p. 191.
- Must be*, IV. iii. 249, 'is' or 'was' destined.
- My neer'st* (*near'st*) of life, III. i. 142 my inmost life
- Napkins*, II. iii. 9, handkerchiefs.
- Naught*, IV. iii. 264, worthless; Ham., III. ii. 167
- Nave*, I. ii. 28, navel, middle.
- Neere* (*near*), II iii. 175, nearer
- Night-gown* (*nightgown*), II. ii. 89, V i. 8, dressing-gown.
- Noise*, IV i. 126, music; Temp, III ii. 143; Cor, III. i. 119, Ham, V ii. 339.
- None*, IV iii. 221, an ellipsis of 'there is'
- Nor*, I iv. 39, the idiom is a frequent one, Mer. of Ven, III iv. 13.
- Norwayes* (*Norways*'), I. ii. 72, Norwegian.
- Note*, III ii. 53, notoriety, any distinction or emmence, III iv. 72, notice.
- Note of expectation*, III iii. 16, the list of guests who were expected For the use of *note* as 'list' see Mer Wives, IV ii. 57.
- Nothing*, IV iii. 191, nobody, V. ii. 26, V iv. 7, as often, adverbial.
- Nothing afraid*, I. iii. 105, *nothing* is often used adverbially, Sh uses *afraid* 44 times, *afraid* 32 times.
- Notion*, III i. 100, apprehension
- Oblivious*, V iii. 52, causing forgetfulness, Sh. uses the word here only, but as a compound in Sonn Iv. 9.
- Obscure*, II iii. 69, stress on first syllable, *obs'cure*; the bird delighting in darkness, the owl
- Of*, I ii. 19, with; the Elizabethans retained *of* with verbs of fullness, as well as with verbs of construction and adjectives of fullness, Tim. of Ath., IV iii. 109; Mer. of Ven, II. iv. 25; III vi. 7, III vi. 31, IV i. 98, *of*, meaning 'from,' is placed before an agent, from whom the action is regarded as proceeding, where we use 'by'
- Offices*, II i. 21, servants' quarters; Rich II, I ii. 71 See note, p.

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

145. III. iii. 6, duty, employment.
- Of them*, I. iii. 86. Compare Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 246; All's Well, II. v. 48.
- Old*, II. iii. 5, a colloquial intensive several times used by Sh; Much Ado, V. ii. 91; Mer. of Ven., IV. ii. 19, etc.
- On*, I. iii. 91, *on* is frequently used where we use 'of.' Compare Jul. Cæs., I. ii. 83.
- Once*, V. v. 19, ever or at any time; IV. iii. 192.
- One*, II. ii. 78, wholly, uniformly.
- Onely (only)*, III. vi. 5, Elizabethan authors allowed themselves great license in the transposition of adverbs; in this case the transposition is a natural one, such cases occur frequently with adverbs of limitation.
- Onely (only)* ... *but*, V. viii. 51, the same forgetfulness of original meaning which led to 'more better' led also to the redundant use of *but* in this expression.
- On's*, V. i. 64, *on*, being closely connected with 'of,' was frequently used even for the possessive 'of,' particularly in rapid speech before a contracted pronoun; the same is true of *On't*, III. i. 137.
- Oppressed*, II. i. 52, three syllables.
- Or ere*, IV. iii. 198, *or* in this sense is a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon *ær*, which is found in Early English in *er*, *air*, *ar*, *ear*, *or*, *eror*. As this meaning died out it seems to have been combined with 'ere' for the sake of emphasis, as in the present case.
- O're-fraught (o'erfraught)*, IV. iii. 246, over-freighted or over-burdened.
- O're-took (o'ertook)*, IV. i. 173, the Elizabethan authors frequently used the curtailed form of the past participles.
- Other*, V. iv. 15, was sometimes used as a pronoun; I. iii. 17, used as a plural in Tro. & Cres., I. iii. 97; I. vii. 90, otherwise, used adverbially.
- Our selfe (ourselves)*, III. i. 52, III. iv. 7, Sh. puts 'ourselves' and 'ourselves' in the mouths of kings as a mark of superiority; Rich. II, I. i. 20, I. iv. 43.
- Out-run (outrun)*, I. iii. 436, a common past indicative form in Sh.
- Overcome*, IV. iv. 137, spread over, overshadow.
- Over-red*, V. iii. 19, reddened over.
- Owe*, I. iii. 81, also *Owe'd (owed)*, I. iv. 14, own, possess. elsewhere — I. iv. 29, V. ii. 34, V. iv. 28 — used as we use the word now.
- Pall*, I. v. 56, wrap, envelop; used thus here only.
- Paller*, V. viii. 26, equivocate; Jul. Cæs., II. i. 144.
- Paralell (parallel)*, II. iii. 73, aduce as equal.
- Parted*, V. viii. 68, departed or died; Rich. III, II. i. 10.
- Payes (pays) it selfe (itself)*, I. iv. 30, is its own reward, the inflection in 's' frequently occurs when the verb follows two or more singular nouns; Cymb., V. ii. 9, III. vi. 23.
- Peake (peak)*, I. iii. 26, dwindle away.
- Pent-house Lid*, I. iii. 23, eyelids; a pent-house was a shed having a sloping roof. See note, pp. 127-8.
- Perfect*, IV. ii. 77, well acquainted.
- Perfect'st (perfectest) report*, I. v. 4, completest news.
- Perseverance*, IV. iii. 108, stress on second syllable, *per-seu-er-ance*; Tro. & Cres., III. iii. 157.
- Pester'd*, V. ii. 30, troubled, perplexed; Ham., I. ii. 26.
- Physicks (physics)*, II. iii. 56, cures; Cymb., III. ii. 37.
- Place*, II. iv. 16 (a term of falconry), pitch, the highest elevation of a hawk.
- Poorely (poorly)*, II. ii. 91, dejectedly, without spirit, unworthily.
- Possets*, II. ii. 9, 'Posset is but milke poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated biscuit, and eggs, with other ingredients,

GLOSSARY

- boiled in it, which goes to a curd' (Randle Holmes's 'Academy of Armourie,' 1688); Mer. Wives, V. v. 178.
- Posters*, I. iii. 36, speedy travelers
- Power*, IV. iii. 214, army, forces.
- Predominance*, II. iv. 11, an astrological term, superior power or influence.
- Present*, I. ii. 78, immediate; Jul. Cæs., II. ii. 9; I. v. 63, present time; III. ii. 39, offer.
- Pretence*, II. iii. 160, purpose, intention; Wint. Tale, III. ii. 19
- Producing forth*, V. viii. 87, bringing forward, as in court, Jul. Cæs., III. i. 254.
- Profound*, III. v. 27, having hidden or obscure properties
- Proper*, III. iv. 77, ironically used, fine, excellent.
- Proportion*, I. iv. 26, the due proportion. Compare Tro. & Cres., I. iii. 93.
- Protest*, V. ii. 15, proclaim, show publicly.
- Pull in*, V. v. 49, rein in, check
- Purveyor*, I. vi. 30, stress on first syllable, an officer sent in advance to provide food.
- Push*, V. iii. 25, attack, onset; Jul. Cæs., V. ii. 7.
- Quarry*, IV. iii. 241, literally, game killed in hunting, here 'dead bodies'; Ham., V. ii. 357 See note, pp. 118-120
- Quell*, I. vii. 83, *quell* is the Old English *kill*, from the Saxon *cwellan*; it is found only here as a noun. Compare 2 Hen. IV, II. i. 47.
- Question*, I. iii. 47, talk with, Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 76
- Ravel'd* (*ravell'd*), II. ii. 48, tangled
- Receit* (*receipt*), I. vii. 77, receptacle; the only instance in Sh. of this use
- Receiv'd*, I. vii. 86, believ'd, Meas. for Meas., I. iii. 19
- Recoyle* (*recoil*) IV. iii. 24, fall off, degenerate, swerve; V. i. 30, used for recoiling.
- Registred*, I. iii. 172. Compare Ham., I. v. 104.
- Relation*, IV. iii. 199, narrative
- Relations*, III. iv. 154, the connection of effects with causes.
- Rellish* (*relish*) of, IV. iii. 110, flavor of; 2 Hen. IV, I. ii. 95-6.
- Resolve your selves* (*yourselves*), III. d. 165, make up your minds, 3 Hen. VI, I. i. 55.
- Rest*, I. vi. 27, remain; IV. iii. 266, give rest.
- Revenge*, V. ii. 6, for the plural, see Tw. Night, V. i. 396, Cor., IV. v. 144.
- Roof'd*, III. iv. 52, gathered under one roof
- Rookie* (*rooky*), III. ii. 61, gloomy, foggy. See note, p. 172.
- Round*, I. v. 29, IV. i. 105, crown; IV. i. 152, dance in a circle.
- Rubs*, III. i. 161, a term in bowling, impediments or hindrances
- Rumpe-fed* (*rump-fed*), I. iii. 9, well fed, or wide-hipped. See note, p. 125.
- Runs*, I. iii. 167, the inflection in 's' is a frequent occurrence when two or more singular nouns precede the verb.
- Scap'd*, III. iv. 26, Sh. uses 'scape' oftener than 'escape'
- Scurce ask'd for who*, IV. iii. 196, the inflection of *who* is frequently neglected; 'no one asks as to the dead man's knell for whom it is'
- Scorch'd* (*scotch'd*), III. ii. 18, cut with shallow incisions. See note, p. 170.
- Shew your courage*, I. vii. 71 Compare Tw. Night, V. i. 128
- Sences* (*senses*), I. vi. 7, an instance of prolepsis; the meaning is 'each man's sense', *gentle* is used as 'placid, calm.'
- Senit* (*sennet*), III. i. 13, trumpet blast. See note, p. 167
- Sense*, V. i. 27, the plural and possessive cases of nouns in which the singular ends in 's', 'se', 'ss', 'ce,' and 'ge,' are frequently written, and still more frequently pronounced, without the additional syllable for the plural.

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

- Sensible*, II i 49, capable of being perceived by the senses
- Setting downe (down)*, V iv 17, beginning siege, Cor, I. ii 33, I. iii 103
- Sewer*, I vii 3, a chief servant who tasted dishes to guard against poison
- Seyton*, V iii 24, etc., Elizabethan pronunciation probably *Say-ton* instead of *Ser-ton*
- Seyward (Steward)*, IV iii 220, etc., Elizabethan pronunciation probably *Say-ward*
- Shall*, IV ii 28, I shall, the nominative is frequently omitted when there can be no doubt as to what it is.
- She strike*, II i 45, the subjunctive of purpose
- Ship-mans (shipman's)* Card, I iii 20, the card of compass, the chart
- Should*, I ii 57, I iii 49, the Elizabethans commonly used 'should' where we should use 'ought' Mer of Ven, I vi 51, I v 20, the relative is frequently omitted in Sh. Temp, III ii 103
- Should he be*, IV iii 59, 'should' was used in direct questions about the past, where 'shall' was used about the future
- Showghes (shoughs)*, III i 115, shaggy dog, or sheep dog See note, pp 168-9
- Shut up*, II i 24, probably has the King's for subject, who is a *beast* and *shut up* in content, or possibly 'he' is understood, and *shut up* has the sense of 'concluded' See note, pp 145-6
- Since that*, IV iii 122, used as conjunctive affix in order to give a relative meaning to words that were originally interrogative
- Smells*, I iii 76, stress on first syllable, *Sin-cills* See note, p 133
- Singh*, I iii 156, individual, bearing the sense of 'weak' Compare *Singh*, I vi 23, where it has a similar sense of 'weak' or 'small, in contrast with double-ness and strength
- Sirra (sirrah)*, IV. ii 37, used to inferiors, here playful. Much Ado, IV ii 15
- Sit*, III iv 51, there is frequently, in Sh.'s time, omission of 'to,' before a verb
- Sharfe (scarf)* up, III ii 57, blind-fold
- Slab*, IV i 24, thick, viscid, glutinous
- Sleeke (sleek)* o're, III ii 35, smooth
- Slights (sleights)*, III v 29, artifices, feats of dexterity. Sh. uses the word twice, here and 3 Hen VI, IV ii 23
- Slope*, IV i 62, used nowhere else in Sh. its transitive use in this instance is peculiar and presents a picture of the look of the suddenly overturned structures
- Slumbry (slumbury)*, V i 14, 'y' is, as here, often appended to a noun to form an adjective. Mids Night Dr. III ii 386
- Smack*, I ii 52, savor, have the taste
- So*, II ii 45, if we so think of them
- So told*, II iii 58, in relative constructions, such as 'so as,' 'as' is sometimes omitted Mer of Ven, III iii 12
- Sodaine (sudden)*, IV iii 71, violent, passionate As You, II vii 160, Oth, II i 304
- Solemn (solemn)* III i 19, ceremonious, formal, *Fam* of Shr, III ii 98
- Solutes (solutes)*, IV iii 170, moves Rich II, I ii 4
- Something from*, III i 159, *something* is here used adverbially, like 'somewhat', *from* is frequently used in the sense of 'apart from'
- Sometime*, I vi 17, Sh. uses both *sometime* and 'sometimes' in this sense IV ii 28, an adjectival meaning
- Sooth*, I ii 44, truth Compare V v 44
- Sorely charg'd (charged)*, V i 54, 'grievously laden
- Sorry*, II ii 30-31, III ii 14, and the adjective is often applied to inanimate things.

GLOSSARY

- So well*, I. ii. 51, the Elizabethans frequently used 'so' with 'as' instead of 'as... as'; Rich. III, II. i. 92; Ham, II. i. 91.
- Speak* (*speak*), IV. iii. 180, bespeak, proclaim; in the usual sense, 'says,' III. iv. 12.
- Speculation*, III. iv. 119, intelligence.
- Spoke*, I. iv. 7, Elizabethans frequently used the curtailed forms of the past participles; Tim of Ath., II. i. 123. Errors, V. i. 333
- Spoken*, IV. iii. 175, is said
- Spring*, I. ii. 33, source
- Spungie* (*spongy*), I. vii. 82, imbibing like a sponge
- Staffe* (*staff*), V. iii. 59, lance.
- Much Ado, V. i. 151
- Stanchless* (*stanchless*), IV. iii. 92, not to be stanch'd, insatiable.
- State*, III. iv. 9, chair of state; Cor. V. iv. 21 See note, p. 174
- State of Honor* (*honour*), IV. ii. 77, rank
- Station*, V. viii. 52, attitude
- Staves*, V. vii. 27, shaft of the lance, also lance itself
- Stay his Cure*, IV. iii. 161, wait to be healed by him
- Steps, which they*, II. i. 70, Sh often introduces another object before the dependent clause, so as to make the dependent clause a mere explanation of the object
- Sticking place*, I. vii. 71, the place in which the peg of a stringed instrument remains fast, or the catch where the cord of the medieval cross-bow was screwed taut by means of a windlass, the proper degree of tension
- Store-house* (*storehouse*), II. iv. 47, burial-place
- Strangely visited* (*strangely-visited*), IV. iii. 171, strangely afflicted.
- Studied*, I. iv. 13 Compare Mer of Ven., II. ii. 193
- Substances*, I. v. 54, bodies
- Successes* (*success*), I. vii. 8, used with a sense of sequence. With its common meaning, I. iii. 99; I. v. 3.
- Suffer*, III. ii. 22, perish.
- Suffering Country*, III. vi. 54, a participle, 'our country suffering under, etc., implying a relative, and any adjectives that from their terminations resemble participles' are peculiarly liable to be thus transposed. See *exil'd Friends*, V. viii. 85.
- Summer-seeming*, IV. iii. 101, appearing like summer; transitory and short-lived, a heat of the blood.
- Surmise*, I. iii. 157. Compare Tit. And., II. iii. 241. See *Function*
- Surveying vantage*, I. ii. 37, looking out for opportunity, seeing his chance
- Sway by*, V. iii. 11, am directed by
- Sweaten*, IV. i. 74, an irregular participial formation
- Swelling Act*, I. iii. 144 Compare Hen V, I. prol. 5.
- Syllable*, IV. iii. 11, expression, cry In V. v. 25, *Syllable* is also used figuratively, but with relation to *word*, V. v. 22
- Taint*, V. iii. 5, be touched with, hence, infected, the usual sense. Oth., IV. ii. 190
- Take for*, I. v. 53, meaning change it into, *for* having the value of 'into'
- Taking off*, I. vii. 24. Lear, V. i. 60, the two instances of this in Sh
- Tecmes* (*teems*), IV. iii. 202, bears life, brings forth. Hen V, V. ii. 55
- Tending*, I. v. 41, attendance, tendance, used as a noun here only. See *tendance*, Cymb., V. v. 67.
- That*, I. ii. 72, I. iii. 67, I. vii. 8, 12, II. ii. 10, II. ii. 33, IV. iii. 9, IV. iii. 96, for 'so that,' a common omission. III. ii. 49, in or for that, IV. iii. 87, a pronominal use for 'such', IV. iii. 262, probably here a relative having as its antecedent the previous sentence, V. iv. 6, with the sense of 'when'
- The Brains* (*brains*), I. vii. 6,

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

- the* is used for the possessive pronoun, not uncommon in Sh.'s time.
- Thee*, II. i. 11, the personal pronoun was often used, to denote the one interested in the action; Cymb., I. v. 32; the pronoun is considered dative.
- Their candles*, II. i. 11, used indefinitely with reference to an implied antecedent; for metaphor, compare Mer. of Ven., V. 1 242; Rom. & Jul., III. v. 10; Sonn. xxi. 12.
- The Primrose way*, II. iii. 21, Ham., I. iii. 54.
- There's*, II. iii. 174, 'is' for 'are,' a common inflection of the verb in Sh.
- There is*, V. iii. 16, when the subject is as yet future and, as it were, unsettled, the third person singular might be regarded as the normal inflection, it is very common in Sh.
- The which*, V. viii. 52, similar to the French use of *lequel*.
- Thralls* (*thralls*), III. vi. 16, slaves, bondmen, Sh. uses this word six times, always with the meaning of slavery.
- Till that*, I. ii. 66, a conjunctive affix; the meaning is relative. Compare Jul. Cæs., III. ii. 101, Tw. Night, V. i. 409.
- Timely*, II. iii. 51, III. iii. 11, opportune, welcome; Sh. often uses adjectives ending in 'ly' as adverbs.
- Titles*, IV. ii. 11, claims, rights, possessions.
- To*, III. i. 63, for 'in addition to'. Elizabethans used the prepositional meaning 'in addition to' without a verb of motion, and sometimes without any verb.
- To be*, I. vii. 59, 'of being'; the infinitive was indefinitely used, often for any form of the gerund as well as for the infinitive. Compare Cor., I. i. 288.
- To do*, V. vi. 10, V. viii. 83, the indefinite active is often found where we use the passive; Tw. Night, III. iii. 21.
- To fight*, IV. ii. 81, *to* was originally used not with the infinitive but with the gerund in '-e,' and, like the Latin *ad* with the gerund, to denote purpose. Gradually, as *to* superseded the proper infinitival inflection, it was used in other and more indefinite senses.
- Tongue nor heart*, II. iii. 77, as instance of ellipsis of 'neither' before 'nor.'
- Top*, IV. iii. 68, overtop, surpass, Cor., II. i. 23.
- Top-full*, I. v. 47, used again only in John, III. iv. 185.
- To pray*, III. i. 108, in relative constructions such as 'so . . . as,' the one or the other is frequently omitted, sometimes, as in the present instance, both are omitted, Jul. Cæs., III. i. 489.
- To that*, I. ii. 16, to that end the Elizabethans used 'to' before nouns with a sense of motion, Meas. for Meas., II. iv. 105.
- To them*, I. vi. 27, in Elizabethan writers the prepositional meaning 'in addition to' is found without the usual verb of motion, sometimes without any verb. See *to*, III. i. 63.
- Touch*, IV. ii. 13, sensibility, affection, feeling. Two Gen. of Ver., II. vii. 20.
- Touch'd*, IV. iii. 18, molested. See III. ii. 33.
- Toward*, II. i. 47, Sh. uses both 'toward' and 'towards' as best suited him.
- Towering* (*towering*), II. iv. 16, soaring, flying high, a term of falconry.
- Trace*, IV. i. 181, follow.
- Trains* (*trains*), IV. iii. 135, artifices, devices.
- Trammel* (*trammel*) *up*, I. vii. 7, entangle as in a net. See note, p. 140.
- Transpose*, IV. iii. 26, change, transform.
- Treatise*, V. v. 16, tale, story. Much Ado, I. i. 305; Ven. & Ad., 774; the three instances only of its use in Sh.
- Trenched*, III. iv. 34, cut; Tw. Gen. of Ver., III. ii. 9.

GLOSSARY

Trifled, II. iv. 6, made trivial, made to sink into insignificance; any noun or adjective could be converted into a verb by the Elizabethans, generally with an active signification.

Tugged with, III. i. 135, pulled about in wrestling with.

Tyranny, IV. iii. 80, usurpation, in contrast with right, here called *The Title*.

Tyrant, III vi. 29, usurper, 3 Hen. VI, III. iii. 84-6.

Unattended, II. ii. 87, alone, unsupported by its presence.

Undeared, V. vii. 29; used only here.

Unfixe (unfix), I. iii. 151, cause to stand up on end, erect itself

Unspeake (unspeak), IV. iii. 140. See Rich. II, IV. i. 13; Mids Night Dr., I. i. 192

Untitled, IV. iii. 120, having no title, without any claim

Uprore (uproar), IV. iii. 114, stir up to tumult; used nowhere else in Sh. as a verb.

Use, III. iv. 174, usage.

Using, III. ii. 10, cherishing.

Venom, IV. i. 10; As You, II. i. 16; Rich. III, I. ii. 167. In many other passages this same idea occurs.

Vizards, III. ii. 42, masks. Mer Wives, IV. iv. 77.

Vouch'd, III. iv. 43, avouched, assured.

Watching, V. i. 13, waking

Water-kugs (water-rugs), III. i. 115, a kind of poodle. See note, pp. 168-9.

Were out, IV. iii. 212, out in the field; had taken the field, Lear, I. i. 35

What's he, V. vii. 4, where 'who' would now be employed, 'what' was often used; so, also, in *what should*, IV. iii. 59

When 'tis, II. i. 37, when the matter is effected. The ambiguity is

natural under the circumstances. Secrecy is politic here.

Where-about (whereabout), II. i. 71, Sh. elsewhere uses 'where' and 'wherefore' as substantives; Lear, I. i. 286.

Which, I. ii. 27, is equivalent to 'who'; it was used interchangeably, with 'who' and 'that'; 3 Hen. VI, III. iii. 87.

Whiles, I. v. 7, II. i. 73, III. ii. 63, V. viii. 3, 'while' was originally a noun meaning 'time'. Thus 'whiles,' its genitive, means 'of the time'

While then, III. i. 53, till then. In Elizabethan English both 'while' and 'whiles' meant, besides the modern meaning, until, up to the time when.

Whispers, IV. iii. 246, *whispers* is often used without a preposition before a personal object.

Who, I. ii. 121, he who, in Early English *who* was the masculine or feminine, 'what' the neuter interrogative; in this case *who* retains a trace of it. Interrogative meaning by preceding the antecedent clause, III. i. 147, the inflection of 'who' is frequently neglected

Winke (wink), I. iv. 64, shut.

With, III. i. 74, by, like 'by,' it signifies nearness, and is often used to express the relation of cause and effect

Without ail remedy, III. ii. 11, outside of any remedy

Worme (worm), III. iv. 37, frequently used for serpent, Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 74.

Would, I. vii. 40, would require to; 'would' is often used conditionally, when applied to inanimate objects, the wish implied becomes a requirement. See, also, IV. iii. 225, V. viii. 84

Wrought, I. iii. 171, agitated; so we still say 'wrought up'; Wint. Tale, V. iii. 71.

Yawning Peale (peal), III. ii. 52, a peal lulling to sleep.

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET

A GLOSSARY OF WORDS

Grammatical Usage and Pronunciation

- about*, I. ii. 511, has the value of a verb, with the sense of 'turn about,' 'take an opposite course,' as a ship that comes 'about'
- above*, I. ii. 137, over and above this.
- bridgements*, II. ii. 448, pastime, shortening of time, and here, also, of talk.
- bsurd*, III. ii. 64, stress on first syllable.
- buse*, IV. vii. 55, a thing whose belief cheats or abuses the reason, here a noun, used, in the same sense, as a verb, II. iii. 626.
- ct*, I. ii. 222, operation
- dition*, I. iv. 19[4], individual characteristic, II. i. 52, title See note, p. 202.
- adresse*, I. ii. 235, make ready, Mach, II. ii. 35
- Admiration*, I. ii. 208, wonder.
- Adulterate* (*adulterate*), I. v. 49, adulterous.
- Affear'd*, V. ii. 275, afraid
- Affront*, III. i. 36, confront See note, p. 227.
- Against*, III. iv. 60, facing, turned against
- Allowance*, II. ii. 87, permission
- Amiss*, IV. v. 20, mischance
- Anchors*, III. ii. 238[2], anchorites or hermits.
- An end*, I. v. 24, on end.
- Angle*, V. ii. 72, angling line or rod; Ant & Cleo, II. v. 14, etc
- Answer*, V. ii. 136, return the challenge.
- Answered*, IV. 18, met, upon question or when challenged.
- Comp *answere*
- Appentment*, IV. vi. 18, equipment
- Apprehension*, II. ii. 36, conception, as used by Sh a more intuitive and creative function of the reason than 'comprehension'
- Comp Mids Nigh! Dr, V. i. 7.
- Approve*, I. i. 38, verify, confirm. V. ii. 112[21], used in double sense, cause to be approved of, and also confirm as to be disapproved of, Mer of Ven, III. ii. 79 See note, p. 182.
- Argall*, V. i. 49, clown's blunder for *ergo, ergo demonstrandum*.
- Article designe*, I. i. 111, article or special clause in the agreement designed to meet this case
- Assault*, II. i. 39, assaulting or attacking.
- Assay him to*, III. i. 18, test his disposition toward, used as a noun, the test addressed by the king to himself, III. iii. 175, and also to offer the test, II. ii. 79.
- Assays of bias*, II. i. 70, tests indirectly aimed, as in bowling with allowance made for the curve.
- Assignes*, V. ii. 120, things thereto assigned or therewith belonging.
- Assurance*, V. i. 119-20, security, in the legal sense especially.
- At foote* (*fool*), IV. iii. 58, at his heels.
- Authorities*, IV. ii. 17, authorizations or prerogatives
- Avouch*, I. i. 72, nouns formed from

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET

- verbs are not unusual in Sh. See *Cast*, I. i. 89; *hatch*, *disclose*, III. i. 178; *remove*, IV. v. 75; *super-vise*, V. ii. 25; *repare*, V. ii. 169.
- Aygre* (*eager*), I. i. 7, sharp, sour.
- Ayme*, IV. v. 11, try to hit.
- Ayrie* (*cyrie*), II. ii. 369, eagle's nest.
- Ban*, III. ii. 281, curse or spell: 2 Hen. VI, II. iv. 33, III. ii. 345, 359; *Lear*, II. iii. 20.
- Bare*, III. i. 85, commonly taken in the sense of 'mere,' but often used by Sh. also in the sense of 'naked'; *Two Gen. of Ver*, IV. i. 38; *As You, III* iii. 56.
- Batten*, III. iv. 78, grow fat; Icelandic *batna*, 'grow better', *Cor*, IV. v. 34. See note, p. 250.
- Beautified*, II. ii. 120, 122, *Two Gen. of Ver*, IV. i. 57. See note, p. 214. Sh. uses *beautied* in usual sense of 'beautified', III. i. 58.
- Bedded*, III. iv. 129, lying down in bed, following the figure of *sleeping Soldiers*, I. 128.
- Beetles*, I. iv. 58, projects, same figure as in 'beetle-browed,' sharply and threateningly like an upper jaw; Anglo-Saxon *bitan*, 'to bite'; Middle English *bitel*, 'sharp'.
- Behove*, V. i. 66, behoof. Sh. quotes an older usage here; elsewhere, 2 Hen. VI, IV. vii. 80, he uses *behoof*.
- Bent*, II. ii. 34, the utmost tension of will or of inclination, as in III. ii. 408, derived from the bending of the bow in archery; *Lear*, I. i. 152; *Much Ado*, II. iii. 214.
- Beshrew*, II. i. 124, a playful imprecation, 'plague take it'.
- Beteene* (*betwixt*), I. ii. 151, suffer, permit; *Mids. Night Dr.*, I. i. 141. See note, p. 195.
- Bisson*, II. ii. 530, blinding; Anglo-Saxon *bisen*; in the one other instance in Sh., *beesome*, *Cor*, II. i. 65, blind. See note, p. 226.
- Blanch* (*blank*), IV. i. 43[2], aim, derived from the white, *Fr blanc*, of the target.
- Blankes*, III. ii. 239, whitens, makes pallid.
- Blason* (*blazon*), I. v. 26, noising abroad; Anglo-Saxon *blæsan*, to blow a trumpet or alarm; Middle English *blasen*; used in the same sense, as a verb, *Rom. & Jul.*, II. vi. 28; used elsewhere, *blazon*, by Sh. as in heraldry, to show forth or portray rank or quality; *Meff. Wives*, V. v. 69; *Much Ado*, II. i. 282; *Tw. Night*, I. v. 294.
- Blast in prooffe*, IV. vii. 141, fail in the trial, said of the proving of cannon when they burst on first trying them.
- Blastments*, I. iii. 46, blightings; not elsewhere used by Sh.
- Blench*, II. ii. 620, shrink or wince; Middle English *blenchen*, 'to turn aside', *Tro & Cres*, I. i. 30, II. ii. 70.
- Blood*, III. ii. 73, I. iii. 9, II. i. 39, III. iv. 80, passion or impulse; *Mer. of Ven.*, I. ii. 19; *Oth.*, II. iii. 216. *Ant. & Cleo*, I. v. 87.
- Blunt* (*blont*), III. iv. 185, dull, perhaps here dulled with sleepiness; Middle English *blunt* or *blont*, allied to Danish *blunde*, 'to dore'; in the sense of dull, frequently used by Sh.; *Mer. of Ven.*, II. vii. 9, *Errors*, IV. ii. 25; *Jul. Cæs.*, I. ii. 317.
- Boord* (*board*), II. ii. 190, address; *Loves Lab.*, II. i. 231.
- Bruise*, I. ii. 136, noise abroad; French *bruire*, 'to make a noise', *bruit*, 'a noise'; 1 Hen. VI, II. iii. 77, *Macb.*, V. vii. 31.
- Bugges*, V. ii. 24, bugbears or frightful things; *Wint. Tale*, III. ii. 99.
- Bulke* (*bulk*), I. iii. 16, II. i. 105, the trunk of the body, 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. 262; *Rich. III*, I. iv. 42.
- Businessse*, I. ii. 42, to do business.
- Buttons*, I. iii. 44, buds. See note, p. 199.
- Can*, III. iii. 71, 72, can do; 1 Hen. VI, IV. iii. 46; *Temp.*, IV. i. 31.
- Canonis'd*, I. iv. 30, solemnized by the funeral rites, stress on second syllable, *can-on-is'd*.
- Carry it away*, II. ii. 390, double

GLOSSARY

- sense, literal and equivalent to get the upper hand.
- Cast*, II. i. 126, calculate, forecast; 2 Hen. IV, I. i. 181.
- Cataplasme*, IV. vii. 129, plaster.
- Cauler* (*cautel*), I. iii. 19, craft; used nowhere else by Sh.
- Caviarie*, II. ii. 64, roe of the sturgeon. See note, p. 222.
- Cease*, III. iii. 18, decrease, perhaps used in the same way as a noun, Lear, V. iii. 290.
- Censure*, I. iii. 75, iv. 19 [19], III. ii. 28, 91, c. pinion.
- Center*, II. i. 173, of the earth as the center of the universe. See note, p. 215.
- Cerments* (*cerements*), I. iv. 31, grave clothes, made originally of waxed cloth, used as a preservative; hence the name.
- Changed*, II. ii. 40, pronounced in two syllables.
- Chanson*, II. ii. 447, song. See note, p. 221.
- Character*, I. iii. 65, inscribe; IV. vii. 57, handwriting. Wint. Tale, V. ii. 37.
- Charge*, IV. [iv. 40], cost; V. ii. 47, weight, burden.
- Checking*, IV. vii. 67, forsaking. See note, p. 261.
- Cheere* (*cheer*), III. ii. 238 [2], fare. Errors, III. i. 23, 31, 35, and frequently in Sh.
- Chief* (*chief*), I. iii. 80, used as a noun. See note, p. 275.
- Choppine* (*chopine*), II. ii. 455, a shoe on stilts. See note, p. 222.
- Chorus*, III. ii. 266, the chorus in the Greek drama, which interpreted the action of the play.
- Chough* (*chough*), V. ii. 95, a jackdaw according to some, or else a boor. See note, p. 269.
- Circumstance*, I. v. 139, III. iii. 89, detail.
- Climatures*, I. i. 124 [18], not used elsewhere by Sh.
- Clip* (*clepe*), I. iv. 19 [3], call. Comp. *clepe*, Loves Lab., V. i. 24; *clipt*, Macb., III. i. 115.
- Closes with*, II. i. 50, meets you on the subject. Comp. 2 Hen. IV, II. i. 18, iv. 323.
- Clout*, II. ii. 530, cloth.
- Combined*, I. v. 23, pronounced in three syllables.
- Commendable*, I. ii. 94, stress on third syllable, *com-men-da-ble*, as always in Sh; Cor., IV. vii. 51; Much Ado, III. i. 71; except Mer of Ven., I. i. 111, for the rhyme's sake.
- Commerce*, III. i. 119, intercourse; Tw. Night, III. iv. 172.
- Compleat* (*complete*), I. iv. 35, stress on first syllable always in Sh when an accented syllable follows; Loves Lab., I. i. 137, exemplifies the first instance, John, II. i. 433, the opposite.
- Comply*, II. ii. 402, include, unfold. See note, p. 219.
- Conceit*, III. iv. 121, imagining or fancy; Loves Lab., IV. ii. 102-3.
- Congregation*, II. ii. 332, collection; not elsewhere used of impersonal things in Sh.
- Conjunctive*, IV. vii. 17, joined in one with, Oth., I. iii. 396.
- Continent*, IV. iv. 10 [57], V. ii. 112 [5], a containing thing, Ant. & Cleo., IV. xiv. 51.
- Convoy*, I. iii. 5, conveyance; All's Well, IV. iv. 10.
- Coated* (*coted*), II. ii. 347, overtook. See note, p. 216.
- Countenance*, IV. ii. 16, favor; As You, I. i. 17.
- Counter*, IV. v. 107, against the trail. See note, p. 256.
- Credent*, I. iii. 34, believing; used elsewhere only in Wint. Tale, I. ii. 171; Meas. for Meas., IV. iv. 27, with the different sense of credited.
- Crie* (*cry*), III. ii. 302, pack. See note, p. 241.
- Dearest*, I. ii. 196, closest or most stirring to the emotions; Anglo-Saxon *deære*, precious, high-priced, dear.
- Defeat* (*defeat*), II. ii. 594, frustration of right.
- Deject*, III. i. 166, dejected; Tro. & Cres., II. ii. 51.
- Dilated* (*deluted*), I. ii. 43, set forth in detail. Comp. All's Well, II. i. 64.
- Disappointed*, I. v. 82, unap-

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET

- pointed, unready; sole use in this sense in Sh.
- Discourse*, I. ii. 160, reasonable speech; or power of mental expression; III. i. 118, speech or expression, as usually, Temp, III. iii. 53, V. i. 357.
- Disjoynt (disjoint)*, I. ii. 24, disjointed.
- Distract*, IV. v. 3, distracted
- Doth*, I. iv. 19[21], doeth, effecteth; Temp., I. i. 40. See note, p. 202.
- Doublet*, II. i. 87, a lined coat, the cloth being doubled, hence the name.
- Doubt*, I. ii. 283, suspect.
- Doubts*, IV. vii. 179, does out or puts out, as in Hen. V, IV. ii. 16
- Downe gived (gyved)*, II. i. 89, giving down, or down gyved, according to others, like gyves or fetters.
- Drab*, II. ii. 610, a strumpet
- Dupt (dupp'd)*, IV. v. 49, did up, unlatched.
- Eale*, I. iv. 19[20], evil, reproach
- Edge*, III. i. 30, incitement.
- Effects*, III. iv. 137, things to be effected, purposes.
- Emulate*, I. i. 100, emulous. Comp. Mer. Wives, III. iii. 49.
- Enact*, III. ii. 110, 111, act; Rich. III, V. iv. 5.
- Encompassement*, II. i. 14, circumvention.
- Encorps't (incorpsed)*, IV. vii. 79, incorporate with; used only here in Sh.
- Engineer*, III. iv. 204[5], engineer; Tro. & Cres., II. iii. 8.
- Ennactors (enactures)*, III. ii. 218, actors; used only here by Sh.
- Ensnamed*, III. iv. 96, gross. See note, p. 250
- Entertainment*, V. ii. 159[10], courteous talk.
- Entreatments*, I. iii. 129, answers to entreaty; used only here by Sh.
- Erring*, I. i. 153, wandering
- Escoted*, II. ii. 376, looked out for, maintained; used only here by Sh.
- Etile*, V. i. 285, vinegar. See note, p. 268.
- Essials*, III. i. 36, spies; 1 Hen. VI, I. iv. 10, IV. iii. 8.
- Estate*, V. i. 222, high rank; Tw. Night, I. iii. 103; All's Well, III. vii. 5.
- Even*, II. ii. 317, straightforward; V. i. 29, common, on a level. See note, p. 262.
- Event*, IV. iv. 40[43], consequence, outcome.
- Exception*, V. ii. 185, objection
- Expectansie (expectancy)*, III. i. 163, the thing looked forward to; used in nearly the same way Oth., II. i. 48.
- Expostulate*, II. ii. 96, set forth fully.
- Expresse (express)*, II. ii. 335, expressive.
- Extent*, II. ii. 403, that which I extend, in this case the politeness shown. See note, p. 220.
- Extravagant*, I. i. 153, vagrant, out of its confines; Oth., I. i. 149; Loves Lab., IV. ii. 82.
- Extremity*, III. ii. 190, in extremes.
- Eye*, IV. iv. 7, presence.
- Fallies (fellies)*, II. ii. 518, the rims of wheels
- Fantasie (fantasy)*, I. i. 32, IV. iv. 10[54], both this word and 'fancy' are commonly used by Sh in the sense of 'imagination' or 'idealization.'
- Fardles (fardels)*, III. i. 85, burdens. See note, p. 231.
- Fellowship*, III. ii. 302, partnership. See note, p. 241-2
- Fetch*, II. i. 44, contrivance.
- Few*, I. iii. 133, in brief.
- Fey (fay)*, II. ii. 204, faith.
- Fishmonger*, II. ii. 194, used in the sense of 'pander' also.
- Flaw*, V. i. 215, gusty wind.
- Flushing*, I. ii. 165, the filling with water, here of tears leaving salt behind on drying, as the ocean does when it flushes the pools on the shore.
- Fonk*, I. v. 104, V. ii. 158, foolish, slight.
- For*, I. ii. 120, as for; I. iii. 134, because; V. i. 231, instead of.
- Fore do (fardo)*, V. i. 222, do away with beforehand, com-

GLOSSARY

- mit suicide. Comp. *Oth.*, V. i. 158.
- Frame*, III. ii. 333, order.
- Friending*, I. v. 202, friendliness, not used elsewhere by Sh.
- Gaged*, I. i. 108, pledged
- Gain-giving*, V. i. 167, misgiving
- Garbe (garb)*, II. iii. 402, external fashion, form
- Gate*, I. ii. 36, going on, proceeding.
- Gender*, IV. vii. 21, gendering of humanity, the mass of people
- Gaulles (gules)*, II. ii. 482, red. See note, p. 224.
- Gibbe (gib)*, III. iv. 193, a tom-cat.
- Gis*, IV. v. 53, Jesus.
- Give you good night*, I. i. 1, probably a contraction for 'God give you good night' Comp. Rom & Jul., I. ii. 60; Loves Lab, IV. ii. 97.
- Globe*, I. v. 102, head.
- Handsaw*, I. ii. 409, heronshaw probably; Middle English *heron-sawe*. See note, p. 220.
- Hatchment*, IV. v. 222, funeral escutcheon.
- Have after*, I. iv. 75, follow him
- Have at you*, V. ii. 278, start off
- Head*, IV. v. 98, uprising
- Health*, I. iv. 23, sound, healed; as opposed to stricken with a curse, *damn'd*.
- Hearsed*, I. iv. 30, shut up in deathly trappings; Mer. of Ven., III. i. 85. Pronounced in two syllables.
- Heate (heat)*, III. iv. 6, wrath
- Heavie (heavy)*, III. iii. 90, hard upon him.
- Hebanon*, I. v. 67, poison from the yew. See note, p. 206.
- Hecats*, III. ii. 281, pronounced in two syllables in Sh., stress on first.
- Hectike (hectic)*, IV. iii. 71, chronic fever; not elsewhere used by Sh.
- Hent*, III. iii. 93, course to take or direction to hold to Mackay in his Glossary of Obscure Words derives it from Gaelic *Sannt* or *hannt*, 'hand' or 'handle,' and hence 'seizure.' Comp. Meas. for Meas., IV. vi. 20; Wint. Tale, IV. iii. 126, the two other instances of the same word in Sh., but used differently.
- Hiperion (Hyperion)*, I. ii. 150, III. iv. 67, stress on second syllable, *Hi-per-ion*.
- Hoby-horsse (hobby)*, III. ii. 141, a mock horse. See note, p. 237.
- Hoist*, III. iv. 204[6], hoisted up, upset.
- Holds quantitie (quantity)*, III. ii. 189, becomes excessive.
- Hold up*, V. i. 31, keep up.
- Home*, III. iii. 34, to the closest point
- Hoodman-blinder (blind)*, III. iv. 83, blind-man's buff
- Hower (hour)*, I. iv. 4, probably pronounced as spelled, in two syllables.
- Hugger mugger*, IV. v. 78, in secrecy and haste
- Humorous man*, II. ii. 352, full of whims and moods, a set character in the plays of the time.
- Hush*, II. ii. 509, the only instance in Sh. of its use as an adjective.
- Idle*, III. ii. 99, iv. 15-16, empty-headed, crazy.
- Illume*, I. i. 48, illumine: used only here
- Impart*, I. ii. 120, let privilege or share proceed from me, bequeath.
- Impartment*, I. iv. 43, information to be imparted
- Impasted*, II. ii. 484, thick-smeared, like paste; a figurative word, not elsewhere used in Sh.
- Implorators*, I. iii. 136, for implorers; not elsewhere used by Sh.
- Impon'd*, V. ii. 119, staked
- Impostume*, IV. iv. 10[19], swelling, gathering.
- Impresse (impress)*, I. i. 91, forced service.
- In*, III. iv. 100, V. i. 287, ii. 76, for 'into,' as often in Sh.; Two Gen. of Ver., III. i. 253.
- Incapable*, IV. vii. 165, unconscious, impervious to; Cor. IV. vi. 150.
- Incorrect*, I. ii. 103, unwilling to be corrected by

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET

- Indifferent*, II. ii. 255, ordinary, average; Tw. Night, I. v. 244.
- Indivisible (individable)*, II. ii. 430, undivided, unified; not used elsewhere in Sh.
- Indued*, IV. vii. 166, invested, made the same with. Comp. Oth, III. iv. 168.
- Inexplicable*, III. ii. 13, unspeakable.
- Ingag'd (engaged)*, III. iii. 75, entangled.
- Inhibition*, II. ii. 362, restraint from residence. See note, p. 217.
- Innovation*, II. ii. 363, change of custom. See note, p. 217.
- In that*, I. ii. 36, inasmuch as.
- It*, I. ii. 235, V. i. 222, for the possessive 'its,' which occurs only in Meas. for Meas., I. ii. 5; elsewhere in Sh., 'it' or 'his' or 'her,' used for the possessive pronoun 'its,' which did not come into use until the seventeenth century.
- Jealousie (jealousy)*, II. i. 124, IV. v. 21, suspicion, so elsewhere in Sh.; Cymb., IV. iii. 27; Macb., IV. iii. 36.
- Keeps (keep)*, II. i. 12, dwell.
- Kibe*, V. i. 145, chilblain.
- Kind*, I. ii. 71, child as well as kind. See note, p. 191.
- Kindless*, II. ii. 604, childless as well as unnatural.
- Knotty (knotted)*, I. v. 23, tangled.
- Know*, V. ii. 8, acknowledge.
- Laboursome*, I. ii. 66[2], persistent.
- Lacke (lack)*, I. v. 203, be lacking.
- Larded*, IV. v. 37, sprinkled, garnished.
- Leave to do*, III. ii. 194, leave off performing (their functions).
- Lethe*, I. v. 40, pronounced in two syllables, stress on first, *Let-the*.
- Lets*, I. iv. 70, hinders, as elsewhere in Sh., Tw. Night, V. i. 264, and in other Elizabethan writers.
- Liberall (liberal)*, IV. vii. 157, free-spoken.
- Lightnesse (lightness)*, II. ii. 161, light-headedness.
- Like*, I. ii. 261, likely.
- Likes*, II. ii. 89, pleases.
- List*, IV. v. 96, bed.
- Live (lie)*, III. ii. 4, willingly.
- Loggets (loggats)*, V. i. 94, small logs. See note, p. 265.
- Looke (look) through*, IV. vii. 138, be detected.
- Luxury*, I. v. 28, lust.
- Machine*, II. ii. 135, bodily mechanism.
- Maine (main)*, II. ii. 63, chief source.
- Make you*, II. ii. 300, what are you doing?
- Manner*, I. iv. 18, custom.
- Margent*, V. ii. 125, notes in the margin.
- Marke (mark)*, III. ii. 167, pay attention to.
- Marvels (marvellous)*, II. i. 5, perhaps marvellously.
- Massie (massy)*, III. iii. 20, massive.
- Matine (matin)*, I. v. 94, morning.
- Matter*, II. ii. 214, 216, subject; taken by Hamlet to mean cause of dispute; IV. v. 183, meaning.
- Mazard*, V. i. 91, head.
- Me*, I. i. 1, emphatic, as the meter shows.
- Meanes (means)*, IV. vi. 16, means of access.
- Micking*, III. ii. 157, skulking; still a country phrase in New England for a hangdog look.
- Milche (milk)*, II. ii. 541, milk-giving; here, figuratively, the milk of tears.
- Mortall (mortal)*, IV. vii. 128, deadly; so elsewhere in Sh.; Wint. Tale, III. ii. 159; Cor., III. i. 364.
- Motion*, III. iv. 82[2], sensibility; I. ii. 236, movement; IV. vii. 143, action.
- Much thanks (thanks)*, I. i. 12, 'thanks' here is quasi-singular. 'Much' is frequently used as an ordinary adjective, like the Scotch *muckle* and the Early English *muchel*.
- Murdering Peeces (pieces)*, IV. v. 89, a case-shot cannon. See note, p. 255.
- Mutes*, V. ii. 321, silent witnesses.

GLOSSARY

- Mutine*, III iv 85, mutiny
Mutines, V. ii. 7, mutineers; used again only in John, II i. 402
- Napkin*, V. ii 259, handkerchief, as always in Sh; Jul. Cæs., III ii. 143; Oth., III iii. 335, 338, 374, 3 Hen. VI., I. iv. 70, 170, etc
- Native*, I. ii. 53, akin; III i 93, inborn.
- Nature*, I. v. 86, natural affection
- Naught*, III. ii 167, naughty
- Near*, I. iii. 48, be near
- Neighbor*, III. iv. 206, the use of the noun as an adjective is usual in Sh and the Elizabethans
- Nerve*, I. iv. 68, muscle; so often in Sh.; Cymb., III. iii 104.
- Nerve*, I. ii 570 Comp. un-nerved, II iii 498
- Nightly* (*nighted*), I ii 74, like night in color
- Nobility*, I. ii. 118, distinction or eminence
- Nomination*, V ii 111[19], naming, mention
- Noyance*, III. iii 16, annoyance
- Obsequious*, I ii 100, the sorrow belonging to funeral obsequies
- Tit And*, V iii. 161 Comp Rich III, I ii 6
- Occulted*, III ii 84, hidden by his splendor; not elsewhere used by Sh.
- Occurrences*, V ii 348, occurrences
- Of*, I i 34, by: II ii. 30, over, II ii 320, IV. v 45, 206, upon
- Of us*, I. i 34, 'of' frequently is equivalent to 'by' in Sh
- On't*, I i 70, of it, frequently used.
- Operant*, III. ii 194, active to working
- Opposed*, I. iii. 73, opposite one; three syllables
- Opposites*, V. ii. 67, opponents
- Orchard*, I. v. 64, garden. Jul Cæs. III ii 259.
- Ordinate* (*ordinant*), V ii. 53, pre-ordinant, foreordaining
- Ore-crowes* (*o'er-crowes*), V ii 344, triumphs over.
- O're-sized*, I. ii 487, plastered over with size or glue of the clotted blood; three syllables
- Ore-teamed*, II. ii. 532, overburdened, worn out with the burdens of child-bearing; three syllables.
- O'retook* (*o'ertook*), II i 64, overcome by drink
- Organ*, IV vii 73[3], instrument
- Out-stretcht* (*outstretched*), II ii. 293, exaggerated.
- O'erlook'd*, IV. vi 15, looked over, perused
- O'erpeering*, IV v 96, rising above.
- Pansies* (*pansies*), IV v 185
- Paddock* (*paddock*), III iv. 193, toad
- Painted*, II ii 504, in a picture, III. i 60, unreal
- Pajocke*, III. ii 309, peacock See note, p 242
- Parle*, I i 78, same as 'parley,' meaning 'conference' with a view to peaceful settlement of difficulties
- Partisan*, I i 137, halberd
- Parts*, IV vii 73[7], accomplishments
- Party*, II i 47, person, in the modern slang usage, which is common in Sh, Temp, III ii 63, Loves Lab, IV ii 150, etc
- Passage*, V ii 401, passing from life
- Passion*, II ii 542, suffering, III. ii 8, 10, emotion
- Patience*, III ii 115, convenient leisure
- Pause* (*pause*), III. i 77, III iii 48, hesitation, IV. iii 10, deliberation.
- Peace-parted*, V i 240, departed in peace
- Peake* (*peak*), II ii 590, pine, weaken
- Perdu* (*perdy*), III ii 319, French *par Dieu*, by God
- Perpend*, II. ii 115, ponder.
- Persever*, I. ii. 104, stress on second syllable, *per-se-ver*
- Petard*, III iv 104[6], petard.
- Picked*, V. i 143, choice, fastidious.
- Pioneer*, I. v 180, mining engineer.
- Plausible*, I iv 10[14], pleasing, ingratiating, All's Well, I ii 64
- Poesie* (*posy*), III ii 173, motto
- Posset*, I v 73, congregate
- Pregnant*, II. ii. 231, suggestive;

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET

- III. iii. 65, conscious of more than appears.
- Prenominate*, II. i. 48, aforementioned.
- Pressure*, III. ii. 25, distress.
- Presures (pressures)*, I. v. 105, impressions.
- Primy*, I. iii. 10, spring-like; not elsewhere used.
- Privates*, II. ii. 262, also with the sense of private soldiers of fortune.
- Probation*, I. i. 155, pronounced in four syllables, *pro-ba-ti-on*.
- Progresse (progress)*, IV. iii. 33, journey of a sovereign.
- Proper*, II. i. 125, appropriately belonging; V. ii. 72, own.
- Property*, II. ii. 593, royal title, prerogative.
- Purgation*, III. ii. 330, remedial cleansing.
- Purport*, II. i. 91, stress on second syllable.
- Put on*, IV. vii 116, instigate; V. ii. 380, brought about.
- Quality*, II. ii. 376, 460, profession of acting.
- Quarry*, V. ii. 359, heap of dead bodies; Macb., I. ii. 20.
- Question*, III. i. 16, discussion; II. ii. 370, moot points.
- Questionable*, I. iv. 26, suspicious.
- Quiddits (quiddities)*, V. i. 102, subtleties.
- Quietus*, III. i. 84, quit-claim.
- Quillets*, V. i. 103, sophistries.
- Quit*, V. ii. 74, requite.
- Quoted*, II. i. 123, observed.
- Rac'd (razed)*, III. ii. 302, slashed. See note, p. 241.
- Reach*, II. i. 69, foresight.
- Reade (rede)*, I. iii. 55, counsel.
- Reaks (recks)*, I. iii. 55, heeds.
- Recognizances*, V. i. 107-8, bonds of indebtedness.
- Recorders*, III. ii. 317, flute-players. See note, p. 242.
- Region*, II. ii. 510, air. See note, p. 225.
- Removed*, I. iv. 46, retired; three syllables.
- Repast*, IV. v. 154, feed, give them repast.
- Resolve*, I. ii. 140, dissolve or fuse; the corresponding sense implied in the musical use of the word the 'resolution' of a discord; or the dramatic use, the 'solution' of a plot; Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 442.
- Retrograde*, I. ii. 122, unfavorable. See note, p. 193.
- Rivals*, I. i. 17, companions. See note, p. 181.
- Romage*, I. i. 124, bustle.
- Rood*, III. iv. 20, cross.
- Rouce (rouse)*, I. ii. 136, bumper; perhaps contracted from 'carouse', German *garvus*, end, hence full cups emptied; Oth., II. iii. 66.
- Rub*, III. i. 74, impediment.
- Sallets*, II. ii. 469, relishes.
- Sanctity*, I. iii. 25, sound condition.
- Sance (sans)*, III. iv. 83[2], without.
- Scrimmures (scrammers)*, IV. vii. 94[1], fencers.
- Secure*, I. v. 66, stress on first syllable, *sêk-kure*.
- Sensible*, I. i. 72, adjectives ending in '-ble', '-ful', '-ive', '-less', have frequently in Sh. either an active or a passive sense.
- Shall*, II. i. 5, III. i. 188, for 'will.'
- Sherne (sheen)*, III. ii. 179, shining or light.
- Shent*, III. ii. 422, punished.
- Shoone*, IV. v. 27, archaic plural of 'shoes.'
- Shrewdly*, I. iv. 2, sharply.
- Shriving*, V. ii. 51, confession.
- Siedge (siege)*, IV. vii. 73[10], rank.
- Simple*, I. ii. 105, foolish.
- Simples*, IV. vii. 130, herbs.
- Sith*, IV. iv. 10[38], since. Middle English *sithen*.
- Sit we*, I. i. 44, either first person imperative or subjunctive, 'suppose we sit.' Comp. I. 167 below, *Breaks we*.
- Soft*, V. ii. 112 [3], sleek.
- Sommet (summit)*, I. iv. 57, 'sommet' is elsewhere in the Folio the old spelling for 'summit,' as in III. ii. 21 and Lear, IV. vi. 71.
- Soop-stake (swoopstake)*, IV. v. 148, sweepstakes.

GLOSSARY

- Sort*, II. ii. 297, associate; I. i. 124[2], befall.
- Sounds (swounds)*, V. ii. 289, swoons.
- Stoupe (stoupe)*, V. i. 62, cup or cup.
- Stythe (stithy)*, III. ii. 88, smithy.
- Tarre*, II. ii. 38, instigate.
- Temple*, I. iii. 16, body.
- Thou*, I. i. 51, equivalent to 'thou,' as often after imperatives.
- Tinct*, III. iv. 94, color.
- Toyes ((toys)*, I. iv. 62, light and airy (things usually in Sh, here suggesting a giddiness; Mer Wives, V. v. 47. Oth., I. iii. 296).
- Ty in blood (blood)*, I. iii. 9, passing impulse.
- Translate*, III. i. 123, transform.
- Trick'd*, II. ii. 482, adorned, a term in heraldry.
- Tricke (trick)*, IV. iv. 10[54], trifle; IV. vii. 175, habit, V. i. 92, knock.
- Umbrage*, V. ii. 112[12], shadow.
- Unbaited (unbated)*, IV. vii. 123, not blunted with a button at the end of the foil.
- Unbrac'd*, II. i. 87, unfastened.
- Unhouszled (unhousel'd)*, I. v. 82, without receiving the sacrament.
- Unimproved*, I. i. 113, unworn, untested; four syllables.
- Union*, V. ii. 234, 311, pearl. See note, p. 272.
- Unmaneld (unmaneld)*, I. v. 82, without receiving extreme unction.
- Untravayling*, I. ii. 115. See note, p. 193.
- Unreclaim'd*, II. i. 39, untamed. See note, p. 211.
- Unstifed*, I. iii. 109, untested.
- Unyoke (unyoke)*, V. i. 53, quit work.
- Upon your houre (hour)*, I. i. 10, just at your hour. Comp. Rich. III, III. ii. 7. Meas for Meas, IV. i. 20.
- Up spring*, I. iv. 11, advance. See note, p. 201.
- Veyled (veiled)*, I. ii. 76, lowered; two syllables.
- Videlicet*, II. i. 67, namely.
- We*, I. iv. 37, used loosely instead of accusative.
- Weedes (weeds)*, IV. vii. 73[15], clothes.
- Wheele (wheel)*, IV. v. 181, burden. See note, p. 257.
- Yases (eyases)*, II. ii. 370, unfledged birds.

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR

A GLOSSARY OF WORDS

Grammatical Usage and Pronunciation

- Abused*, I. i. 177, 169, lesser d, Mer of Ven., V. i. 220
Abide, IV. vi. 183, support, uphold. Compare *capable*, II. i. 98
Abused, IV. i. 27, three syllables
Addition, II. ii. 24, V. iii. 73, 307, nominal distinction, or title; *additions*, I. i. 144. Macb., III. i. 121, Ham., I. iv. 19[4], II. i. 52
Address, I. i. 206, active use of 'address ourselves'. Tro. & Cres., IV. iv. 156
Admiration, I. iv. 218, amazement; Ham., III. ii. 350
Advise yourself, II. i. 32, consider
Affected, I. i. 4, been more partial to
After, V. iii. 262, afterward
Aheight, IV. vi. 72, aloft
Alarm'd, II. i. 64, aroused
Alay (allay), I. ii. 153, be allayed
All, I. i. 111, completely, exclusively.
Allow, II. iv. 209, approve of
Allowance, I. iv. 192, countenance.
Answer, I. i. 161, an imperative use of the verb, 'let my life answer or be at stake,' etc
Appare (appear), I. i. 154, seem
Approve, II. ii. 164, confirms
Approves, III. v. 13, proves
Arbitriment, IV. vii. 101[9], contest
Arch, II. i. 71, chief.
Argument, I. i. 236, subject-matter; so often in Sh.; Ham., III. ii. 159.
Arise (arise), III. iv. 128, off with you' an obscure colloquialism, belonging especially to Warwickshire, Macb., I. iii. 9, the only other instance of its use in Sh.
As, III. iv. 20, in the sense of 'as if'
Aspect, II. ii. 108, stress on second syllable
Assured, III. vi. 10, three syllables
At each, IV. vi. 7, fastened each to each
At task for, I. iv. 339, taken to task for
Attend, II. i. 143, wait for
Auricular, I. ii. 92-3, won by the ear, as 'ocular,' by the eye
Avert, I. i. 231, turn
Avouch, II. iv. 261, assert
Avouched, V. i. 45, asserted, three syllables
Ajdant (aidant), IV. iv. 21, helpful.
Backe (back), IV. ii. 74, on his way back
Balioz, IV. vi. 266, cudgel
Balmed, III. vi. 63, cured, healed
Bans, II. iii. 20, spells or charms
Barber-monger, II. ii. 33, frequenter of barbers' shops, fop.
Bare (bar), V. iii. 94, debar
Barre (bar), II. i. 93, shut
Bearing, III. vi. 62[6], suffering.
Becomes, II. iv. 162, suits
Bedlom (bedlam), III. vii. 120[5], beggar
Beguild, II. ii. 113-4, deceived.

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR

Belike, IV. v. 25, perhaps.
Bemadding, III. i. 25[9], madden-
 ing.
Be-met, V. i. 22, met.
Bench, III. vi. 39, sit on the judg-
 ment-seat.
Bending, IV. ii. 53, directing.
Bereaved, IV. iv. 12, three sylla-
 bles.
Besort, I. iv. 232, become.
Best, I. ii. 51, best part.
Bestow, IV. vi. 314, lodge
Bestow'd, II. iv. 317, lodged.
Bethought, II. iii. 7, have deter-
 mined.
Bewray, II. i. 123, reveal.
Bide, III. iv. 35, bear
Biding, IV. vi. 243, abiding-place
Billes (bills), IV. vi. 100, halberds
Blame, II. iv. 318, fault.
Blanke (blank), I. i. 171, the white
 of the eye, also the white mark in
 the center of the target.
Blocke (block), IV. vi. 197, hat-
 mold.
Blood, III. v. 24, nature; IV. ii
 46[3], impulse.
Blowne (blown), IV. iv. 32, in-
 flated.
Bolds, V. i. 25[4], emboldens; not
 used elsewhere by Sh. as a verb.
Bond, I. i. 99, duty.
Bootesse (bootless), V. iii. 329, use-
 less.
Border'd, IV. ii. 38[3], bounded.
 not used elsewhere in Sh.
Bosom, IV. v. 32, in her confidence.
 V. iii. 56, popular affection.
Bosom'd, V. i. 16, intimate.
Bosomes (bosoms), I. i. 297, loving
 hearts.
Bound, III. vii. 13, pledged.
Bourn, IV. vi. 71, boundary.
 Temp., II. i. 158.
Brach, I. iv. 114, a female hound.
Bras'd, I. i. 14, dared, hardened.
 Ham., III. iv. 46.
Byas (bias) of nature, I. ii. 109,
 natural direction, tendency.
By day and night, I. iii. 6, an
 oath; Hen. VIII, I. ii. 252.
Cadent, I. iv. 271, falling.
Can, IV. iii. 12, can do, 2 Hen.
 VI, III. ii. 131, 391, Hen. VIII,
 IV. ii. 220; Ham., V. ii. 302,
 Ant. & Cleo., IV. xv. 75.

Canker-bit, V. iii. 138, canker-
 bitten, infected with canker.
Capable, II. i. 98, able to inherit.
Carbonado, II. ii. 38, slash across,
 like a piece of meat for broiling.
 Compare 'carbinado'd,' All's
 Well, IV. v. 104. From a Spanish
 word meaning 'broiled.'
Carry, III. ii. 48, endure; Rom. &
 Jul., IV. v. 124; V. iii. 44, carry
 out; execute: Much Ado, II. iii.
 206, Mids. Night Dr., II. ii.
 247; Tw. Night, III. iv. 140;
 Hen. VIII, I. i. 126, I. ii. 159.
Case, IV. vi. 160, empty sockets;
 IV. vi. 162, condition; Wint.
 Tale, V. ii. 14, sockets.
Casualties, IV. [iii. 46], accidents;
 Per., V. i. 96.
Cataracts, III. ii. 4, water-spouts.
Censure, V. iii. 6, judge; *censured*,
 III. v. 4; Much Ado, II. iii. 215;
 John, II. i. 349, 1 Hen. VI, V.
 v. 101; Cor., II. i. 25; Jul. Cæ.,
 III. ii. 19.
Centery (century), IV. iv. 9, com-
 pany of a hundred men; Cor., I.
 vii. 7.
Challenge, I. i. 58, make a claim;
 Oth., I. iii. 213, used also with
 object, 'claim,' IV. vii. 40. Rich.
 II, II. iii. 143; Hen. V, IV. i.
 223; 1 Hen. VI, IV. vii. 31; Oth.,
 II. i. 24; Rom. & Jul., III. v.
 232.
Champaigns, I. i. 69, stress on
 first syllable, plains, open coun-
 try.
Chance, II. iv. 64, does it happen?
 With subject 'it' expressed, 1
 Hen. VI, II. i. 37.
Changed, IV. ii. 46[1], two sylla-
 bles.
Character, I. ii. 65, handwriting.
 Wint. Tale, III. ii. 55.
Charge, I. i. 12, II. iv. 263, ex-
 pense, cost, All's Well, III. v.
 124, John, V. ii. 105; Jul. Cæ.,
 IV. i. 12; Ham., IV. iv. 10[42].
 The plural, 'charges,' is used in
 the same sense.
Check, II. ii. 47[2], rebuke; 2
 Hen. IV, III. i. 67; 2 Hen. VI,
 I. ii. 56.
Che vor ye, IV. vi. 265, I warn you
 (Somerset dialect).
Childe- (child-) changed, IV. vii.

GLOSSARY

- 24 (*changed*, two syllables), changed by his children's conduct.
- Childed*, III. vi. 62[9], having such children
- Child-like*, II. i. 121, befitting a son
- Chill*, IV. vi. 259, 269, I will (Somerset dialect); *also chud*, IV. vi. 263, I should
- Chud*. See *Chill*, above
- Clamour* (*clamor*), IV. [iii. 33], V. iii. 232[4], loud wailing and weeping; Ham., II. ii. 538.
- Cleerest* (*clearest*), IV. vi. 90, purest, most glorious.
- Clift* (*clipp'd*), IV. vii. 10, diminished
- Cloathiers* (*clothier's*) *yard*, IV. vi. 10, an arrow a yard long
- Closet* (*closet*), I. ii. 64, chamber, private room; Rom. & Jul., IV. ii. 37; Jul. Cæs., II. i. 39; Ham., V. ii. 354
- Clot-pole* (*poll*), I. iv. 49, block-head, Tro. & Cres., II. i. 119
- Cocke* (*cock*), III. iv. 121, cock-crow; Macb., II. iii. 26, IV. vi. 26, cockboat
- Cockes* (*cocks*), III. ii. 5, weather-cocks
- Cockney*, II. iv. 126, kitchen-maid
- Cold'st*, I. i. 279, such contracted superlatives are not common in Sh. Compare *'curs'd'st'*, Mer. of Ven., II. i. 54
- Colour*, I. ii. 145, nature, kind, As You, I. ii. 98, III. ii. 394. Tw. Night, II. iii. 162.
- Come your waies*, II. ii. 38-9, come on, Meas. for Meas., III. ii. 80, 'come your way' is also used by Sh., *ibid.*, 11.
- Comfortable*, I. iv. 298, II. ii. 168, comforting; Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 544; Rom. & Jul., V. iii. 161.
- Commend*, II. iv. 32, deliver. Love's Lab., III. i. 165.
- Commission*, V. iii. 68, delegated authority.
- Commit*, III. iv. 86, commit adultery. Compare Oth., IV. ii. 83, 87
- Commodities*, IV. i. 26, advantages. Compare 2 Hen. IV., I. iii. 223.
- Common bosome* (*bosome*), V. iii. 56, favor of the public; for 'common' in the sense of 'pertaining to the people,' compare Cor., I. vi. 54, III. iii. 136.
- Compact*, I. i. 9, put together; I. iv. 335, enforce; II. ii. 121, joined, joining.
- Compeeres* (*compeers*), V. iii. 75, is equal to.
- Conceit*, IV. vi. 54, imagination; Ham., III. iv. 121.
- Conceive*, I. i. 15, IV. ii. 27, understand; Temp., IV. i. 57; Rom. & Jul., II. iv. 49.
- Concluded*, IV. vii. 48, come to an end. Compare Cymb., V. v. 43.
- Condition*, I. i. 322, IV. [iii. 35], habit, character; Cor., V. iv. 10.
- Confine*, II. iv. 156, stress on second syllable, limit, bounds, Oth., I. ii. 30.
- Confin'd*, I. ii. 28, limited; Temp., V. i. 138.
- Confined*, IV. i. 83, three syllables
- Conjunct*, V. i. 16[2], united
- Conjuring*, II. i. 48, used transitively. Compare Tim. of Ath., I. i. 14
- Consort*, II. i. 111, company; Two Gen. of Ver., IV. i. 66.
- Conspirant*, V. iii. 154, stress on second syllable, conspiring
- Constant pleasure*, V. i. 7, firm, unchanging will. For the adjective, compare Jul. Cæs., III. i. 82, 83, for the noun, Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 337
- Constrains* (*constrains*), II. ii. 99, forces. Compare Macb., V. iv. 21.
- Continent*, I. ii. 155, restraining. Compare Macb., IV. iii. 76.
- Continents*, III. ii. 58, boundaries.
- Convenient*, V. i. 34, fitting; Mer. of Ven., III. iv. 58.
- Converse*, I. iv. 18, associate.
- Convey*, I. ii. 90, manage, carry out; Macb., IV. iii. 84.
- Cope*, V. iii. 140, cope with, encounter. Hen. VIII., I. ii. 98.
- Corky*, III. vii. 35, shriveled.
- Coronet*, I. i. 148, royal crown; 1 Hen. VI., V. iv. 137.
- Costard*, IV. vi. 266, head; Rich., III. I. iv. 152.
- Couch*, III. i. 9[5], lie close, hide; Mer. Wives, V. ii. 3; Ham., V. i. 122

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR

Covers, I i 307, conceals, *cover d*,
III i 16 Compare Rom &
Jul, I v 62, 3 Hen VI, I v ii
25
Cowish, IV ii 15, cowardly
Cozcombe (cozcombs), I iv 97,
fools cap Mer Wives, V v
146
Cozcombs, II iv 128, heads Tw
Night, V i 189
Cozend, V iii 175, cheated
Compare 'cosen,' Mer of Ven,
II ix 40, IV ii 89
Cozener, IV vi 178, cheat, swin-
dler 'couzeners,' 1 Hen IV, I
iii 264
Crable (crab), I v 17, crab
apple, Mids Night Dr, II i
48
Craze, I i 111, demand Oth
I iii 262 Compare *craves*, II
i 146
Crow keeper, IV vi 105 6, one
whose business it is to keep
crows away from a field, field
guard
Cruell (cruel, cruel), II iv 17
woolen, with 7 play on the other
sense of the word
Cruels, III vii 81, cruelties, or
perhaps cruel beings, as in
Sonn cxlix 1
Cry, III ii 58, cry for mercy
III vi 19 [27], 'cry you mercy,
or I beg your pardon
Cub draunc (draun), III i 9 [6]
sucked dry by cubs, famished
Cue, I ii 132, catchword Mids
Night Dr, III i 76, 102
Cullyenly (cullionly), II ii 3-,
rascally
Cunning, II i 35, pretense
Iemp, III i 98
Curiosity, I i 9, careful considera-
tion Compare I ii 1, I iv 70,
scrupulousness
Curious, I iv 36, fine elabo-
rate 3 Hen VI, II v 54
Curst, II i 77, hateful shrewish
Much Ado, II i 21
Curt sie (courtesy), III vii 30,
'do a curt'sie, hence give way
to, or defer to
Damned, II i 85, two syllables
Darker, I i 31, more secret
Love & Lab, V ii 19

Darkling, I iv 200, in the dark,
Mids Night Dr, II ii 91
Daub it, IV i 65, keep up the
deceit Compare 'dawb'd,'
Rich III, III v 34
Dawning, II ii 3, morning
Dead, II ii 126, lifeless, *gham*,
Sonn lxvii 6,
Deare (dear) See *Deere*
Deare (deer), animals German,
thier
Death practis'd, IV vi 302, *hose*
death is plotted
Deathsman, IV vi 283, execu-
tioner 3 Hen VI V v 77
Debauch'd, I iv 223 debauched
All's Well, V iii 238 Iemp,
III ii 29
Declive, IV iii 25, bend down
Errors, III ii 133
Declind, I ii 75 weakened with
age Oth, III iii 309
Deere (deer), I iv 257, one's own,
pr per Compare *deare*, V
[iii 47], III i 17, important,
Rom & Jul V ii 21, iii 35
Diffuse (diffuse), I iv 41, disorder,
disguise Hen V, V ii 65
Deny, II iv 89, refuse Rom
& Jul, I v 22
Depart, III v 3 depart from
Hen VI, II ii 77
Depend, I iv 231, be in attend-
ance *Deo & Cres*, II i 6
Depositaris, II iv 77, those
with whom a trust is placed
Discre, I ii 6, dishonest
Despate, I iv 204, depraved
Desery, IV vi 20, discovery
the maine desery, the sight of the
main body IV v 17 discover,
spv out Oth, I iii 6
Deserving, III iii 23, what is
deserved Meas for Meas, V
i 530
Desperately, V iii 324, in de-
spair
Determine, V i 30, settle, plan,
Two Gen of Ver, III ii 98
Detest'd, I ii 78, I iv 247, II
iv 238, detestable, Rich III, I
iii 242
Diffidence, V iii 318 the begin-
ning of your change of fortune
Iim of Ath, III i 47
Differenccs, II i 141, dissen-
sions, John, II i 379

GLOSSARY

- Diffidences*, I. ii. 141[3], suspicions, distrust; John, I. i. 73.
- Digest*, I. i. 136, use, enjoy.
- Dimensions*, I. ii. 9, bodily parts; Mer of Ven., III. i. 55.
- Disasters*, I. ii. 117, perhaps with reference to the original sense of misfortunes caused by the influence of the heavenly bodies.
- Disbranch*, IV. ii. 38[4], cut off, as a branch from the trunk.
- Disclaimes (disclaim)* in, II. ii. 55, disowns, as also *disclaime*, I. i. 120.
- Discommend*, II. ii. 112, disapprove.
- Discoverie (discovery)*, V. i. 56, espial, reconnoitering; Macb., V. iv. 12.
- Disemantle*, I. i. 238, strip off, else where in Sh. in the ordinary sense, 'lay bare'.
- Disnatur'd (disnaturaed)*, I. iv. 69, unnatural.
- Dispatch*, II. i. 70, imperative use of the verb.
- Displaid so saucily (display'd so saucily)*, II. iv. 45, made so bold a showing.
- Dispositions*, I. iv. 205, caprices; Cor., III. ii. 26 Compare *disposition*, II. iv. 279.
- Disquantity*, I. iv. 230, diminish.
- Disquietly*, I. ii. 111, disturbingly.
- Dissipation*, I. ii. 141[4], disbanding.
- Dissolve*, V. iii. 231, weep; Rich. II. III. ii. 109.
- Distaste*, I. iii. 17, verb, dislike, Tro & Cres., II. ii. 68.
- Distract*, IV. vi. 307, distraught, mad; Ham., IV. v. 3.
- Distressed*, IV. [iii. 40], three syllables.
- Doe (do)*, I. ii. 136, show, manifest.
- Dolors*, II. iv. 54, griefs, with play on the sense of 'dollars'.
- Doubted*, V. i. 9, feared Compare 'doubt,' Oth. III. iii. 24. Ham. I. ii. 283.
- Doubtfull (doubtful)*, V. i. 16[2], fearful, suspicious, Tw. Night, IV. iii. 30.
- Drew*, II. iv. 46, 'my sword' understood so also II. ii. 127.
- Earnest*, I. iv. 95, earnest-money, paid in advance as a pledge of full payment; Macb., I. iii. 114.
- Easie (easy) borrowed*, II. iv. 200, easily assumed: the adverbial use of 'easie' is frequent, Macb., II. iii. 170.
- Effects*, I. i. 139, II. iv. 191, tokens, manifestations; Hen. VIII, II. iv. 114; IV. ii. 18, turn out to be realities.
- Election*, I. i. 226, choice: Oth., I. i. 29.
- Elements*, III. i. 6, powers of nature; Tw. Night, I. v. 274.
- Elfe (elf)*, II. iii. 11, tangle, as elves might do.
- Ellads (Eillades)*, IV. iv. [v.] 31, amorous glances, 'illiads,' Mer Wives, I. iii. 53.
- Engine*, I. iv. 253, rack of torture.
- Enguard*, I. iv. 319, guard.
- Enormous*, II. ii. 173, abnormal, disordered.
- Enraged*, IV. v. [vi.] 88, three syllables.
- Entertaine*, III. vi. 40, engage, keep in one's service; Cymb., IV. ii. 484.
- Epilepticke (epileptic)*, II. ii. 81, distorted, as of a person in a fit.
- Esperance*, IV. i. 6, stress on last syllable, hope.
- Essay*, I. ii. 49, test, trial. Compare 'assay,' Oth., I. iii. 26.
- Estate*, V. iii. 232[5], state, condition; Mer of Ven., III. ii. 334.
- Even ore (o'er)*, IV. vii. 96[2], pass over, fill up the gaps in the memory.
- Exhibition*, I. ii. 28, a stated allowance.
- Expence*, II. i. 114, spending. Love's Lab., V. ii. 581.
- Extreme*, IV. v. [vi.] 34, stress on first syllable.
- Eyless (eyeless)*, III. i. 9[2], blind, as of a blind person.
- Faine (fain)*, I. ii. 66, iv. 31, 165, gladly, frequent, and always joined with 'would'.
- Faint*, I. iv. 69, cold, Tim. of Ath., III. i. 55.
- Faith'd*, II. i. 82, believed.
- Fast*, I. i. 43, firm; Cor., II. iii. 199.
- Fastned (fasten'd)*, II. i. 90, confirmed, hardened.

THE TRAGEDIÆ OF KING LEAR

Fathered, III. vi. 62[9], having a father; Jul Cæs., II. i. 326.
Fathoms (fathom), IV. vi. 64, for plural 'fathoms'; Rom. & Jul., I. iv. 82.
Fault, V. iii. 219, mistake; Cymb., V. v. 79.
Favours (savors), III. vii. 50, features; 1 Hen. IV, III. ii. 143.
Fear (*fear*), IV. ii. 38[1], governs two objects, the accusative 'disposition' and the clause 'that nature cannot.'
Fear (*fear*), III. v. 5, makes afraid; Ant. & Cleo., II. vi. 30.
Feature, IV. ii. 46[2], outward form; Ant. & Cleo., II. v. 143.
Feeling, IV. vi. 241, felt.
Felicitate, I. i. 80, happy.
Fell, II. i. 61, hostile, deadly.
Fell, IV. vi. 68, fallen; Tit And., II. iv. 56.
Fell, V. iii. 30, hide. Compare 'fels,' As You, III. ii. 53.
Fellowes (fellows), I. iii. 16, comrades; Macb., I. v. 38.
Festive (festinate), III. vii. 13, speedy.
Fetters, II. iv. 91, pretexts; Ham. II. i. 44.
Fire, V. iii. 29, drive away with fire. Sonn. cxliv. 13.
Fire new (fire-new), V. iii. 151, fresh, as from the forge.
First of difference, V. iii. 318. See under *Difference*.
Flaw'd, V. iii. 223, shattered, broken; Hen. VIII., I. ii. 33.
Flawes (flaws), II. iv. 313, fragments, slivers.
Flesh, II. ii. 47, 'to feed with flesh for the first time, to initiate'.
fleshment, II. ii. 126, 1 Hen. IV. V. iv. 140.
Flying off, II. iv. 92, desertion.
Fond, I. ii. 53, iv. 292, IV. vii. 72, foolish, weak; Oth., I. iii. 349.
Footed, III. iii. 14, landed, Hen. V, II. iv. 155.
Foppery, I. ii. 115, folly; Mer. of Ven., II. v. 37.
Foppish, I. iv. 153, foolish.
For, I. i. 246, V. iii. 168, because. Oth., III. iii. 307.
For, II. i. 129, as for.
Forbid, III. iii. 21, forbidden; the shorter form is more frequent.

For-did, V. iii. 278, did away with themselves before the time; Oth., V. i. 158.
For-done, V. iii. 323, committed suicide.
For-fended, V. i. 16, forbidden; Oth., V. ii. 38.
Fore-voucht (vouch'd), I. i. 241, declared before.
Forgot, V. iii. 256, forgotten, the longer form is used only adjectively.
Fork, I. i. 153, barbed arrow-head.
Forked, III. iv. 112, two-legged.
Forraine (foreign), IV. [iii. 46], dependent on or belonging to other; Oth., IV. iii. 97.
For that, I. i. 82, because.
Fortune, V. iii. 189, 'fortune on me,' good luck to overcome me.
Foyes (foins), IV. vi. 270, thrusts in fencing.
Frame, I. ii. 96, manage; 2 Hen. IV, IV. i. 188.
Fraught, I. iv. 204, laden, filled, Mer. of Ven., II. vii. 33.
Free, III. iv. 16, vi. 62[4], IV. vi. 97, free from trouble; Oth., III. iii. 396.
Fret, I. iv. 277, wear, Rich. II, III. iii. 175.
From, II. i. 142, away from.
Fruitful, IV. vi. 290, abundantly, fully; All's Well, II. ii. 67.
Full, I. iv. 333, fully, Two Gen. of Ver., III. i. 79.
Full flowing, V. iii. 81, freely venting itself.
Furnishings, III. i. 25, outward signs.
Gallow, III. ii. 43, frighten.
Garb, II. ii. 99, manner of speech.
Gasted, II. i. 66, frightened, aghast.
Gate (gaiz), IV. vi. 262, way; Tim. of Ath., V. iv. 89, V. iii. 201, manner of walking. Oth., V. i. 27.
Generation, I. i. 124, offspring; Tro. & Cres., III. i. 128.
Generous, I. ii. 10, noble, well-born, Oth., III. iii. 326.
Germinas (germins), III. ii. 10, germs, seeds. Compare 'germaine,' Macb., IV. i. 64.

GLOSSARY

- Gilded butterflies*, V iii 17, gay courtiers.
- Give you*, II. ii. 161, God grant you.
- Glasse* (*glass*-) *gazing*, II. ii 18, vain, foppish.
- Gloucester*, I. i. 2, pronounced as frequently spelled, 'Gloster' - e.g., I 39. I v. 3, the city of Gloucester.
- Good*, I i 186, made good.
- Good years* (*good-year*), V iii 30, a disease; probably corrupted from *Gougères*.
- Gor'd*, V. iii 359, wounded, disordered.
- Gouverne* (*govern*), V iii. 184, 1e-strain, hold. Ham, III. ii 381.
- Grac'd* (*graced*), I. iv 227, seemingly. Compare Macb., III iv 33.
- Grat*, V. I. 58, meet; Oth., III i 34.
- Grosse* (*gross*), IV. vi. 21, large, Mer Wives III iii 36.
- Grossly* (*grossly*), I i 317, clearly, 'grossely,' All's Well, I iii. 178.
- Habit*, V. iii 215, dress, Ham, I iii. 76.
- Half* (*half*-) *blooded*, V iii 89, of noble birth by one parent only.
- Hap*, III. vi 62[13], 'let happen what more will.'
- Happily* (*happily*), I i 107, perhaps; 'happely,' Oth., III. 305.
- Happy*, II. iii 3, luckily happening.
- Harmes* (*harms*), I ii 168, harmful acts, 1 Hen VIII, IV vii 51. I. iv. 323, causes of harm.
- Hatch*, III. vi. 35, half-door, John. I. i 180.
- Head-lugd* (*lugged*), IV ii 38[12], dragged by the head.
- Heart-strook*, III i. 12, which have struck to the heart.
- Heate* (*heat*), I. i 332, quickly, while the iron is hot.
- Heavy*, IV vi 162, grievous.
- Hell-hated*, V iii 167, hateful as hell.
- Helpes* (*helps*) IV iii [iv 12], heals; 'helpe,' Temp., I ii 101.
- Here*, I. i. 286, used as a substantive.
- High*, III. vi. 62[10], loud, 'hye,' Ant. & Cleo., I. v. 57.
- High-engendered*, III. ii 25, high-judging, II. iv. 250, high in the heavens.
- Him*, V. iii 232[10], himself. Compare *them, themselves*, IV. vi 90.
- Host* (*host*), V. ii. 6, personified, 'refuge.'
- Hold*, II iv. 266, keep; Ant & Cleo., III. vi 93.
- Hollownesse* (*hollowness*), I ii. 110, insincerity. Compare 'hollow,' Ham. III. ii. 229.
- Helped*, III. vii. 78, helped; frequent in this form.
- Holy cords*, II. ii 74, natural ties.
- Home*, II, i 62, III. iii. 13, deeply, to the vitals; 1 Hen IV, I. iii 300.
- Honest*, I ii. 11, chaste; Oth., III. iii 443.
- Hospitable*, III vii 50, of your host.
- Hot-bloodied* (*-blooded*), II. iv 233, passionate.
- Hovell* (*hovel*), IV vii 45, shelter in a hovel, here only as a verb.
- How ere* (*how'er*), IV ii 46[5], although.
- Idle*, I iii 18[1], 'V iv 8, foolish, useless. Oth., I ii 117, II iii. 283.
- Ill affected*, II. i 112, evilly disposed.
- Images*, II iv 92, signs.
- Imbossed*, II iv 246, three syllables, swollen. As You, II. vii. 71.
- Immediacie* (*-y*), V iii 69, near relationship.
- Impertinancy*, IV vi. 188, that which is not to the point.
- Importun'd* (*important*), IV iv. 31, stress on second syllable, importunate, urgent.
- Impossibiltus*, IV vi. 91, men's impossibilities, things impossible for men.
- Imprest* (*impress'd*), V. iii 57, stress on first syllable, pressed into the service.
- In*, I iv 320, at. IV i 83, into.
- Incense*, II iv 338, incite, Jul. Cæs., I iii 15.
- Indistinguish'd* (*indistinguish'd*), IV vi 296, boundless.
- Infect*, II iv 177, taint, spoil; Ant. & Cleo., I ii 106.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

- Influence*, I. ii. 22, II. ii. 109, in an astrological sense; Ham., I. i. 124 [12].
- Ingenious*, IV. vi. 306, deeply felt, conscious; Ham., V. i. 253.
- Ingraffed*, I. i. 322, ingrafted, grown into habit.
- Ingratefull*, II. iv. 173, III. ii. 11 vii. 34, ungrateful; Cor., II. ii. 32.
- Innocent*, III. vi. 10, silly creature, idiot; Per., IV. iii. 15.
- Intelligence*, II. i. 26, information; Macb., I. iii. 81.
- Intelligent*, III. i. 25, v. 13, vii. 14, conveying intelligence.
- Intent*, I. i. 43, IV. vii. 15, intention, design; Oth., I. ii. 70.
- Interest* (*interest'd*), I. i. 91, of interest.
- Intermission*, II. iv. 307, interruption, delay; Macb., IV. iii. 271.
- Intrince* (*intrinsic*), II. ii. 75, too intricately tied.
- Invade*, I. i. 153, III. iv. 12, penetrate.
- It*, I. iv. 199, its; Ham., I. ii. 235.
- It is*, IV. vi. 158, it is true.
- Jakes*, II. li. 67, privy.
- Jealous*, V. i. 60, suspicious; Jul. Cæs., I. ii. 83.
- Joyne stoole* (*joint-stool*), III. vi. 19[29], folding stool or chair; the whole line is a proverbial expression; 'joyn'd stoole,' Tam. of Shr., II. i. 217.
- Justicer*, III. vi. 19, officer of the law; Cymb., V. v. 250.
- Kill, kill*, IV. vi. 201, formerly an English battle-cry; Cor., V. vi. 156.
- Kindly*, I. v. 16, suitably, with play also on the usual sense, Rom. & Jul., II. iv. 55.
- Knappt* (*knappped*), II. iv. 127, knocked, rapped.
- Knave*, I. iv. 45, boy, servant, 'knabe,' Oth., I. i. 138.
- Knee*, II. iv. 235, kneel to. Compare Cor., V. i. 8.
- Kybes* (*kibes*), I. v. 11, chilblains.
- Lag of*, I. ii. 8, later than. Compare 'lagge,' late, Rich. III, II. i. 99.
- Latch'd*, II. i. 63, cut so that the blood dripped; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 38.
- Late*, I. iv. 190, III. iv. 173, lately. Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 450.
- Least*, I. i. 206, at the least.
- Leave*, IV. vi. 284, by your leave, with your permission; Cymb., III. ii. 38.
- Lendings*, III. iv. 113, borrowed attributes, clothes.
- Let alone*, V. iii. 87, leave to do so.
- Letters*, IV. ii. 82[111, 11], IV. vi. 281, letter; the plural is used as in Latin; Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 115.
- Light of care* (*ear*), III. iv. 97, credulous.
- Lights on*, III. i. 39, happens to meet.
- Like*, I. i. 278, please, be liked by; *likes*, pleases, II. ii. 91, Ham., V. ii. 226.
- Like*, I. i. 325, likely; Cymb., V. v. 303.
- Lilly* (*lily*) *liver'd*, II. ii. 17, cowardly; Macb., V. iii. 20.
- List*, V. iii. 64, choose, usually not inflected; Oth., II. iii. 363.
- List*, V. iii. 208, listen to; Oth., II. i. 250.
- Living*, I. iv. 109, property; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 312.
- Loathed*, IV. v. 50, two syllables.
- Looke* (*look*), III. iii. 15, look for, As You, V. 33.
- Look'd for*, II. iv. 255, expected. Compare 'looke for,' Much Ado, V. i. 340.
- Lords* (*lord's*), III. vii. 21, possessive with the following word.
- Lose*, I. ii. 112, make lose; *lost*, I. i. 255, made lose.
- Lothly* (*loathly*), II. i. 60, with loathing, abhorrence.
- Low*, II. iii. 18, humble, lowly; 'lowe,' Cymb., III. iii. 94.
- Lownesse* (*lowness*), III. iv. 77, abject condition.
- Luxury*, IV. vi. 134, lust; Ham., I. v. 88.
- Madd'd*, IV. ii. 38[13], maddened. Compare 'madding,' Cymb., II. ii. 43.
- Made*, IV. vii. 15, that has been formed.
- Maine* (*main*), III. i. 8, mainland.

GLOSSARY

- Mainly (mainly)*, IV ii 78, exceedingly, mightily, Tro & Cres IV iv 89
- 'Make from*, I i 152, move away from, get out of the way of Compare 'make to,' Jul Cæs, I i 25
- Make nothing of*, III i 9[3], treat as nothing
- Make returne (return)*, II iv 159, go back
- Makes up*, I i 226, concludes
- Manners*, V iii 252, treated as a singular, Rom & Jul, V iii 239
- Mantle*, III iv 137, scum Compare 'mantled,' Iemp, IV i 206
- Male and make (man)*, IV ii 32, 36], husband and wife
- Material*, (material), IV ii 38 [5], parental, substance forming
- Matter*, II ii 5, cause, occasion, Ant & Cleo, II ii 66
- Maugre*, V iii 150, despite French *malgré*; Tw Night, III i 85
- Me*, I ii 96, expletive Ham, II ii 598
- Meanes (means)*, IV iv 14, treated as singular Compare *Manners*, above Macb, IV iii 186 Tim of Ath, V i 282
- Meanes*, IV i 25, resources powers, Hen VIII IV ii 199
- Meiney (meiny)*, II iv 39, retinue, followers 'meynie,' Cor, III i 86
- Memories*, IV vii 17, memorials Cor, IV v 76
- Mend*, I i 100, amend improve in antithesis to *marre*, I 101 Sonn lxxviii ii
- Milke liver'd*, IV ii 39, cowardly See *lilly livered*, II ii 17
- Milky*, I iv 337, mild, weak Ham, II ii 502
- Minikin*, III vi 19[21], pretty, little
- Miscarried*, V i 8, lost, gone astray
- Miscarry*, V i 45, fail •persist Tw Night, III iv 66
- Mischuse of*, I ii 152, injury to Macb, I v 55
- Misconstruction*, II ii 120, mis apprehension
- Miscreant*, I i 175, wretch, villain, Rich II, I ii 44
- Mobing and moking (mopping and mowing)*, IV i 72[4], pouting and grimacing Iemp, IV i 53
- Modes*, II iv 28, IV vii 5, becoming, duly proportioned, Tw Night, I v 180
- Mouty*, I i 10, share, Ham, I i 107
- Monsters*, I i 241, makes monstrous Cor, II ii 88
- Morall (moral)*, IV ii 42 [6], moralizing Much Ado, V i 33
- More*, II ii 104, often so used to reinforce a comparative, II iv 114 III iv 65
- More headier*, II iv 114, the double comparative is frequent in Sh and other Elizabethans
- Morrow*, II ii 161 *good morrow*, for good morning, the usual form Oth, III i 4
- Mortified*, II ii 16, four syllables, deadened Jul Cæs, II i 356
- Most*, II iii 8, frequently so used redundantly before a superlative Jul Cæs III i 140 See under *More*, above
- Mother*, II iv 56, uncontrollable emotion
- Motion*, II i 61, impulse, Jul Cæs, II i 72
- Motley*, I iv 141[5], party colored dress, worn by jesters, As You, II vii 37 62
- Mouthes (mouths)*, III ii 34, grimaces, distorted faces, Ham IV iv 10[45]
- Much*, II ii 147[1], great, Rom & Jul, III i 99
- Naturall (natural)*, II i 97, both senses, normal and 'bastard'
- Nature s*, II i 132, natures, plural, not possessive
- Naughtie*, III iv 116, bad, Mer of Ven, III ii 19
- Neat*, II ii 41, spruce, trim, used here contemptuously I Hen IV, I iii 37
- Neather (nether)*, IV ii 59, committed on earth
- Necessitie (necessity)*, II iv 232,

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR

- destitution, distress Rich II, V i 24
Need of, II iv 262, used like 'want of'
Nether-stocks, II iv 63, stock ings. i Hen IV, II iv 175
Nicely, II ii 107, V iii 104, sum- pulously 'nicely,' Per, IV i 7
Nighted, IV v 17, darkened
Nine-fold, III iv 126, nine foals
Nor, III ii 17, used for 'neither,' with 'nor' omitted
Note, II i 96, notice Hen V, II ii 7 Compare IV v 35, take note of this
Noted, I iv 76, observed or marked
Notice, II iv 274, attention, recog- nition, Cymb, II iii 43
Notion, I iv 213, mund, March III i 100
Noyseles (noiseless), IV ii 42[3], not yet aroused
Nunckle, I iv 106 (mine uncle) frequent term of address to a superior
Nursery, I i 132, nursing
Object I i 236, stress on second syllable, delight. Mids Night Dr, IV i 188
Obscured, II ii 177, three syllab- les, hidden, in disguise. i Hen VI, V iv 23
Observants, II ii 105, stress on first syllable, obsequious fol- lowers
Occasions, II i 138, business Ham, IV vii 52
Of, I iii 4, II i 48, V iii 32, 'of' before the object of a present par- ticiple or verbal noun in 'ing' is not uncommon IV vii 40, from
Offend, I i 330, harm 2 Hen IV, II iv 115
Office, II i 21, iv 110, duty, ser- vice, All's Well II v 6,
Old, III iv 125, wold, open hilly country
Oldnesse (oldness), I ii 57, old age
On, I i 151, II i 33, V iii 272, of so used especially after words of thought and speech. Mids Night Dr, I i 12
On, II ii 26, at Fro & Cres, IV v 312
Onely (only), I i 143, properly modifies the object of *retaine*
On's, III iv 110, of us
Open, V i 41, open. Mer of Ven, III ii 244
Operation, I i 118, influence. Ant & Cleo, II vii 32
Operative, IV iv 37, effective
Oppose, V i 253, be hostile. Cymb, II v 20
Opposeless, IV vi 49, irresistible
Opposite, II i 60, opposed, averse Oth, I ii 84
Opposites, V iii 49, adversaries, 'opposite' Cor, II ii 21
Oppressed, III vi 111, V iii 9, three syllables, afflicted John, I i 106
Ordinance, I i 77, decree, au- thority, divine dispensation, Rich III, IV iv 195
Or ere, II iv 314, or ever, before. Macb, IV iii 198
O re looke (o'erlook), V i 52, look over, read. Mids Night Dr, II ii 127
Ore looking (o'erlooking), I ii 41, perusal
Ore paid (o'erpaid), IV vii 8, overpaid 'to be' is supplied from the previous phrase 'ore payes,' Cymb, II iv 13
Ore read (o'erread), I ii 40, read through. 'ore reade,' 2 Hen IV III i 4
Ore watch'd (o'erwatch'd), II ii 174 weary with too much watching Jul Cas, IV iii 281
Other, I iv 186, others
Other, I iv 213, 'other your' for 'your other' Compare 2 Hen IV, IV iv 62
Out, I i 35, abroad, Two Gen of Ver, I iii 10
Out wall, III i 29, outside, outer appearance See 'wall,' John, III iii 23
Overture, III vii 110, disclosure. Wint Tale, II i 207
Owes, I i 221, owns, 'owe,' Ant & Cleo, IV viii 39 *owest*, I i 122, *ownest*
Packe (pack), II iv 80, gun away; Mer of Ven, II ii 10
Packings, III i 22, plotting; Lam. of Sar, V i 121

GLOSSARY

- Packs*, V. iii. 22, compass, conspiracies; 'pack,' Rich. III, III. iii 7.
- Pain*, III. i. 38, task, labor; the verb 'lies' is omitted, 'paine,' Sonn xxxviii. 14; more common in the form 'pains'
- Parrell* ('*parel*'), IV. i. 67, apparel
- Particular*, II. iv. 300, single person; Cor., IV. vii 16
- Partie* ('*party*'), II. i. 31, plot, hostility.
- Partie* ('*party*'), III. v. 13, ally, confederate; 'parties,' 1 Hen IV, III. i. 7
- Party*, IV. v. 46, side in a quarrel, John, I. i. 40
- Pass* ('*pass*'), III. vii 10, pass judgment; 'pass,' Meas. for Meas., II. i. 26
- Pass* ('*pass*'), IV. vi. 59, V. iii 351; die; 1 Hen VI, III. iii 28.
- Pat*, I. ii. 131, appropriately, exactly; Ham., I. iii 79
- Pawne* ('*pawn*'), I. i. 166, stake, forfeit. Compare 'in pawne,' Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 895.
- Pawne* ('*pawn*') down, I. ii 87, pledge, stake, 'pawn'd,' Cor., V. vi 25.
- Peace*, IV. vi 121, be still.
- Pebble*, IV. vi 28, pebble-beach, used collectively
- Peece* ('*piece*'), IV. vi. 119, masterpiece, Per., IV. vi. 102
- Pelting*, II. iii 19, paltry. Rich II, I. 62
- Pendulous*, III. iv 71, overhanging.
- Perdie* ('*perdy*'), II. iv 85, an oath, corrupted from French *par Dieu*; Ham., III. ii 319
- Per du* ('*perdu*'), IV. vii 41[3], lost one, as 'a soldier went on a forlorn hope' (Schmidt).
- Perfect*, I. ii 74, full, mature
- Perforce*, IV. ii. 38[20], of necessity.
- Periode* ('*period*'), V. iii 232[1], end, conclusion; 'period,' Ant. & Cleo., IV. ii. 36.
- Persever*, III. v. 23, stress on second syllable, *per-se-ver*, old form for 'persevere'
- Pescod* ('*peascod*'), I. iv. 183, peapod; Tw. Night, I. v 157
- Pie'd* ('*pieced*'), I. i. 217, pieced out, increased; 'peece,' Ant. & Cleo., I. v. 53
- Pight*, II. i. 77, resolved.
- Pinched*, III. i. 9[7], two syllables, pained, 'belly pinched,' famished, Temp., V. i. 86.
- Pinfold*, II. ii. 10, pound or yard.
- Place* ('*plate*'), IV. vi. 180, probably a mistake for 'plate,' clothe in armor, Ant. & Cleo., I. i. 7.
- Plague*, I. ii 5, IV. i. 58, 73, ill usage, affliction; John, III. iv. 67
- Plaine* ('*plain*'), III. i. 25[10], complain, 'plaining,' Rich. II, I. iii. 177.
- Plight*, I. i. 108, pledge, troth.
- Plighted* ('*plaited*'), I. i. 306, folded, deceitful
- Plucke* ('*pluck*'), IV. ii. 67, upon.
- Pluckt* ('*plucked*'), IV. ii 57, pulled.
- Plumed*, IV. ii 42[4], two syllables
- Point*, I. iv. 317, III. i. 25[5], at point, ready for a signal. Compare 'point,' 2 Hen. IV, IV. i. 61.
- Policie* ('*policy*'), I. ii 50, mode of government, principle of conduct
- Port*, II. iii. 4, place of refuge.
- Portable*, III. vi. 62 [7], bearable; Macb., IV. iii 104.
- Ports*, II. i. 93, town gates.
- Potencie*, I. i. 186, power; 'potency,' Ham., III. iv 173[4]
- Potentiall* ('*potential*'), II. i. 88, powerful; Oth., I. ii 15.
- Povertie* ('*poverty*'), III. iv 32, wretched person, abstract for concrete
- Power*, III. i. 26, armed force; *powres*, IV. ii 19; Ant. & Cleo., III. vii 70.
- Practise*, II. i. 85, iv. 119, plotting, stratagem. *practises*, I. ii 170.
- Practis'd on*, III. ii. 57, plotted against Compare Ant. & Cleo., II. ii. 51
- Predominance*, I. ii. 120, superior influence, Macb., II. iv 8.
- Prefer*, I. i. 299, recommend; 'preferre,' Cymb., IV. ii. 476.
- Pregnant*, II. i. 88, IV. vi 242, ready, easily moved; Ham., III. ii. 66
- Prepared*, II. i. 62, three syllables.

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

- Prescribe*, I. i. 301, lay down, as a command; Rich. II, I. i. 159.
- Prescrib'd*, I. ii. 27, limited by commands.
- Presented*, II. iii. 12, put on, assumed as a rôle.
- Presently*, I. ii. 99, immediately.
- Presse* (*press*)-*money*, IV. vi. 106, wages, as of a soldier pressed into service.
- Pretence*, I. ii. 89, iv. 71, purpose, pretext; Macb., II. iii. 160.
- Prevent*, III. iv. 163, forestall; 'prevented,' Ant. & Cleo., III. vi. 55.
- Prize* (*poise*), II. i. 138, value.
- Professe* (*profess*), I. iv. 14, have as a calling, make one's business; Macb., IV. i. 55, I. 16, pretend, with play on first meaning.
- Professed*, I. i. 297, three syllables.
- Promis'd*, V. iii. 288, predict; 'promise,' Mer of Ven., III. ii. 111.
- Proove* (*proof*), III. vi. 62[12], approval.
- Proper*, I. i. 21, handsome; Temp., II. ii. 65.
- Proper*, IV. ii. 45, one's own; Oth., I. iii. 84.
- Provoking*, III. v. 9, inciting, urging on; *provoke*, IV. iv. 16; Ant. & Cleo., III. viii. 5.
- Pudder* (*poother*), III. ii. 50, turmoil; 'poother,' Cor., II. i. 24.
- Puissant*, V. iii. 232[12], two syllables, *pué-sant*, powerful; 3 Hen VI., II. i. 46.
- Puppets*, II. iii. 36, possessive and in apposition with *vanities*; contemptuously used.
- Put on*, I. iv. 191, encourage, instigate; Macb., IV. iii. 279, II. i. 113, instigate to.
- Qualitie* (*quality*), V. iii. 124, 135, rank; Oth., II. iii. 110.
- Quality*, I. ii. 36, II. iv. 95, 143, natures *qualitie*, I. i. 14; Oth., I. iii. 279.
- Queasie* (*queasy*), II. i. 21, delicate, ticklish.
- Question*, V. iii. 40, questioning, V. iii. 61[4], cause.
- Questrists*, III. vii. 20, searchers.
- Quicken*, III. vii. 49, come to life; Oth. III. iii. 321.
- Quit*, II. i. 37, acquit (yourself); III. i. 207, requite, avenge; Tit. And., I. i. 164.
- Rais'd* (*raised*), I. iv. 6, effaced; 'acing,' 2 Hen. VI., I. i. 108.
- Rake up*, IV. vi. 299, cover, bury.
- Ranke* (*rank*), I. iv. 187, overgrown, gross; As You, II. vii. 50.
- Reason*, II. iv. 292, argue about; Rich. III., I. iv. 98.
- Reasond* (*reason'd*), V. i. 25, debated.
- Regards*, I. i. 262, considerations; Rich. II, II. i. 30.
- Remediate*, IV. iv. 21, healing.
- Remember*, IV. vi. 251, *thy selfe* remember, confess thy sins in separation from death.
- Remembrest* (*rememberest*), I. i. 68, remind; 'remember,' Rich. II, III. iv. 17.
- Remorse*, IV. ii. 52, pity; John, IV. iii. 55.
- Remotion*, II. iv. 118, removal; Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 370.
- Remove*, II. iv. 6; Ant. & Cleo., I. ii. 220.
- Repeals*, III. vi. 62[12], restores.
- Reprovable*, III. v. 9, blameworthy.
- Reserve*, I. i. 159, retain, preserve; Per., IV. i. 38.
- Resolutions*, II. ii. 98, resolute frame of mind; Ant. & Cleo., IV. xv. 111.
- Resolve*, II. iv. 28, inform; Per., II. v. 72.
- Respect*, I. i. 273, selfish consideration, II. iv. 27, a person of rank or dignity.
- Respects* (*respect*), II. ii. 136, for the usual singular.
- Retention*, V. iii. 54, custody.
- Revengees*, II. iv. 307, III. vii. 10, the plural not uncommon for the singular, Cor., IV. v. 144.
- Revening*, II. i. 26, avenging; 'revenge,' Macb., III. iii. 30.
- Revenues*, II. i. 114, stress on second syllable.
- Reverbe* (*reverb*), I. i. 164, show by their ringing sound.
- Reverent* (*reverend*), II. ii. 131, aged. Compare *reverend*, I. iv. 221.
- Rich'd*, I. i. 69, enriched, adorned.

GLOSSARY

Rise, IV. vii. 205, fear of; Cymb., III. v. 108.

Ripeness (*ripeness*), V. ii. 19, readiness; Ham., V. ii. 173.

Rivald (*rival'd*), I. i. 207, vied, been competitor.

Roudest, I. iv. 55, bluntest, 'round', Ham., III. i. 195.

Rub'd (*rubb'd*), II. ii. 157, hindered, a bowling term.

Rug'd, II. iv. 332, bc bolsterous; I. And., I. i. 349.

Safe, V. iii. 164, safely, the adverbial use and termination being perhaps implied in 'nicely.'

Safer, IV. vi. 100, sounder.

Sallets, III. iv. 126, relishes, 'sall's well', IV. v. 15.

Salt, IV. vi. 214, tears, Cor., V. ii. 113.

Sapient, III. vi. 19[6], wise; here only in Sh.

Save thee, I. i. 3, for 'God save thee'; Tw. Night, III. i. 3, 70.

Savor, IV. ii. 38[9], like, have a taste for or favor, have a look if or like.

Saw, II. ii. 164, saying, proverb; 'sawer,' 2 Hen. VI., I. iii. 61.

Sawcily, II. iv. 45, boldly.

Say, V. iii. 163, assay, taste, savor.

Scant, II. iv. 146, 187, grudge, cut unduly short; *scanted*, I. i. 304.

Scape, I. iv. 193, escape.

Scattered, III. i. 25[2], disorganized.

Sectary, I. ii. 140[6], disciple, follower.

Secure, IV. i. 25, make careless. Compare 'security,' Macb., III. v. 35.

Seeming, I. i. 216, little seeming, seeming to be little, III. ii. 56, false appearance; Oth., III. iii. 241.

Selfe (*self*), IV. [iii. 34], self-same, Errors, V. i. 13.

Selfe (*self*-) *coverd*, IV. ii. 46[1], 'dressed in one's native semblance' (Schmidt).

Selfe (*self*-) *mettle*, I. i. 74, same temper.

Sennet, I. i. 7, flourish on the trumpet.

Sepulchring, II. iv. 138, containing

in burial; Two Gen. of Ver., IV. ii. 120.

Segment, I. ii. 104, following; Oth., I. i. 29.

Set, I. i. 106, stake, wager.

Selling (*stirling*), IV. vii. 97, composition of the mind; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 526.

Shadowie, I. i. 69, shady; Two Gen. of Ver., V. iv. 5.

Shal'd (*shealed*), I. iv. 184, shelled, empty.

Shewes (*shows*), II. iv. 225, appears; *shew*, I. iv. 252, IV. vi. 21.

Shrill-gorg'd (*shrill-gorged*), IV. vi. 72, shrill-throated, with clear song.

Sights, IV. vi. 45, plural because more than one person is referred to.

Silly-ducking (*silly-ducking*), II. ii. 105, making meaningless obeisances.

Simple answered, III. vii. 54, making a plain answer.

Simples, IV. iv. 17, medicinal herbs; Ham., IV. vii. 130.

Simular, III. ii. 54, simulator, pretender.

Sinewes (*sinews*), III. vi. 61[2], nerves; Ven. & Ad., 903.

Sith, I. i. 194, II. iv. 263, since; Oth., III. iii. 438.

Sizes, II. iv. 187, allowance.

Slacke (*slack*), II. iv. 270, slight, neglect; Oth., IV. iii. 96.

Slaves, IV. i. 77, treats as his slave, the noun used as a verb, as often in Sh.

Sleepe (*sleep*) *cut*, II. ii. 159, spend in sleep; Ant. & Cleo., I. v. 6.

Sliver, IV. ii. 38[4], tear off as in strips; Macb., IV. i. 30.

Smilets, IV. [iii. 20], smiles, a diminutive.

Smoile (*smile*), II. ii. 82, laugh to scorn.

Smooth, II. ii. 77, humor, flatter, Tit. And., IV. iv. 102.

Smugge (*smug*), IV. vi. 13, spruce, trim; 'smug,' Mer. of Ven., III. i. 43.

Snuffe (*snuff*), IV. vi. 50, flickering remnant of life.

Snuffles (*snuffs*), III. i. 22, resentment.

So, II. ii. 102, be it so.

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR

- Some*, III i 25[8], some one
Something, I i 24 somewhat
Ant & Cleo, IV viii 27
Sometime, I i 127, formerly Cor,
 IV i 28
Sooth, III iv 185, humor
Sophisticated, III iv 62, not
 genuine, adulterated
Sop oth Moonshine, II ii 32 a
 dish of the time made with boiled
 eggs is possibly referred to
Sot, IV ii 10 blockhead Tw
Night, I v 120
Soiled (soiled), IV vi 138, turned
 out to green fodder
Spake (speak), I iv 227 call
Speculations, III i 20, spies
 watchers
Speed you, IV vi 223, God speed
 you
Sphericall (spherical), I ii 242
 of the heavenly bodies, plan-
 etary
Spight (spite), II iv 307, in spite
Spill, III ii 10, destroy
Spirits (spurs), II i 88, incen-
 tives
Square, I i 79, compass, range
 (Schmidt), or a figure of speech
 derived from a carpenter's rule
Squint, III iv 122, makes squint
 turns away
Squint, IV vi 153, squint
Squire-like, II iv 235, like a me-
 mal
Stand, II i 49, be
Stand in, I ii 3, III vi 59 be ex-
 posed to, stand in hard cure, III
 vi 61[3], be hard to cure
Stands on me, V i 73, it is incum-
 bent on me
Stands on the hourly (hourly)
thought, IV vi 230, is a matter
 of hourly expectation
Starry, (star-) blasting, III iv
 62, evil influence of stars
Starts, I i 225, capricious acts,
 'start' Hen. IV, III ii 132
Station, I i 159, V i 72, station,
 rank; Mach. IV ii 77
Stelled, III vii 77, two syllables,
 of the stars, fixed
Still, I i 253, III iv 184, always,
 continually, a very frequent use
Stock (stock), II iv 205, III
 iv 139, put in the stocks, stock-
 ing, II ii 138
Stomach, I ii 251, in 81, an-
 ger, of anger Tit And, III
 i 251
Store, III vi 19[20], substance(?)
Straight, II iv 39, straightway;
 Oth, IV i 68
Straine (strain) V iii 47, nature,
 Much Ado, III 360
Stranger'd, I i 23, made a stran-
 ger
Stiv, I i 229, error
Strength, II i 129 authority,
 power; Rom. & Jul I iii 95
Strings of life, V iii 232[12]
 heartstrings. Compare Ant
 Cleo, III xi 63
Subject, IV vi 127 collective,
 Ham. I ii 38
Subscription, III ii 20, subscrip-
 tion
Succeede (succeed), I ii 148, fol-
 low in turn, Per, I ii 8
Successes (success) V iii 21 re-
 sult, issue Ant & Cleo, III v
 6
Sufferance, III vi 62[5] suffer-
 ing Jul Cæs; II i 223
Suggestion, II i 85, tempting I
 iii 150
Suited, IV vii 11, dressed
Summoners, III ii 59, officers
 who bring offenders before the
 court
Sumpter, I iv 237, packhorse
Superfluous, II iv 233 IV i 76,
 having too much All's Well, I
 i 110
Superfluous, III iv 41, superfluous,
 extra portion
Super serviceable, II ii 18, over-
 officious
Supposed, V iii 225, pretended,
 suppos'd, V i 29
Sustaine V iii 359, support Tw
 Night IV ii 125
Sustaining, IV iv 9 nourishing
Swear st (swear'st), I i 174,
 swear'st by
Taint I i 242, disgrace, discredit
 Tro & Cres, I iii 388
Take, III i 919, seize mali-
 ciously, taking, II iv 121 in-
 fectious, malignant
Take patience, II iv 144, be pa-
 tient. Wint Tale, III ii 250.
Taking, III iv 66, infection, ma-

GLOSSARY

- lignat* *office*; V. iii. 6, reaching.
Taking off, V. i. 69, killing.
Macb, I. vi. 24.
Tame, IV. ii. 38[17], subdue, restrain.
Tast, I. ii. 49, test, example.
Tro & *Cres*, I. iii. 15.
Treme (*trem*), iv. 267, bear off spring.
Tell, II. iv. 55, III. ii. 91, count.
Ham, I. ii. 262.
Temperance, IV. vii. 23, sanity, calmness; *Ham*, III. ii. 8.
Tend, II. iv. 290, attend, wait on.
Ant. & Cleo, IV. ii. 43.
Tended upon, II. i. 109, waited on, attended; *Ham*, III. ii. 109.
Tender-hearted, I. iii. 83, delicate, gentle.
Tend, I. iv. 194, regard for; *Ham*, IV. v. 55.
Terrible, I. ii. 35, terrified.
That, I. i. 109, that.
Thee, I. iv. 171, accusative used for predicate nominative; *Tim*. of *Ath*, IV. iii. 304.
There, II. ii. 129, their.
These, II. ii. 103, for singular, 'this'.
Think, III. iv. 11, find, consider; *Temp*, I. ii. 298.
This, I. iv. 73, singular, as if the two days were a single period of time.
This, IV. vi. 197, this is, *Tam* of *Shr*, I. ii. 48.
Thought-executing, III. ii. 6, acting as quickly as thought.
Threading (*threading*), II. i. 137, passing through, as a thread through the eye of a needle, 'thread', *Rich*, II. V. v. 17.
Thoroughly, IV. vii. 101[12], thoroughly.
Thwart, I. iv. 269, perverse.
Time, I. i. 320, lifetime, life; *times*, I. ii. 51; *Rom & Jul*, IV. i. 63.
Times (*times*'), IV. i. 58, of the times.
To, III. i. 37, as to; IV. ii. 54, against.
To boot and boot, IV. vi. 246, over and above.
Tooke (*took*), V. iii. 118, taken.
Top, II. iv. 173, head, *Cymb*, IV. ii. 439.
Top, V. iii. 232[3], surpass, *Macb*, V. iii. 68.
Toward, I. i. 206, to, II. i. 13, III. ii. 10, IV. vi. 224, at hand, *Ant. & Cleo*, IV. vi. 93.
Traumatic (*trauced*), V. iii. 232[14], unceremonious.
Treacher, I. ii. 120, traitors.
Tricke, IV. vi. 124, peculiarity; *John*, I. i. 93.
Trilled (*trilled*), IV. [iii. 13], trickled.
Troope (*troop*) *with*, I. i. 140, follow, accompany; 'trooping', *Rom & Jul*, I. v. 54.
Trouble taile (*trundle-tail*), III. vi. 32, curly-tailed dog.
Trouest, I. iv. 124, believest.
Trumpet (*trumpet*), V. iii. 121, trumpeter.
Trust, II. i. 132, trustworthiness; *Rom. & Jul*, III. ii. 95.
Tucket, II. i. 89, strain played on trumpet or horn.
Tune, IV. [iii. 41], frame of mind; *Much Ado*, III. iv. 40.
Turne (*turn*), I. i. 143, turns.
Tything (*tithing*), a territorial division in the country.
Unaccommodated, III. iv. 111, naked.
Unbonnetted, III. i. 9[8], bare-headed; *Oth*, I. ii. 26.
Unboulded (*unbolted*), II. ii. 66, unsifted, coarse.
Unconstant, I. i. 325, capricious; *John*, III. i. 255.
Undivulged, III. ii. 52, four syllables.
Unkinde (*unkind*), I. i. 285, unnatural; *Oth*, IV. i. 246.
Unpossessing, II. i. 79, having no property, landless.
Unremovable, II. iv. 96, unmovable.
Unsanctified, IV. vi. 299, unconsecrated, profane; *Macb*, IV. ii. 95.
Unspoke, I. i. 259, unspoken, untold.
Unstate, I. ii. 97, divest of rank and state; *Ant. & Cleo*, III. xiii. 35.
Untented, I. iv. 291, incurable; surgeon's probe, *Tro. & Cres*, II. ii. 16.
Untimely, III. vii. 120, unsenson-

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR

- ably Compare Rich III, I
III 210
Upon II i 35, III vi 53, against
Upward, V iii 155, tops
Usage, II iv 29, treatment
Used, I iv 157, made habit
Meas for Meas, IV v 29
- Validitie (validity)*, I i 87, value
All's Well, V iii 221
Varlet, II. li. 28, iv 202, rascal
Cymb, IV ii 112
Vary (vary), II ii 79, change
whim
Vault-courier. (coursers), III
ii 7 forerunners
Venge IV ii 60, avenge Rom &
Jul, III v 93
Vent (event), I iv 344, event
issue
Virtue (virtue), V iii 116, virtue
Verry, I iv 71, real
Villaine (villain), III vii 91
serf, bondsman, Tit And, IV
iii 75
Vulgar, IV vi 225, publicly
known, Ant & Cleo, III xii
148.
- Wage*, II iv 230, contend, I i
167, wager, stake
Wake, III ii 32, waking
Walke (walk), IV vii 98, go
away
Wall-nut (newt), III iv 134,
lizard
Wash'd, I i 203, wet with tears
Wast (waste), II i 114, wasting
Watrish (waterish), abounding in
water
Wauke (waul), IV vi. 194, wail
cry
Weale (weal), I iv 194, welfare,
happiness Cor, I i 159
Wealth'd (whelk'd), IV vi 88,
covered with bunches or whelks.
Compare Hen V, III vi 102
Web and pin, III. iv 121, cat-
- ract of the eye, *What Tale*, I
ii 337
Weedes (weeds), IV vi 12, gar-
ments Cor, II iii 238
What, III iv 130, V iii 134,
who
What need you, II iv 288, what
need have you of
What will hap, III vi 62[13],
let happen what will happen
Wheel (wheel), V iii 200, wheel
of fortune Compare II iii 177
Where, I. i 286, used as a sub-
stantive
Where, I li 84, whereas
Which, IV vi 226, who
While herring, III vi 19[13],
herring, in North of
England
Who, I ii 54, which
Winde (wind), I ii 96, makes
one's way into confidence in
sunnate one's self
Winged, III vii 8, two syllables
Wisdom (wisdom), I ii 102,
science
With, II iv 279, 337, by
Word, IV v 25, word of mouth
IV vi 111, password
Worship, I iv 251, dignity
Worth I i 305, II iv 48, de
serving of
Worthied, II ii 124 won reputa-
tion for
Would, II i 80, should
Writ V iii 266, death warrant
Write, V iii 43, subscribe one's
self
- Long (young) bones*, II iv 173,
unborn child
Now were best, I iv 99, it were
best for you Compare III iv
106 & Hen IV, I ii 305, the
pronoun, originally dative, has
been made nominative
Led, II ii 64, name of the letter J

